

Australian

PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

DECEMBER 1980 \$2.50*

**SPECIAL ISSUE:
AUSTRALIA'S FIRST
PET OF
THE
YEAR**

**EXCLUSIVE
THE AMAZING SEX
THERAPIST WHO
TEACHES ORGASM**

**LEUNIG'S XMAS
GIFT GUIDE**

**WHAT CONVENT
GIRLS ARE TOLD
ABOUT SEX**

**PLUS:
MARTY FELDMAN
BILLY THORPE
LAURIE OAKES**

**CONSUMER REPORT
PENIS ENLARGERS
-DO THEY WORK?**



CATEGORY 1 RESTRICTED



NOT AVAILABLE TO PERSONS UNDER 18 YEARS



MOËT & CHANDON
Fondée en 1793
Champagne
Cuvée Dom Pérignon
Vintage 1969
PRODUCE OF FRANCE

(9336)

TRADITIONALLY THE NAME
ASSOCIATED WITH PERFECTION
IN CIGARETTES
BENSON & HEDGES

20
Special Filter

BENSON and HEDGES

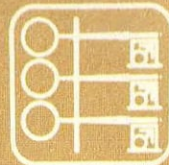
WARNING-SMOKING IS A HEALTH HAZARD

Special Filter
KING SIZE

Summer pleasures are pure gold.

When only the best will do.

Australian PENTHOUSE®



The International Magazine for Australian Men/Vol 2 No 3/December 1980

CONTENTS			PAGE
COVER	Tracey Wallace	Photo by Ross Barnett	
HOUSECALL	Introduction		4
FEEDBACK	Opinion		6
FORUM	Correspondence		9
PENIS ENLARGERS	Consumer report	Richard Deutch	21
VIEW FROM THE TOP	Comment		25
REVIEWS			
FILMS		Alex Anthony	28
TV		Neal Akerman	29
SOUNDS		Phil Jarratt/Carol Ashdown	30
WORDS		Edited by John Hampshire	31
AUTOMATIC ORGASM	Article	Owen Thomson	34
FIRST MATE/KRISTEN	Pictorial	Photos by John Copeland	43
LAURIE OAKES: THE OPINION MAKER	Article	Phil Jarratt	56
BRUCE AND VIOLET ROBERTS	Article	Ian McMinn	66
CHRISTMAS GIFTS	Satire	Michael Leunig	73
THE COCKATOO CONNECTION	Article	Chris Pritchard	78
BODY BEAUTIFUL/KIM	Pictorial	Photos by Walter Glover	85
PROTECTING THE ENTERTAINMENT INDUSTRY	Article	Cameron Mackay	100
AUSTRALIAN PET OF THE YEAR	Pictorial	Photos by Ross Barnett	106
MARTY FELDMAN	Interview	Richard Kleiner	120
THE JODPHUR NIGHT MAIL	Fiction	Murray Laurence	130
PONYTAIL/DIANNE	Pictorial	Photos by Earl Miller	133
APOCALYPSE AT THE ASTROBURGER	Article	Peter Olszewski	145
CONVENT GIRLS	Article	Louise Zaetta	161
FANTASY OR FACT	Quiz		166
NO TONE UNTUNED	Service	Wayne Elmer	170
OH, WICKED WANDA	Satire	Frederic Mullally/Ron Embleton	174
CHARADE — SOUNDS LIKE...	Motoring	John Hampshire	185



Bruce and Violet Roberts



Automatic Orgasm



Australian Pet of the Year



Christmas Gifts

EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING OFFICES: 99 Elizabeth Street, Sydney, 2000; Box 4084 GPO Sydney, 2001. Telephone 233 7000. Printed by ADM-Paramac, 252-266 Mitchell Road, Alexandria NSW 2015, for the publishers, ADM Franchise Pty. Ltd., 256 Mitchell Road, Alexandria NSW 2015, in association with Penthouse, The International Magazine for Men. Copyright 1980 ADM Franchise Pty. Ltd. All rights reserved. Portions are reprinted by permission. On request licensee will issue formal copyright assignments of licensed material appearing by permission of licensor. Price in Australia \$2.50. *Recommended and maximum price only. Registered for posting as a publication — Category B. Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations. Fiction manuscripts are welcome but these must be typewritten, double-spaced, using only one side of the paper, and accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope for return. Names and addresses should also be written on the manuscripts. Australian Penthouse does not accept responsibility for lost manuscripts. Please allow several weeks for return. Address manuscripts to The Editor, Australian Penthouse, Box 4084 GPO Sydney, 2001. All material published remains the property of Penthouse.

Just what I've always needed...



Philips Componamatch

Componamatch is conventional stacked hi-fi that's been exactly pre-matched for optimum performance.

So whatever price you pay you can be sure that the turntable matches the amplifier which matches the speakers which match the tape deck.

Featured above is the Philips KS 3400 — an exciting top of the range system with a full 45 watts per channel output comprising the AH 394 tuner, the AF 577 precision turntable and the N 5391 feature packed cassette deck and two AH 493 three-way speakers.

See your nearest Philips Componamatch stockist for a full demonstration.

The Philips Componamatch Hi-fi System is just what I have been looking for. Please rush me my Free Componamatch brochure so I can see the whole range.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

POSTCODE _____

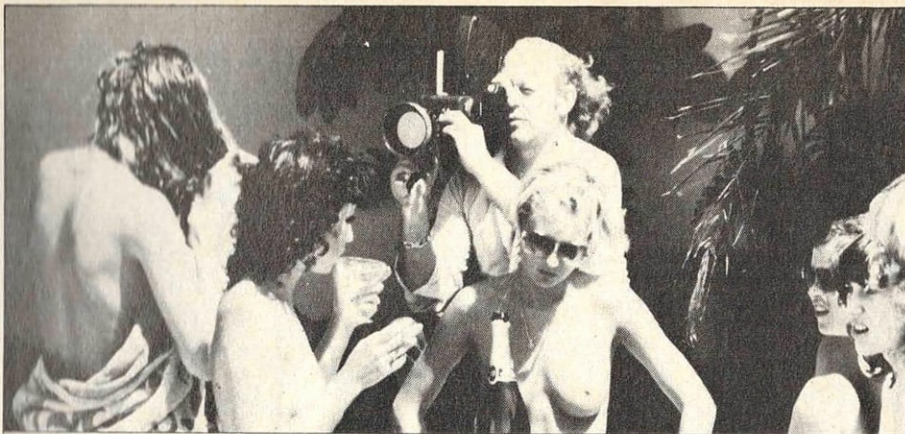
For your Free brochure, please send name and address to: The Hi-fi Department, Philips Consumer Products, P.O. Box 308, Clayton, Victoria 3168.

780 2306 McCANN PCPD 2306

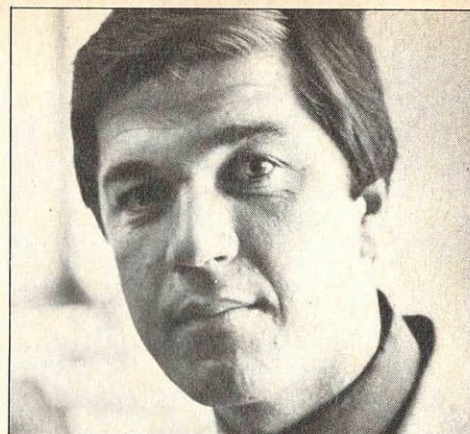
PHILIPS

We want you to have the best

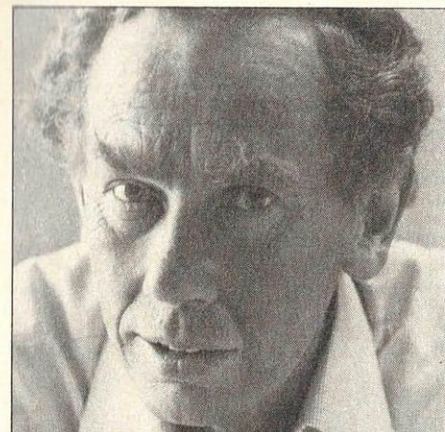




Channel Ten cameraman and Pets



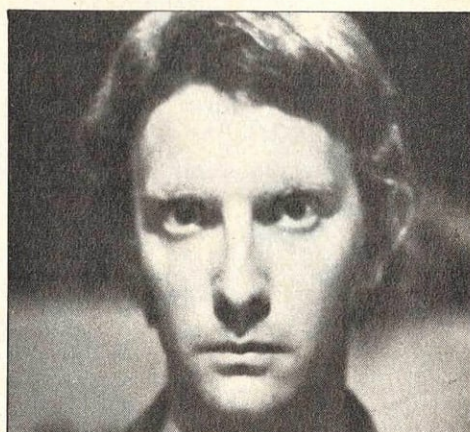
Ian McMinin



Owen Thomson



Louise Zaetta



Ross Barnett

HOUSECALL

With this issue we end a year of speculation — who is our first Pet of the Year? As thousands of readers' votes rolled in it soon became clear that it would be a close decision, but in the end the readers choice was also shared by the editors who were charged with making a judgement of a slightly different nature — which girl could best represent the magazine at public functions for a year. During the run-up to the Pet of the Year announcement all the finalists worked hard. But hard work can also be fun. During September, Channel 10 Sydney, filmed a dozen of our Pets, including the finalists, in various locations, culminating in a week-long pool-side champagne party at the magnificent Golden Gate in Surfers' Paradise. Our thanks go to the Golden Gate, East West Airlines, the Penthouse Old Place, and Peter Sutton, Peter Brennan, Gary Maunder and George Maxwell from Channel 10. Our 14-page Pet Of The Year pictorial was shot by Ross Barnett.

This month we begin an important investigation into sex therapy in Australia. American author Gay Talese, in his recently-published book *Thy Neighbor's Wife*, describes the startling methods that sexologists, psychologists and medics are using to treat sexual problems such as frigidity and impotence. Senior Editor Owen Thomson, investigating for *Australian Penthouse*, found that even more startling methods were being practised in this country. His fascinating report on the sex therapist who teaches Automatic Orgasm begins on page 34. The art is by Mary Leunig.

And if one Leunig per issue isn't enough turn to page 73, where brother Michael (who is to ducks and toucans what Boticelli was to naked ladies) turns his attention to the difficult business of buying Christmas gifts. Five pages of fun from Australia's craziest cartoonist.

The leaking of the 1980 Federal Budget 36 hours before Treasurer John Howard presented it to Parliament was undoubtedly the political scoop of the year. And Laurie Oakes, the

man who broke the story, overnight became the best-known political commentator in recent history. Penthouse Editor Phil Jarratt was in Canberra to interview Oakes the day the Budget details were published. What emerged instead was a fascinating insight into the alcohol and adrenalin world of political journalism. Laurie Oakes: The Opinion Maker begins on Page 56.

In NSW, the campaign for the release of convicted murderers Bruce and Violet Roberts has caused increasing political embarrassment for Premier Neville Wran. But can a government show mercy without establishing a dangerous precedent? Regular contributor Ian McMinin looks at the question in a compelling article which begins on page 66.

On a lighter note, this month we probe the convents of the nation to find out just what good little Catholic girls are told about s-e-x. Louise Zaetta, once a good little Catholic herself, spent months interviewing fellow refugees from the One True Faith for her hilarious and myth-exploding book, *For Christ's Sake!* published this month by Unicorn. Our extract, which starts on page 161, reveals, among other things, why Catholic girls shower wearing bathers and why they won't go out with men who polish their car seats.

As well as being a rock and roll legend in this country, Billy Thorpe is one of the few 32-year-olds in the world to have been born in 1946. Writer Peter Olszewski tracked down young Bill in Los Angeles and approached the delicate subject of the singer's age with characteristic subtlety. "Listen Thorpe, exactly how old are you?" he inquired. "How old do you reckon?" said Thorpe. "Oh, nudging 40." And so began a frank and enlightening discussion. It's all in Apocalypse at the Astroburger, on page 145.

Elsewhere in this issue you'll find a very funny interview with Marty Feldman, a very funny man (page 120), Chris Pritchard's investigation of the bird smuggling racket (page 78), a frontline report on the battle between film producers and Actors Equity, some pukka fiction by Murray Laurence and, of course, more delightful pets. As well as our Pet Of The Month Kim McWhinney, photographed by Walter Glover, Kristen Knutsen, photographed by John Copeland, and Dianne Jamison, photographed by Earl Miller. ☐

The moment our wine-maker
says his wine is private
we know that we're onto
something really good.



Lindemans Private Bin 23 Riesling. The wine-makers wine.

Published by
ADM FRANCHISE PTY. LTD.
Executive Director: Peter McWilliam

MARK DAY
Editor-in-Chief and Publisher

EDITORIAL

Editor: Phil Jarratt; Senior Editors: Carol Ashdown, John Hampshire, Owen Thomson; Art Director: John Byrne; Creative Designer: Bruce Morgan; Writer: Martin Riordan; Editorial Assistant: Verlie Nagel; Editorial Rights and Traffic Manager: Kay Klima; Photographic Consultant: Walter Glover.

ADVERTISING

National Representatives: Gower and Partners; Account Director: Robert Gower; Account Managers: Steve Bocksette, Ros Richards; Advertising Traffic Manager: Maree Robinson; Victorian Representative: Scrid Representations; SA Representative: Hastwell Media; Queensland Representative: Media Services.

ADMINISTRATION

Managing Director: Bruce McWilliam; Financial Services: Jacqueline Aldridge; Promotions: Rodi Wells; Office Communications Co-ordinator: Michelle Collings.

PRODUCTION

Production Manager: Ralf Lassen; Production Assistant: Lynette Harlen.

EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING OFFICES
99 Elizabeth Street, Sydney, 2000; Box 4084 GPO
Sydney 2001. Telephone 233 7000.

DISTRIBUTORS

Gordon and Gotch (A'asia) Ltd.

PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL LTD. (US edition)

Bob Guccione (Chairman and President)
Irwin E. Billman (Executive Vice-president)
Kathy Keeton (Senior Vice-president)
Anthony J. Guccione (Secretary-Treasurer)
Marianne Howatson (Senior Vice-president)

EDITORIAL

Editor in Chief: Bob Guccione; Editorial Director: James Goode; Managing Editor: Heidi Handman; Foreign Editions Manager: Suzanne Locatelli; VP/Art Director: Joe Brooks; Associate Art Director: Claire Victor

ADMINISTRATIVE

Associate Publisher, Kathy Keeton; Vice-president/Advertising Director, Marianne Howatson; Public Relations Director, Rich Jachetti; VP/Administrative Services, Jeri Winston; VP/Production Director, John Evans; VP/General Counsel, Joseph Kraft; VP/Circulation Marketing and Promotion, Bob Guccione, Jr.

EDITORIAL OFFICES

New York: 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Tel. (212) 593-3301. Telex no. 237128. West Coast: 8732 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90069. Tel. (213) 652-8070. London: 2 Bramber Road, West Kensington, London W14 9PB England. Tel 01-385-6181.

BUREAUS:

Washington, D.C.: William R. Corson, 1707 H Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. Berlin: Hans-Hohn, Enzianstrasse 1, Berlin 45. Rio de Janeiro: Andre Fodor, 98 Rua Mexico, 15th floor, Rio de Janeiro ZC39, Brazil. Budapest: Paul Kirlyhedgyi, 5 Regi posta utca, Budapest 5, Hungary. Zagreb: Cedimir Komijenovic, Strebriak 96, Zagreb, Yugoslavia.

DECEMBER

PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse* — its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse, Box 4084 GPO Sydney, NSW 2001. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Fluoride

It is regrettable that your correspondent Phil Ackman, in his article Fluoride Fallacy, Part II (*Australian Penthouse*, August 1980), has chosen to distort scientific facts concerning the aluminium industry.

The facts are as follows:

1. The aluminium industry in Australia does not and never has sold its fluoride wastes for water treatment and therefore derives no profit from this source.
2. Bauxite is not used in the smelting and reduction process.
3. Sodium fluoride is not directly produced as a waste and its preparation from wastes is not commercially viable.
4. The Melbourne and Metropolitan Board of Works who fluoridate the Melbourne water supply do not use sodium fluoride for the purpose.

The credibility of your series of articles must therefore be questioned. — C.A. Kneipp, Executive Director, Aluminium Development Council.

Phil Ackman replies:

It is interesting to note that the Aluminium Development Council has no comment to offer on the crucial and disturbing historical alliance between aluminium producers and supporters of water fluoridation. As my article outlined, pressures to fluoridate and research promoting the measure were largely created and funded by an industry facing a major toxic waste disposal problem. In answering Mr Kneipp's letter:

1. The claim that the industry does not supply Australia's water fluoridation program is the hardest to refute. One would want to check not just the ultimate ownership and interests of the main suppliers, but also whether, and from where they supplement their supplies. Certainly, if one can take comfort from the fact, it is the fertiliser industry which is rapidly taking over as the world's major supplier.
2. & 3. The claims that sodium fluoride is not produced and that bauxite is not used in the smelting process cause some difficulty. In a report from the US Bureau of Mines, Dr George Waldbott, Professor Albert Burgstahler and Professor Lewis McKinney describe the situation thus: "During the smelting and reduction process when bauxite is dissolved and electrolysed in molten cryolite, hydrogen fluoride and other volatile fluorides are

released into the air and sodium fluoride remains in the bath."

Since the council raises the question of commercial viability, it is interesting to note that the price of fluoride sold to the Melbourne Metropolitan Board of works skyrocketed 244 percent from \$169 to more than \$414 a tonne in the first 11 months of last year.

And Alcoa, advertising in the journal of the American Water Works Association as far back as the 1950s said: "Fluoridate your water with confidence. Use high purity Alcoa sodium fluoride." The text urged communities considering fluoridation to "let us show you how Alcoa sodium fluoride can do the job for you".

4. The claim that Melbourne water is not fluoridated with sodium fluoride is correct, but it is a point of staggeringly minor significance. Melbourne's water is fluoridated with sodium silicofluoride, which fully satisfies the requirements of Victoria's pro-fluoride legislation. It is still fluoride, Mr Kneipp.

This correspondence is now closed.

Speechless

In your first anniversary issue, your music reviewer left assorted members of our field crew kind of speechless — whoever heard of a Perth suburb called "Dugites"? None of us, that's for sure, and that includes the odd ex-Perthite.

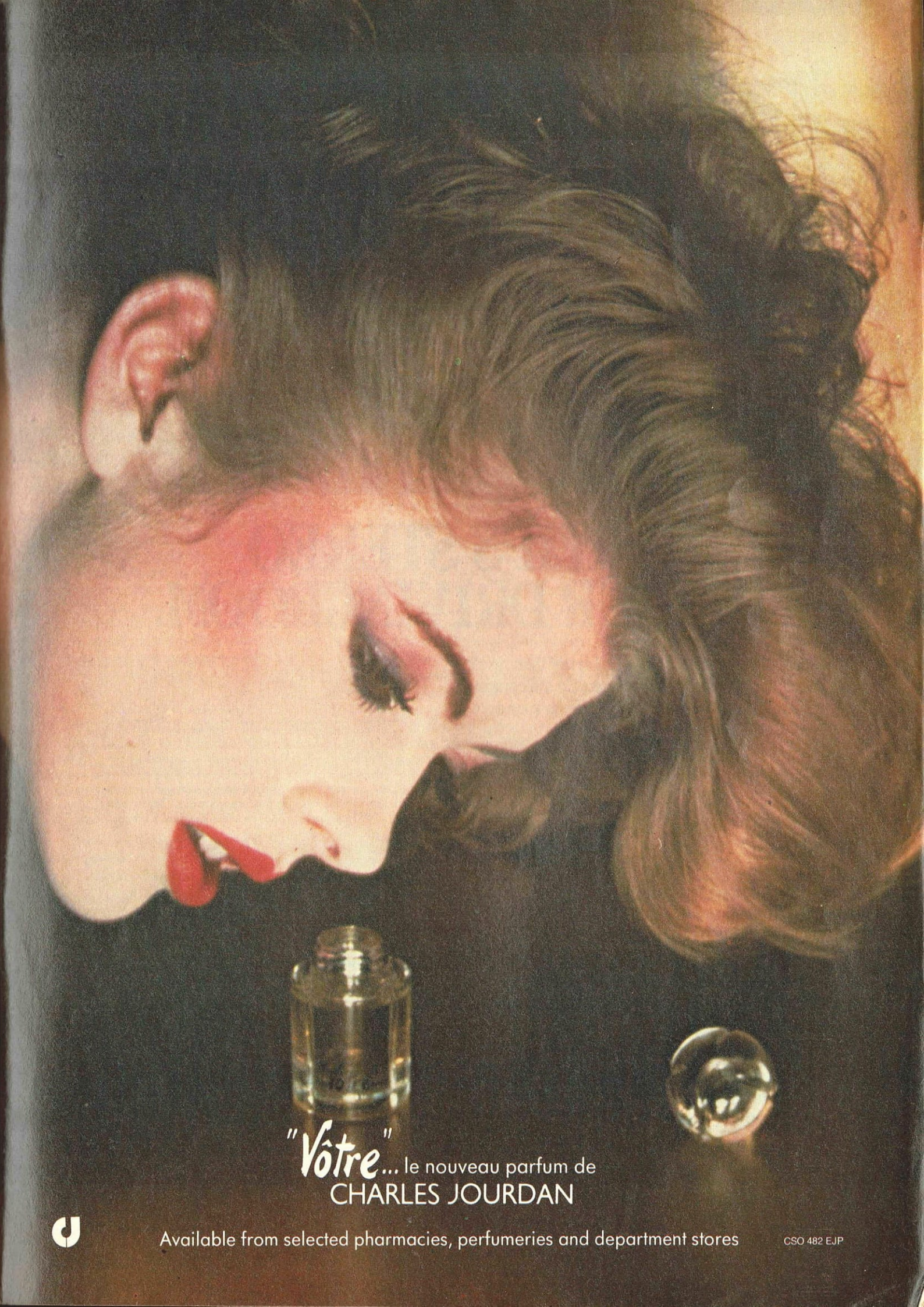
We think you'll find that "Dugite" is the common name for the Western Brown Snake, alias *Pseudonaja affinis*, which is found in southern WA (an equally strange source for a name we agree).

Better get the research department out from between the sheets! — SA Pancontinental Field Crew, Port Neill, South Australia.

Censorship

I read Mark Day's words on censorship (*Australian Penthouse*, October). The movie, *Caligula*, and the TV series, *I, Claudius*, represent a period of history. If you are not turned on by the Romans, you can turn off the TV or not see the movie.

The censorship boards seem to think movies and books about cults, violence and war should be shown. Hide your body and magazines from the kids — and send them off to see *Dracula* movies. If we must be controlled by censorship, let it be a sensible body. — P. Wallace, East Ryde, New South Wales. ☐

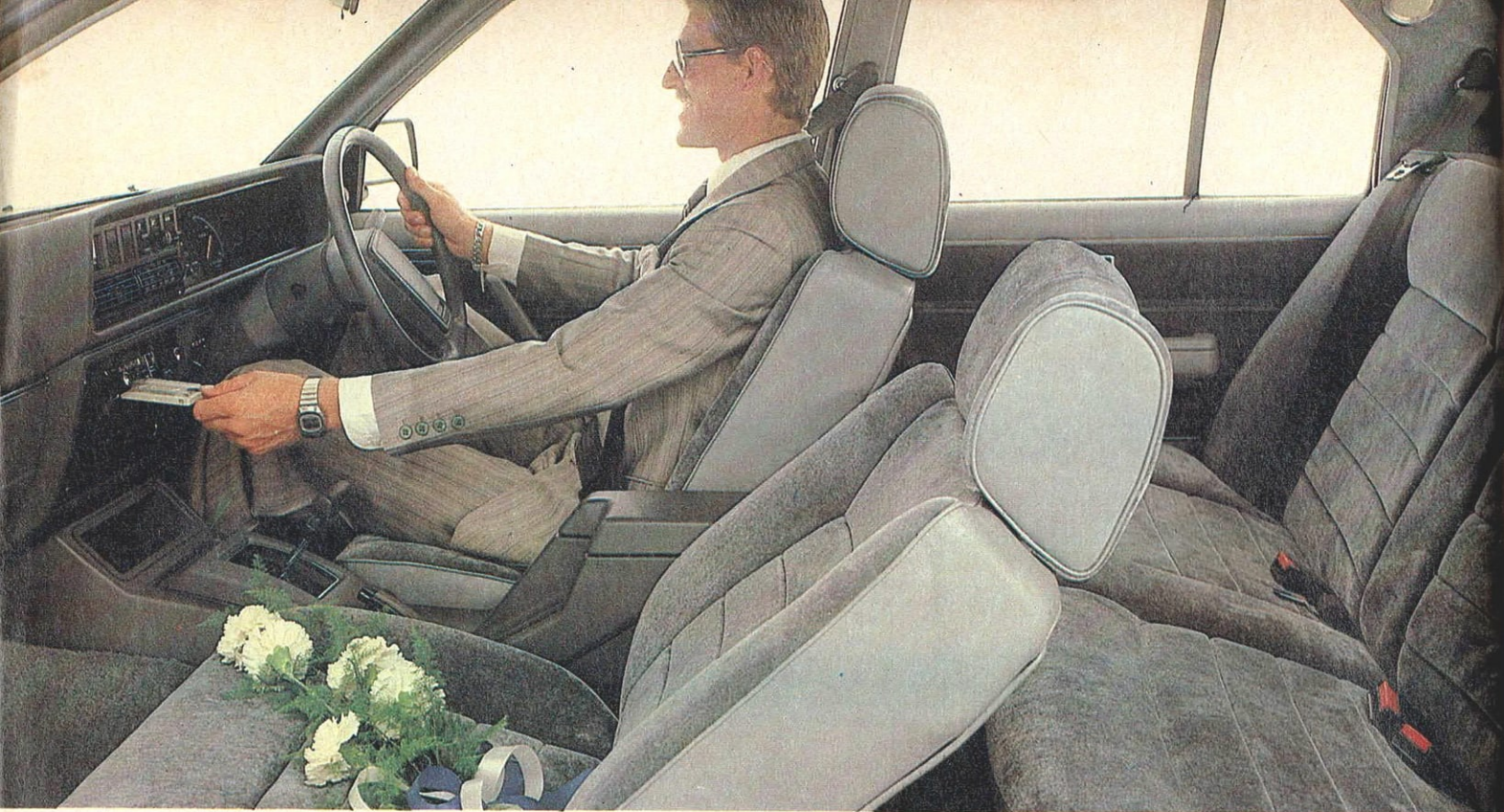


"Vôtre" ... le nouveau parfum de
CHARLES JOURDAN



Available from selected pharmacies, perfumeries and department stores

CSO 482 EJP



PHILIPS STEREO IN YOUR DRIVINGROOM.

Look at the new car today. Its luxury features and added accessories just about parallel the comfort in your home environment — except for its sound equipment.

Philips Mobile Stereo can change all that. Simply by adding a high performance Philips Cassette Player to your radio, you can sit back and drive to your own kind of music.

Among the Philips Mobile Stereo range you'll find feature combinations that make driving feel like flying. Locking fast forward and rewind, Auto reverse, Automatic switching from tape to radio, separate bass/treble boost and muting switches.

Our new 590 even gives you an incredible total 40 watts power and takes chrome/metal tapes.

If the perfectionist in you demands yet more for your music, Philips Mobile Stereo range offers superlative, high performance Equalizer/Boosters.

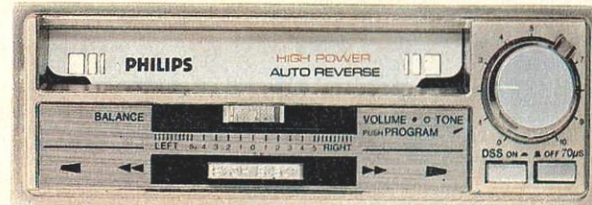
For a sound check, see your nearest Philips car radio specialist. They can help you create the right sound system for you and your car.



AC290 — Stereo Cassette Player. Features auto eject. Auto switching from tape to radio. Locking fast forward/rewind. Separate bass boost (DSS) and muting (LAS) switches. Output 2 x 6 watts (Max.)



AC490 — Stereo Cassette Player. Features auto switching from tape to radio. Auto reverse. Locking fast forward/rewind. Separate bass boost (DSS) and muting (LAS) switches. Output 2 x 6 watts (Max.)



AC590 — Stereo Cassette Player. Features auto switching from tape to radio. Auto reverse. Chrome/metal tape selection. Bass/treble boost (DSS). Output 2 x 20 watts (Max.)

PHILIPS

PCBR9103

We want you
to have the best



PENTHOUSE FORUM

In which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse* — its contents, its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters should carry name and address (in capitals), but these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of *Penthouse*. Send to Penthouse Forum, Box 4084 GPO Sydney, NSW 2001. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

A good paint job

I read your letters every month, but until this summer I had never thought I would have reason to write. I am an average 18-year-old guy who until now has had a normal sex life for my age — lots of making out with girls, and of course, jerking myself off.

This summer I put a notice in a local shop advertising that I would like to do yard work and painting. Things were slow until I got a call from a lady who said she was divorced and needed to have some parts of her house painted.

I went over and she showed me what she wanted painted — the front porch, outside windows, several closets, and her daughter's bedroom. I said it would take about three weeks to do, and she was going to pay me each Saturday.

She also said that I had to do her daughter's bedroom first. Her daughter was 24 and had recently broken up with her boyfriend and would be coming home in two or three weeks.

Well, the first two and one-half weeks went along without event — until the daughter came home. I had never seen such a beautiful girl. She must have been a 38-25-36, with long blonde hair and a very sexy body. Her mother introduced us and said that Meg would be paying me for the last week, as she would be away on Saturday.

Well, needless to say, Meg became my fantasy while jerking off at home. I could just imagine those beautiful tanned tits as I would beat my meat in my bedroom.

On my last Saturday it was the hottest day of the summer. All I had to do was some touching up on the front porch, and I would be finished. It was so hot that day that I was wearing just a very small pair of shorts — they were loose-fitting and were about the only thing I would wear in the heat.

Just as I was finishing on the porch, Meg walked out in the scantiest bikini I had ever seen. Her huge tits were bursting out, and I was getting very excited thinking of my fantasies. As she was talking, I could hear my heart pounding and noticed she was staring at my crotch. I looked down and saw that my shorts were low and the tip of my now-hard penis was in clear view.

Before I could say a word, she said before she would "pay" me for my ef-

forts, she wanted to show me a spot I missed in her room. Not knowing what she had in mind, I followed her into her room. She said that you could see the spot from her bed. She asked me to lie down and look. As I did, she sat down on the bed and pointed to the wall.

With her tits in my face she stroked the part of my dick that was now exposed and then reached down to unzip my pants. At this point I could not believe what was happening. She pulled my shorts down and grabbed some hand lotion from the bedside table and applied it to my excited penis. The excitement I felt as she stroked my rod was greater than any I had produced myself and I could only squirm and moan with pleasure.

As her strokes got faster, I started thrusting into her hand. With her other hand she was raising and lowering my balls in time with her strokes. My mind was racing, and I felt more pleasure than I had felt in three years of self-abuse.

As I was trembling with excitement, she made a fist around the top of my dick so that just the tip was exposed. She then rubbed the tip with the palm of her other hand, and I screamed out. I had never felt such intense pleasure before, and my back was arched, and every muscle in my body was rigid.

When I could stand it no more, she vigorously pumped my cock with both hands, and I had the most intense orgasm of my life!

As I sank down on to the bed, I now noticed that Meg's nipples were very erect and the crotch of her bikini was damp. I reached up and released her bulging tits, and as she climbed on the bed, she pulled off her pants.

We then went into kissing and rubbing that made me realise my teenage sex with other girls had been so limited. I sucked on her nipples, and my face was lost between her tits. My hand was down and exploring my first pussy with excitement. I probed every hot spot until I hit a spot that drove her crazy. As I rubbed, she moaned and had several orgasms.

She could take it no more and turned me on my back and slowly mounted me. As she lowered herself on to my virgin cock, the feeling of me slipping into her was wilder than my best fantasy.

We began thrusting and moaning, and the pleasure was great. She started to

moan in another orgasm, and I shot my load and collapsed.

Though I was finished with the original painting job, Meg convinced her mother that more of the house should be painted.

I have had many more lessons from Meg, and I hope they continue. — *Name and address withheld.*

A big load

I am a 20-year-old student currently attending a big university. I recently had an experience I think your readers will find stimulating.

It was 4:00 in the morning as I was pulling one of my usual all-nighters, cramming for an exam which I was to have at 10am that Monday morning. At this point I was starting to see things and shake like a leaf, so I decided to take a break and do my laundry. Knowing how everyone here does his or her laundry in the early evening, I thought no one else would be insane enough to be doing laundry at 4:00 in the morning!

I put down my books, got my dirty clothes together, grabbed the detergent, and headed for the lift. I went to the basement and made my way to the laundry room. Upon entering, I was very surprised to hear one of the washers going and wondered who else was doing their wash!

As I put my sack of clothes on top of the washer, my curiosity was quickly answered as a gorgeous student named Linda (not her real name), entered the room, wearing a pair of shorts that were tight enough to outline her every line and a tight T-shirt that conformed to her fantastic body. I had seen Linda around the place, and we always seemed aware of each other, but that was the extent of our relationship.

After saying, "Hi", Linda went over to her washer and saw that her wash was not finished, so she came over to me and started some small talk, mentioning how she didn't expect anyone else to be doing laundry! I muttered something about how surprised I was, too, but as she was talking, all I could feel was the blood rushing down to my throbbing cock. I couldn't help seeing how beautiful Linda was with her hypnotic blue eyes and perfectly formed 36-24-36-inch body.

As our conversation continued (as did my hard-on), I found her to be a very

intelligent and interesting person as well as incredibly gorgeous. I suggested that we both take a break and have a drink, and she smiled approvingly. With that, I told Linda that I'd be right back and ran back to get a bottle.

I hurried back down and saw that Linda was still there with a coy smile on her face. As we drank, I was mesmerised by Linda's now erect nipples.

It didn't take long for the Scotch to take effect, as we were both tired from studying. At this point, I was about to rip the seams of my pants as my cock strained to struggle free.

I saw Linda stare at my obvious bulge and caught her eye as she looked up. Her blue eyes had to be the most beautiful I had ever seen, as I was frozen by her sensuous gaze.

She licked her lips slowly, and I needed no further encouragement as I pulled her close to me and planted my lips on her sexy, moist lips. Our tongues met and darted in and out as we French-kissed for what seemed like hours.

Allowing my hands to roam, I felt the firmness of her breasts and the warmth of her pussy. Linda moaned slightly and began massaging my cock through the material as she whispered: "Baby, I want you."

I took Linda by the hand and led her to the side of the machines, where we would be unseen (hopefully) if someone

was to come in. Using my bag of laundry (I had yet to load it in the washer) as a cushion, I laid Linda down and kissed her tenderly. I slowly pulled her T-shirt over her to reveal the most gorgeous set of tits I had seen. I kissed and sucked on her erect nipples as she moaned and writhed with pleasure.

Linda reached down and rubbed my prick and she slowly undid my zipper. Linda flicked her wet tongue over the full length of my cock as I moaned with delight. She continued teasing me by stopping as I was about to come. Not being able to stand it any more, I begged Linda to suck me till I came.

Hearing my plea, my dream goddess began at a furious pace. Linda was giving me the blowjob of my life and the warmth of her mouth and the skill of her tongue was too much for me to take. I felt all my muscles tighten as I came with such a tremendous force that I screamed with ecstasy.

Wanting to return the pleasure, I pulled down her shorts. I brought myself closer to Linda's love nest and buried my tongue as she pleaded: "Don't stop." I began to nibble, which drove her into a frenzy.

I was ready for her beautiful pussy now, but all of a sudden, we heard voices coming from behind us! Taking a quick glance back, I noticed a guy and girl in the dim light and heard them giggling. I thought I was about to die!

Linda and I stayed low, hiding our faces and hoping that these people would get out. When I heard them leave (still giggling), I looked up to make sure the coast was clear. Linda and I grabbed our clothes and my dirty laundry and ran upstairs in world record time!

We laughed about the incident later, as she was so embarrassed that she waited until the next day to pick up her laundry and put it in the dryer! I hope we can repeat our laundry room adventures again. — Name and address withheld.

Lucky green eyes

Having just moved to the city to go to uni, I was looking forward to starting classes and getting settled. However, I was not looking forward to not knowing anyone.

My first class was music appreciation. When I arrived, I was a little surprised to see it so full. In fact, there were only two vacant seats in the class. I sat in one and put my motorcycle helmet on the other. About five minutes later I heard a voice say: "Is that seat taken?"

I looked up and nearly creamed my jeans. Not more than a foot away was a gorgeous blonde, with nice, full tits and a body that would more than do justice to your fine magazine.

Anyway, Nancy sat down, and we started talking. Conversation went from school to parents, drugs, and the like. When class was over, we both had a free hour, so I suggested a cup of coffee. She agreed, and we started walking over to the dining area. I am nuts about blondes, and Nancy even had blonde eyelashes! I was going nuts trying to imagine what her pussy looked like.

I'm fairly average. One thing the girls all said is that my green eyes are a turn on, so I guess they are my best feature. I'm saying all this to show that I don't have a huge, muscular body.

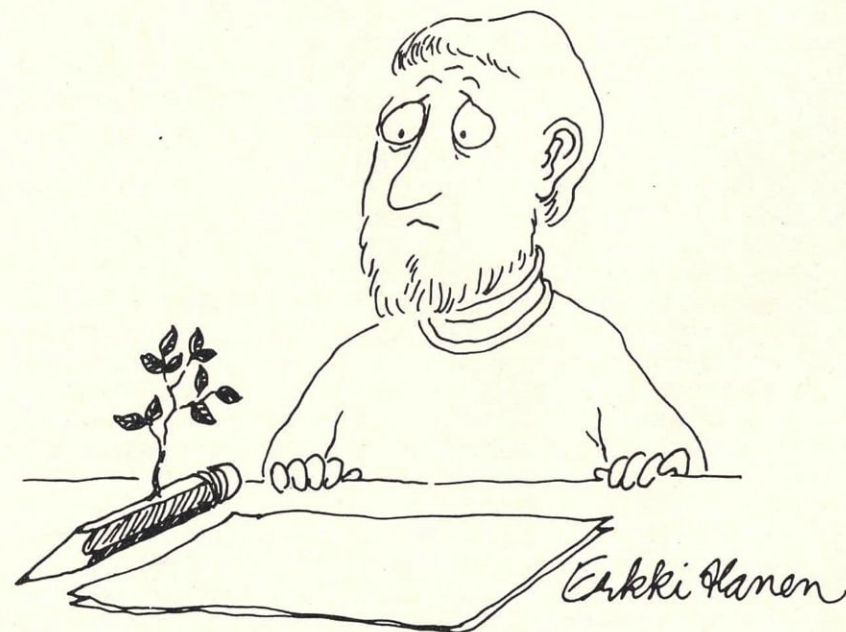
Nancy and I sat and rapped about everything. When the conversation switched to sex, I found out that she had only had one boyfriend, and when they finally screwed and Nancy lost her cherry, the guy dropped her.

She impressed me as open and honest, so I asked her what she did when she got horny. She smiled and asked me what I did.

Anyway, Nancy jumped up and said she had to go to class. When she stood up, she knocked a book off the table. I bent down to get it and collided with those luscious tits as I came back up, for Nancy had bent over me. My view afforded me a great look at her tits, and I was happy to see that she made no effort to move.

We just laughed, and she split. As she walked away, I got real horny watching her, as the sunlight coming through the doors gave me a great view of her legs through her dress.

Soon school was over, and I was



SETTING THE PACE IN MODERN SMOKING

PETER STUYVESANT EXTRA MILD

THE INTERNATIONAL PASSPORT TO SMOKING PLEASURE

Peter Stuyvesant Extra Mild has what mild smokers the world over want right now. Mild choice tobaccos. Miracle Filter. King Size. So much more to enjoy!

LIGHT UP A STUYVESANT—YOU'LL BE SO GLAD YOU DID

PaPSEM1513.50
CC453/80

AMERICAN CIGARETTE COMPANY (OVERSEAS) PTY. LTD.

IF DANDRUFF PERSISTS SEE YOUR SELSUN.



Unlike most dandruff treatments which contain zinc based remedies, Selsun is made from Selenium Sulphide. It's this ingredient that makes Selsun, with regular use, so effective in treating even the worst cases of dandruff.

If you have dandruff, treat it with Selsun twice weekly to begin with, then as often as necessary.

GIVE DANDRUFF THE SELSUN TREATMENT.

headed for the parking lot when I noticed Nancy at the red telephone. I asked her if anything was wrong, and she said her car was acting up.

Being the gallant gentleman that I am, I offered her a lift on my bike, which she accepted. When she got on, her dress crept up to her thighs, and the sight of that gave me an instant hard-on. I caught Nancy looking at it, but she didn't say anything.

When we got to her flat, she invited me up for a joint and some wine. While I rolled a joint, Nancy went to the bathroom. When she came out, we poured some wine and lit the joint.

Nancy leaned against me and thanked me for the ride. I responded by putting my arm around her and kissing the back of her neck. She quickly turned around and gave me a deep French kiss, while one hand rested on my crotch.

I cupped one of her tits with one hand and unzipped the dress with the other. I could feel her nipple harden under my touch. I quickly undressed and led Nancy to the bedroom.

We fell on her bed in an embrace. I kissed and nibbled her tits till they were at full attention. I was a little surprised to see that they remained perfectly upright and firm, with those delicious nipples all erect.

Nancy was moaning from the workout I was giving her and she kept begging me for more, but I had a few other ideas in mind, first.

When I was through with her tits, I slowly kissed my way down her flat tummy to her panties.

I kissed and licked the edge of her panties and slowly pulled them off. By now, Nancy was a wildcat. I blew on her soft pussy, very happy to see silky blonde pussy hair.

She said: "Are you going to put your tongue there?" I guess her last boyfriend, when he got past the grope sessions, didn't do a whole lot with her besides screwing her once.

I smiled and shot my tongue deep inside. Nancy arched her back and screamed with pleasure when I nibbled her. She came in waves.

She was almost delirious, having climaxed five or six times, so I slowly entered her.

For an inexperienced chick like Nancy, she sure was enjoying herself. After about 15 minutes, I could tell she was starting to come, so I started to really pump.

Just as I started to shoot, Nancy started bucking, and almost threw me off the bed. She grabbed my arse and pulled me in even farther until we were both spent. I lay down on top of her, and we kissed, then fell asleep.

Next morning was even better. Nancy's learning how to give head, and I am one patient teacher! One thing, though. I asked her what it was that

It is in the interest of the working man to be protected from the young, cheap, fiery whisky which is offered.

Sir Peter Mackie (Restless Peter) 1855-1924.



A dynamo of energy. And for over 30 years, the driving force behind White Horse Whisky. The Mackie family had distilled fine whisky for generations. But it was Restless Peter who devised the name "White Horse", after the ancient White Horse Cellar, an Edinburgh Inn long famous for its tradition of hospitality.

Restless Peter was a larger than life character, who worked unceasingly to ensure an undeviating standard of quality for the whisky he produced.

The London Times said of him: "He had the restlessness of a vigorous mind and was constantly planning fresh enterprises, most of which he succeeded in carrying out!"

His indomitable character and uncompromising dedication was typical of the White Horse men. And it is reflected still in character of the whisky he named and helped produce. White Horse Whisky.

It has its own uncompromising character. A standard of quality which will not be lowered. Like the men who helped make it, a truly indomitable spirit.

White Horse. A Scotch Legend.

attracted her to me. She said my eyes really turned her on. Thank God for green eyes! — *Name and address withheld.*

Taking advantage

Trying to get some time alone is pretty difficult for my girlfriend and me because we both live with our parents, but last week Joyce's parents went out and gave us a night alone. Being a normal 21-year-old male, I naturally took advantage of the situation.

When I arrived at Joyce's house, her parents were still at home. I thought my plans would go down the tubes, but, fortunately, her parents left a little while later. After making sure Joyce's parents were well on their way, I started to get the "ball" rolling.

I took Joyce by her hand and led her into the den. I pulled her to me for a long, deep kiss. As our tongues played tag in each other's mouth, I began to play with Joyce's large tits. I started kissing her neck and biting her ear lobes.

Joyce's breathing got heavier and more rapid as she began unbuttoning my shirt. I pulled Joyce's shirt off over her head and started munching on her oversized nipples. Soon we were both on the floor. I yanked Joyce's jeans down to her ankles and started playing with her pussy.

Joyce unbuckled my pants and felt my cock. I grabbed her tits in both hands and

kneaded them like rising bread dough. I licked and sucked her nipples and then slowly worked my way down to her pussy. There is nothing I enjoy more than feasting on Joyce, and she loves it when I do it.

Joyce's warm, wet mouth soon found my cock and began lovingly sucking and kissing it. We continued loving each other with our mouths until Joyce's hips began bucking. I concentrated my attention on Joyce until she squeezed her thighs around my head and moaned. Her sure-fire way of letting me know that she came.

I removed my face and replaced it with my cock. We began our love motion without much hesitation. I was soon on the verge of a fantastic climax. I grabbed on to Joyce's bucking hips and let go.

I glanced at the clock and saw how late it was, so we cleaned each other off and reluctantly got dressed. We hoped her parents wouldn't notice the large wet spot we left on their carpet. Hopefully, after we get married next year, we'll soak our own carpet many, many times. — *Name and address withheld.*

Better luck next time?

I'm a 23-year-old male with dark, wavy hair and a short but muscular build. I've had success with women in the past but certainly nothing to brag about. Anyway, I was driving home from work one after-

noon when suddenly my attention was drawn to this blonde girl hitchhiking along the road. I slowed down and pulled closer, getting a better look.

She had shoulder-length blonde hair and was wearing a pair of tight jeans and a clingy T-shirt, which clearly displayed a pair of firm, braless tits. I motioned for her to get in and quickly sped off. She told me her name was Kate and she needed a ride to the bus terminal. I thought she was just some prostitute taking advantage of a free ride and kind of jokingly said to myself, "Maybe better luck next time."

After a few more minutes of driving, however, she asked me whether I knew of a place where she could spend the night. Wiggling in my seat, trying to conceal my stiffening prick, I casually mentioned that my flat was free.

She parted her luscious lips and gave me a seductive smile, saying that it sounded great to her. For the rest of the trip I noticed that Kate glanced a number of times at the protruding bulge in my pants.

That night we ate out and visited a local disco, where we worked up a sweat and had a great time. By the time we returned to my place, it was almost midnight. I poured us some drinks while we reclined on the couch, listening to the stereo.

I felt Kate's hand begin to massage my thigh as I moved closer to her, wrapping my arm around her waist. Our lips met in a deep French kiss as our tongues probed deep into each other's mouths.

After several intense minutes of kissing and hugging, I began peeling off Kate's T-shirt as she laid herself back on the couch. I got my first sight of her incredible mounds. My hands were giving Kate's gorgeous tits a good rubdown while I slowly ran my moist tongue down her neck and began circling her heaving breasts, occasionally flicking at one of her erect nipples to Kate's delight.

I continued licking down her stomach and around her navel while Kate feverishly began pulling off her jeans. One of my hands slid underneath her panties and started to teasingly, gently, pull the hair of her bush.

By now she began bucking herself upward toward my face, screaming for me to eat her. I knew I was driving Kate crazy, and I loved it. Her hands clenched my hair and drove my face into her pussy, sending her into panting screams of delight as she climaxed.

While Kate lay back, catching her breath, I stood up and quickly pulled off my pants and underwear. As soon as Kate caught a glimpse of my rod, she quickly sprang to life. Kneeling in front of me, she began massaging my balls with one hand while she gripped the base of my shaft with the other. Moving her hand closer, she opened her mouth, wrapping her tongue around the tip of my cock.

Kate then began running that luscious

We have an agreement.



I promised her the best of everything. I bought a dozen red roses, a bottle of Moët et Chandon. I promised her filet mignon, just a little bleu, soft candlelight and sweet music. The filet was overdone and the candles burnt the roses.

Well, she said, maybe the music...? Sweet, you promised.

I leaned casually back and switched through eight of the fourteen memory presets on my Marantz ST500 AM/FM Stereo Computuner, looking for the right mood.

That's amazing speed and precision, she said.

That's Marantz, I said. It's drift-free too. That's nice she said, I like rock. And roll? I asked. That too, she curled closer.

I have these cassettes, I said, Blondie, Boomtown Rats, Clash, Kiss...Let's clash, she said.

I like their sound. And I like your Marantz.

Available through selected hi-fi dealers, Marantz features one of Australia's most comprehensive ranges of sophisticated hi-fi components. State-of-the-art tuners, cassette decks, amplifiers or complete home music systems — Marantz makes a sound investment.

SD8000 shown with TDK MA-RC60 tape. Models, prices and specifications subject to change without notice.

Yes, I said, this is the Marantz SD8000 Two-speed Cassette Deck, it's microprocessor controlled in all major tape transport functions.

Transport? she purred glancing towards the bedroom.

Yes, I said, has a Sendust head (hers dropped to my shoulder) plays metal tapes, too, has Solenoid control (I have very little, she murmured) and programmable replay.

OH? she looked up, does that mean you can fix it to play all night? Yes, I replied. Well, she kicked off her shoes. Since you're into extended high frequency response...I think I can interest you.

Then she smiled sweetly.

You know, I wasn't really hungry. I'd have come for the music alone. I do love the sound of Marantz.

Yes, I whispered, for that I could love you.

So, she said, if music be the food of love...It looks like we have an agreement.

You and me and Marantz.



The Marantz Agreement.

marantz®
Now you're listening.

Distributed by: MARANTZ, 32 Cross St., Brookvale, NSW 2100, Telephone (02) 939 1900 Telex AA 24121 Melbourne (03) 329 7655, Brisbane (07) 48 8266, Adelaide (08) 223 2699, Perth (09) 328 3874.

SEND NOW FOR OUR FULL COLOUR 16-PAGE BROCHURE.



tongue up and down the length of my rod, pausing at the base to give each ball a tender nibble. I could feel my legs beginning to tremble and the tension building up inside my cock.

Kate withdrew her mouth to take a breath and then pounced on me once more. I clenched her tits as I started swaying back and forth. Suddenly I felt my arse tighten and my hips thrust forward as I lost my load. I fell into her waiting arms, and we continued our love-making for the rest of the night. — *Name and address withheld.*

Magic man

I have never felt as though my sexual encounters were as fantastic as ones I have read about. This past summer I happened upon a very special sexual experience I would like to share with your readers.

I am an 18-year-old hairdresser, and my magic man is 21. I have known Charles for a little over two years. He is a uni student doing law. He is a very sexy, intelligent, and polite young man who knows what he wants out of life.

Charles called me up one weekend and invited me to go to a movie with him. We went and had a great time. He asked if he could kiss me, and I replied by doing so to him. At first I felt awkward, but this feeling quickly faded. We went and played some pool after the show, and then he took me home. I told him I had

had a wonderful time and would like to do it again sometime.

The next week he called and asked me if I wanted to go to dinner with him. I accepted, gladly hoping that our relationship would progress to being more than just friends. We went to dinner and had an excellent time. The whole time we were discovering how much we were drawn to each other. Then we went to his house.

To our surprise, everyone was sleeping, which left us alone at last. We had agreed to rub each other's back earlier that night, so now we had the opportunity to do so. I got a glass of Amaretto on ice and lay down on his king-size water bed.

I began to rub his back, as he removed his shirt, kissing as I rubbed. We drew closer and began caressing each other's excited body slowly.

He asked me if he could "make it" with me. How could I refuse a warm, loving person like Charles? I couldn't.

We slowly removed our clothes and embraced each other's naked body. He sucked and nibbled on my breasts as he softly ran his fingers across my pussy. He began kissing and licking my stomach and thighs. I pulled him close as he placed his mouth and tongue on my pussy.

I was so excited I couldn't stay still. I asked him to turn around, and I put his beautiful erection into my mouth. We moved together in perfect harmony. I

came so many times I didn't think I would ever stop. This was nothing compared to what I felt as he placed his cock into my love canal. As we moved together, I felt the closeness I had always dreamed of sharing with a man.

We made love all night and into the morning. We showered, had breakfast and he took me home.

On Saturday I treated him to dinner, and we went to the country to see some friends and have a few drinks. After the hotel closed, we went to our friends place. The two couples retired to their rooms, which left us alone on their comfortably large couch. We lay down, and he got situated with his face between my legs. Then we made soft, slow love till morning. We drove back home, had breakfast, and returned to bed.

We slept about four hours and woke up in each other's arms. I began kissing his beautifully tanned body all over. I placed his erection in my mouth and began sucking and licking tenderly. I sucked and caressed him until he yelled.

He then buried his face in my pussy and produced the best orgasm I ever thought possible. We proceeded to make love slowly and softly as the afternoon became evening. We had dinner and returned to his water bed for the rest of the night and into the next day.

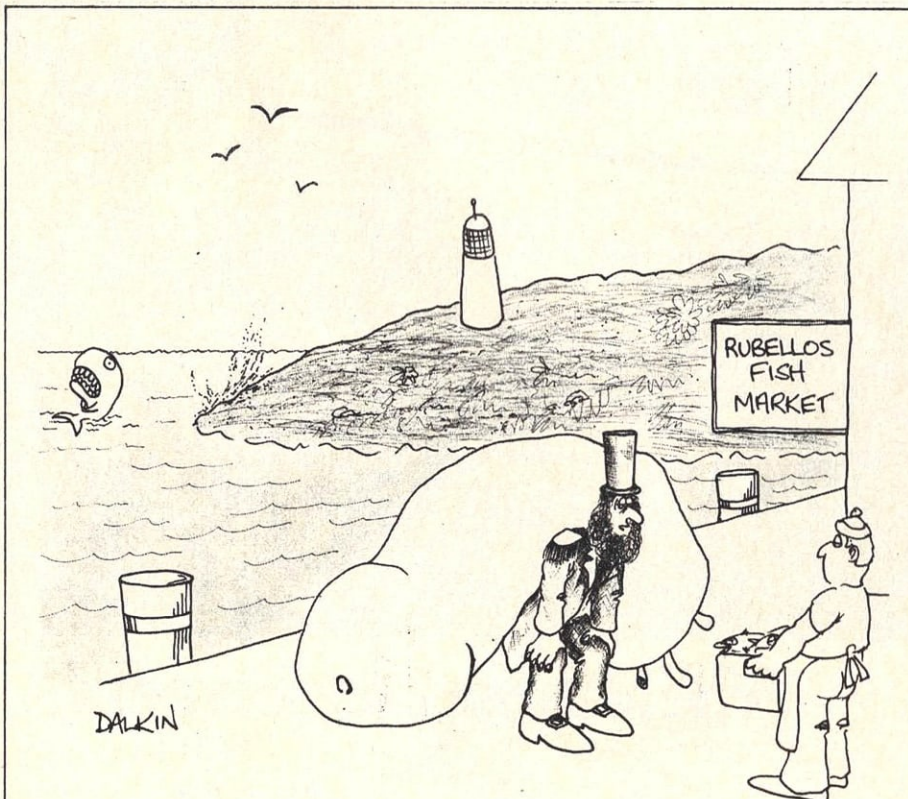
We arose the next morning, feeling exhausted but wanting our bodies united. We sucked and kissed each other's body for a while before he placed his cock inside of me. I put my legs around his shoulders to get the deepest penetration possible. I screamed for him to love me and he did. Each time we made love it was better than the time before.

We finally got out of bed and showered, and I sucked his clean, hard cock willingly. We got dressed, had lunch, and he brought me home.

I feel as close to what real love is as I have ever felt. Not just because of excellent sex, but because I felt beautiful and very happy just to be with him.

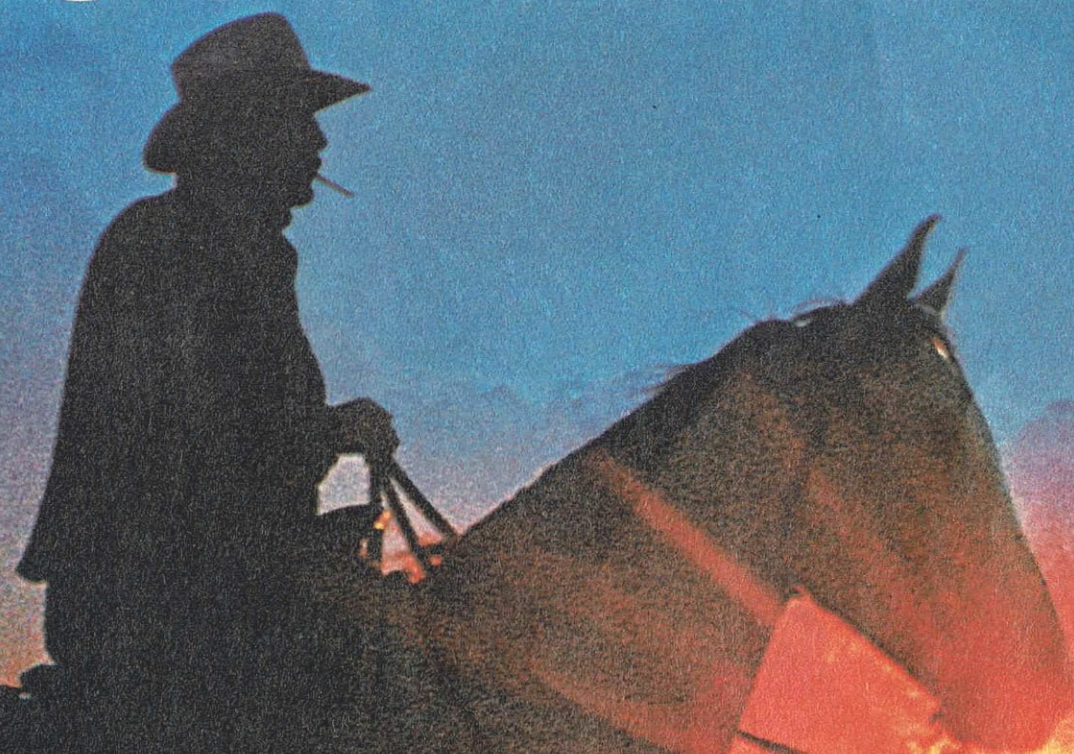
My magical man is leaving in four days to go back to uni. I know and understand that he cannot make any commitments to me, and I don't expect him to. The two weekends we spent together were very special and unforgettable. I hope to pick up where we left off when I see him again. If it doesn't work out, I will always remember August 1980 as my first real experience of love with a man who is only out to please his woman any way he can.

This hairdresser will be waiting for Charles to return, whenever that may be. Charles, if you're reading, remember me often and come to me anytime at all when you need someone who needs and loves you wholly. I will be waiting and saving my love for you and you only. Who knows what the future has in store for those who wait patiently? — *Name and address withheld.* ☐

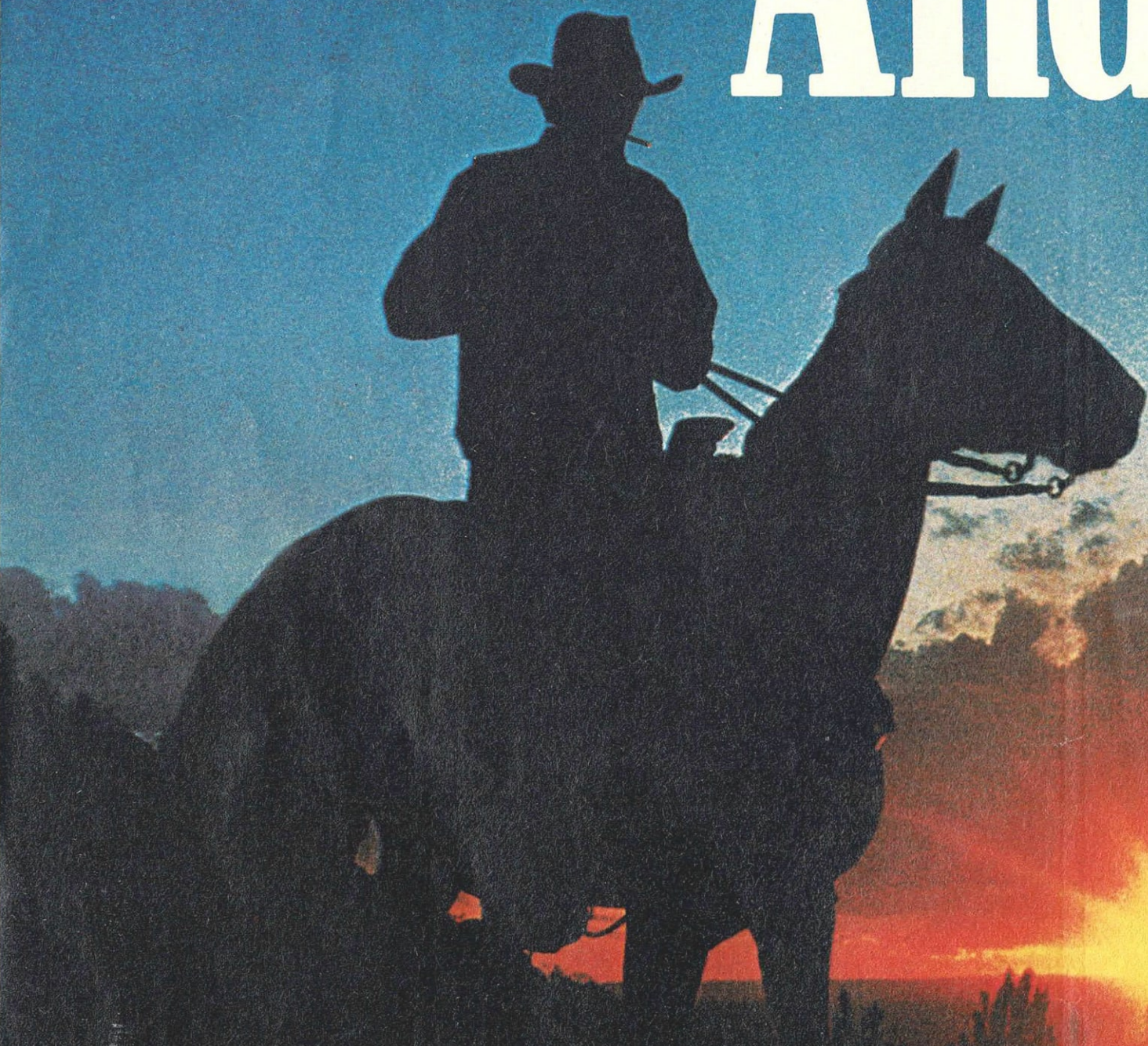


"How much will you give me for Moby's dick?"

New. Mild.



And Marlboro.



If you like mildness, but you also enjoy
that rich, satisfying Marlboro taste,
light up a new Marlboro Special Mild.

You'll get a lot to like.

New Marlboro Special Mild 25's.



The extraordinary lengths
some people will go for an
extraordinary length.

PENIS ENLARGERS

BY RICHARD DEUTCH

In 1521, Antonio Venitiana del Rabina described what he considered a foolproof method of "developing the masculine machine of the generation". He also promised that the follower of his method would "be able to achieve and sustain a powerful and copious erection whenever he so pleased". The Venitiana method was classic in its simplicity: every morning, eat a large black spider sandwiched between two slices of white buttered bread.

In 1655, Philippus Aurelous Theophrastus Bombastus von Honhenheim, better known as Paracelsus to his mates, devised a method in which the potential sexual athlete was required to wear a parchment, inscribed with magical formulae, "around the base of the nut", for the duration of nine days.

At the end of that period a new sheet of parchment was to be attached to the base of the nut of the nut who'd been wearing it, while the old one, having been reduced to ashes, was consumed in a glass of warmed claret. "This is a moft excellent remedy," says, or perhaps lisps, Paracelsus in his *Celestial Medicines*, at a time when even renowned scholars seem to have had trouble with their spelling. "And," he adds judiciously, "it is to be had with the leaft coft."

Personally, I do not recommend any of these methods of penis enlargement, though I would be the first to admit that I have never tried them.

From the time the first cavemen thonged a rock to his dong in the hope that it would grow (this practice is still in vogue in Japan), through the epoch of the American Indian who would tie a strip of buffalo hide around the base of his penis to stop his initial enthusiasm from waning — today we call these contraptions erection rings, and they are available in sex shops — to the modern, sophisticated, sexually revolutionised male, the possibility of developing and/or enlarging the penis has been as intriguing as the prospect of alchemising dross into gold was for Paracelsus.

But is penis development possible? No, philosophised an American magazine whose Australian soulmate is never mentioned in these pages; but the so-called researcher who penned that article freely admitted that he had never even tried the product in question.

The product in question is, of course, the Chartham Method, developed in England by Dr Robert Chartham, which is not his real name and whose degree, though prestigious, is not in medicine.

But for my own reasons, which I want to get straight right up front between me and the reader (and I don't believe I just said that), I decided to give the Chartham Method a fair go. I first spoke with Chartham in London nearly 10 years

ago, to ask him to write an article for a magazine. I was impressed with the graciousness Chartham showed in issuing a flat "No", and his erudition on matters besides sex, but most impressive of all was his complete lack of sham. We had a mutual friend in Paul Rimmer, the leading retailer and wholesaler of sex products in England at the time, who produces the Chartham Method.

Volunteers were taking the course at Chartham's mansion outside London, while Paul was negotiating with plastics manufacturers in England and Germany. Finally, when Chartham was satisfied that his method was safe, and effective in a more than respectable number of cases, he presented the complete package to Rimmer.

Rimmer, a long time in the business and a harbinger of few illusions, asked him frankly: "Does it work?" Chartham, with 40 years as a sex therapist behind him, a lucrative and world-renowned sex clinic in London, and 10 million of his books sold in 11 languages, answered with equal frankness: "I'll stake my reputation on it."

And a year later Rimmer handed me a beige-colored box containing an instruction booklet and a salami-shaped transparent time capsule device with an evil-looking suction pump at the end of it.

"Try this if you want to," he said. He was not about to get into it himself. He had his doubts, and I had a laugh.

Now I don't want to go into this at any length (and I don't believe I said that, either) but I had never had any complaints about the size of my penis. I say "had" because once I decided to try the thing for the hell of it, years after Paul had given it to me and I discovered it stuffed in with all the other trash I had sent on ahead of me to Australia from London, my wife started complaining. The penis she had known and pleased for five years was getting too big for her liking.

The basic theories behind the Chartham Method are hardly novel. But the combination of them is. Chartham got one of his first clues from the tastefully monickered Magnaphall Course, which prescribes perineal exercises for strengthening the muscle most responsible for pumping blood into the arteries and veins which, along with a bit of tissue and the urethral gland, are what comprises the penis. He also experimented with the vacuum developer, and found that these were successful up to a point; but if you stopped using the developer, like a muscle beach boy who ignores his barbells and medicine ball for too long, you were left with a lump of immobile flab just where immobility can hurt most.

The obvious answer was to develop the perineum — that's the muscle stretching from just behind the scrotum to the anus — along with other relevant pelvic muscles, while at the same time using a developer to enlarge the tissues of



paco rabanne
paris



GILBEY'S
Special Dry
GIN

750 ml PRODUCE OF AUSTRALIA
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY
GILBEY AUSTRALIA PTY. LTD.
© 1977 FOR
W & A GILBEY LIMITED
REGENTS PARK LONDON N1

Gilbey's Gin.
Part of the English scene since 1857

AB 441 80

GBSP 0043

the penis itself so that the arteries would contain more blood.

I say "obvious" with all the wisdom of hindsight, because it took Chartham two years to sift through all the permutations of then-existing methods to come up with something that just might work.

Your penis, you see, left on its own without the help of the perineum, is as helpless as it feels just after you've stepped into a cold shower. Only about two-thirds of it ever actually protrudes from your body, which you may find, as I do, rather unfair. The perineum holds the silent-partner-third.

When your brain is activated sexually, a part of it — there is still a dispute as to which part — prompts the vascular system to fill the penis at a rate much faster than normal, causing an erection. Impotence, the most recent theory holds, is a syndrome of something akin to hardening of the arteries. No flow, no go.

Therefore, so runs the theory, the greater the circulation in your pelvic area the faster, harder and longer-lasting your erection. Three of the four stages of Chartham's method are devoted to exercises to increase blood circulation in the pelvis and develop muscular control in the pelvic area. Done on their own, these phallic flexings won't increase the size of your penis; on the other hand they're good exercises. As your old Jewish mother would tell you, they might not help but they couldn't hurt, and I do recommend them as a partial aid to anyone suffering from temporary lethargy-droop.

Before giving you an idea of what the actual experience of doing the course is like, in the form of some entries from a daily I kept while I was doing it, I think a few cautionary words about the use of a penis developer, not just Chartham's but any of the others on the market as well, are called for here.

There are several brands of penis developer available at sex shops, and from magazine advertisements and catalogues. Most of them are cheaper than the Chartham developer which, with instruction booklet containing the exercises, will knock you back about \$50.

Claims for each of them state that "with regular use" they will cause the tissue of the penis to expand. They may even do so sometimes. I couldn't tell you for sure, because for a couple of damn good reasons I would never try one.

Assume one of them does work: you may find that you now have a larger member than your perineum can sustain. In other words you may be better hung, but hung permanently the wrong way.

Also, and more importantly, most of these developers create a total vacuum around the organ, which is very dangerous. A total vacuum could rupture one of the arteries, putting you out of operation for a long and potentially painful time.

And if you have a coronary condition or

Sanyo G Series Systems. One great feature on top of another.



At the top of the Sanyo range of G Series music systems is the G-4, pictured here.

At the bottom of the picture, a cassette deck with wow and flutter of just 0.08%, timer standby and Dolby noise reduction.

Above that, a 40 watt per channel amplifier with all the controls you could ask for, and LED power output meters.

Then, a sensitive AM/FM tuner, with filters, and LED signal strength and timing meters.

On top, a fully automatic turntable with

DC servo motor and stroboscope.

Housing it all, a matching rack with room for your records and with glass doors on the front. Beside it, 3 way speaker systems with 25 cm bass drivers.

Other systems in the Series are the less expensive G-3 and G-2 systems.

Each of them is a neat idea in the way of hi-fi.



Chartham's method has been scientifically designed and scrupulously tested by thousands, including myself, to make certain that it cannot create a total vacuum. So if you ever actually get it into your head to try one of these things, make sure of the label and damn the expense.

is suitable only for those in "a reasonable state of health", provided he does not suffer from heart trouble or any condition in which he "cannot safely indulge in moderate exercise". Fair dinkum.

When you read the instruction booklet, it informs you that in *no* way can anyone with anything so mild as tachycardia or hypertension of a serious nature participate in more than a quarter of the program. This is only strongly impressed upon you after you've parted with that sweet fifty for a non-refundable item. You'd been warned in the ad, then, hadn't you, mate? I only said that Chartham was

The course takes 12 weeks, one hour a day. "Unless you carry out the treatment for one hour *every day*", warns the instruction manual, "any small benefits achieved the day before will be lost".

The four stages of the treatment are: (a) a preliminary exercises for about 15 minutes, (b) application of controlled heat to the penis to increase the blood flow, (c) a manual operation otherwise known as wanking, but not to climax, and (d) application of the developer itself.

Because of copyright restrictions I can't go into details of most of the exercises, but one of them is already well known to any man who has stood at a urinal and flexed his penis, thereby contracting the scrotum, to empty the last of the urine from the urethra. Done on its own this is a good exercise for strengthening the perineum, and increasing the blood flow potential.

I need hardly tell you that one has to be careful in applying heat to the penis.

Chartham recommends that the temperature applied to the penis "should be as hot as the penis can bear, which is usually as hot as your elbow can bear". He then goes on to recommend that part (c), the manual operation otherwise known as wanking, be performed "while the penis is glowing hot". Long hmmm.

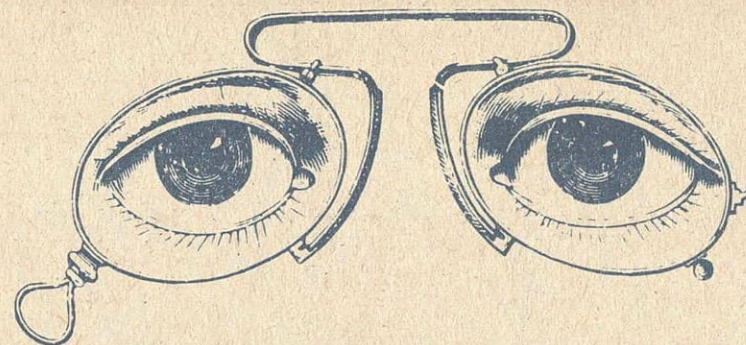
There is no time specified for using the developer. The first time you look at it, it is vaguely menacing, like a 10-year-old with a water pistol. It is not, definitely not, a sensually pleasurable experience.

After a bit over six weeks, a little more than half the time recommended for the course, measurable results had been achieved. As I've already implied, my wife and I had been happy with the state of things as nature had formed, and then left them, so I quit the course. Not because it didn't work: because it did.

Diary entry: November 17. Have started. The exercises are surprisingly exhausting, even though some of them involve virtually little motion. Rather like isometrics. Getting into the developer you are quite sure that the phone is about to ring, or you've left a water tap on.

December 22. There is no increase in length but a quarter of an inch increase in girth. Question: will it last? [*it has.*] More noticeable is an increase in sexual energy around the pelvis, which I am not the only one to have noticed. Her reactions are mixed. And if hers are, mine are.

January 3. Am packing it in. Last night we made love and this morning she told me it was "downright painful". I think I have proved my point. The thing does work, anyway for me. But like spiritualism and stock car racing, the Chartham Method is not for dabblers. ☺



VIEW FROM THE TOP

DRAMA BEHIND THE DRAMA

Australia's greatest son or a bloody murdering trouble maker? At 10am on November 11, 1880, Ned Kelly plummeted through the trap at the Melbourne Jail, jolted to a stop eight feet down, and hanged by the neck until dead. From fact into folklore the saga of Ned and the Kelly gang has been told over and over.

And now, 100 years later, the TV series . . . of the musical, of the film, of the book, of the learned treatise is visiting our lounge rooms. It is the love child of Ian Jones and Bronwyn Binns, the writers and executive producers of *The Last Outlaw*, a four-episode, eight-hour television mini-series.

The Jones/Binns team has an excellent track record. *Against The Wind*, one of the best evocations of early Australian life, demonstrated their splendid feel for colonial Sydney and the tensions within the community created by conflicts of status.

The Kelly story, in a sense, is the extension of those social tensions — the rule of privilege and prejudice and the victimisation of the underdog versus a will to survive fuelled by pride and the family bond. It was a tinderbox situation primed for rebellion and heroics.

That's the way viewers will see it. And if the three hours of film previewed by the press is any indication, Pegasus Productions have a winner — a moving, meticulously researched drama that strikes at the gut of every Australian and his sense of justice and a fair go. What the viewers won't see however, is the real life drama that plagued the four months of location filming and seriously threatened to destroy the production.

Essentially, it was a series of conflicts between the producers and the new Kelly gang — John Jarratt as Ned, John Ley as brother Dan, Steve Bisley as Joe Byrne, Ric Herbert as Steve Hart and Peter Hehir as their maligned accomplice, Aaron Sherritt.

lan Jones has been involved — some would say obsessed — with the Kelly drama for 39 years. He is a Kelly fanatic and a major authority on the gang and their times. The production of *The Last Outlaw* is the

culmination of this lifetime commitment. It could be expected that he would feel somewhat proprietorial about the story and determined to do it his way.

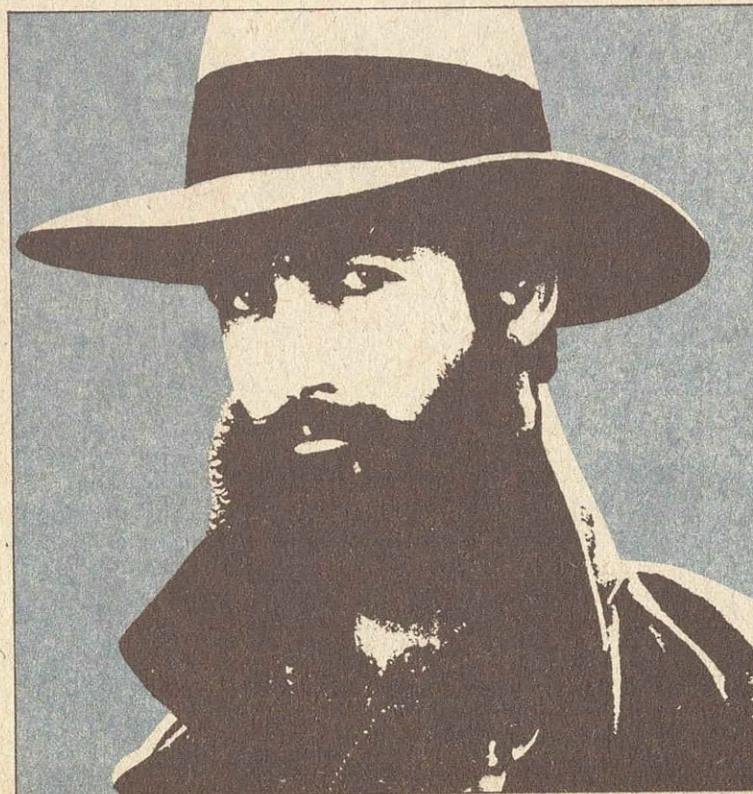
The gang, too, developed its own commitment and sense of responsibility towards interpreting the roles of Australia's most famous anti-heros. They took on the guise of outlaws and cemented their sense of brotherhood from the start. While the rest of the cast and crew stayed in army barracks and motels near the location, the gang chose to live in some rundown shearers' quarters several miles away. Here their overt camaraderie and predilection for intoxicants encouraged a larrikin facade. At the same time they became dedicated to the credibility of their performances.

The in-fighting between the gang and the producers began when Jones at first refused to let them watch the daily rushes of their work. This caused a great deal of friction which was further stoked by contractual disagreements, unavailability of some scripts which the actors deemed necessary to modulate their character development, arguments over the use of company vehicles and the inability of the warring parties to get together and discuss the problems in a rational way. "There were too many short fuses," said one of the gang. "It was a classic case of a clash of egos."

The gang, all experienced professional actors, claimed they were treated like children.

"We got pretty cranky," admitted John Jarratt. "Maybe we identified with our characters too much. We became the Kelly Gang and we could get pretty overbearing when we felt we weren't being treated right. The Kelly Gang didn't like to be pushed around and being true to our characters, we didn't like being pushed around either."

During the four months on location just south-west of the real Kelly country, the friction between the gang and the producers became more and more aggravated. The simmering discontent would occasionally flair into screaming matches and fight challenges. There was always

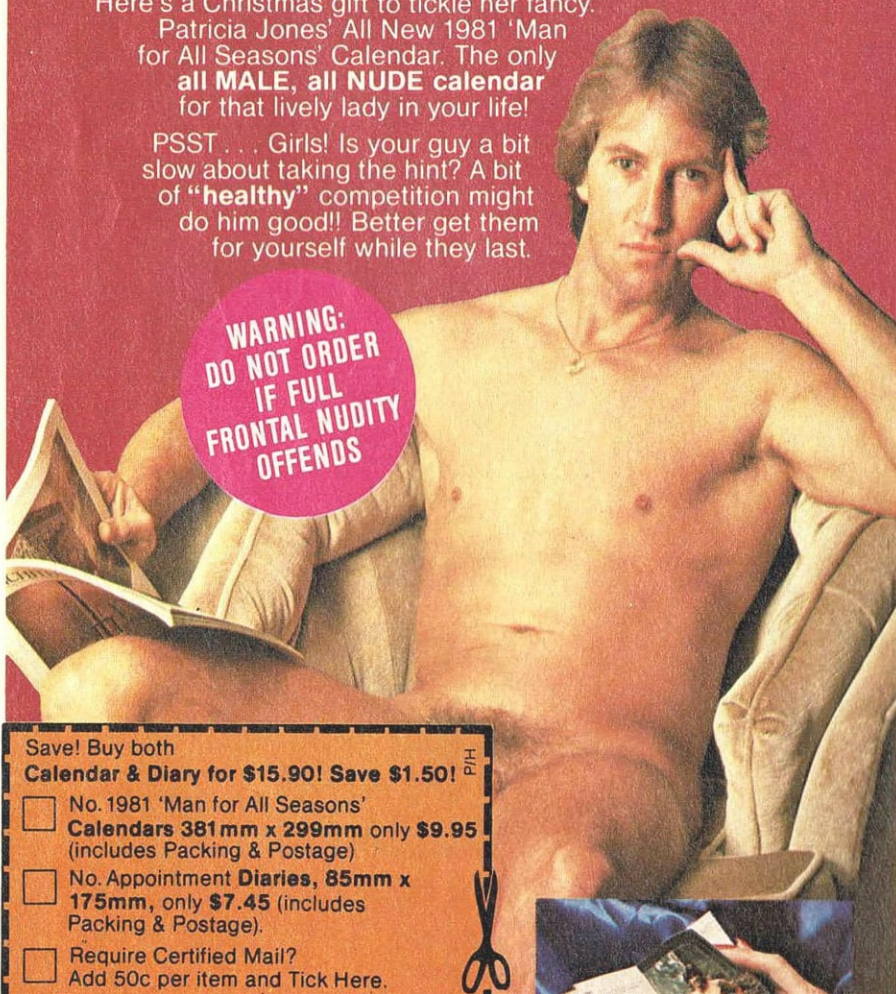


HEY GUYS!

Here's a Christmas gift to tickle her fancy.
Patricia Jones' All New 1981 'Man
for All Seasons' Calendar. The only
all MALE, all NUDE calendar
for that lively lady in your life!

PSST . . . Girls! Is your guy a bit slow about taking the hint? A bit of **"healthy"** competition might do him good!! Better get them for yourself while they last.

**WARNING:
DO NOT ORDER
IF FULL
FRONTAL NUDITY
OFFENDS**



Save! Buy both
Calendar & Diary for \$15.90! Save \$1.50!

- ☐ No. 1981 'Man for All Seasons'
Calendars 381mm x 299mm only \$9.95
(includes Packing & Postage)
- ☐ No. Appointment **Diaries, 85mm x 175mm, only \$7.45** (includes Packing & Postage).
- ☐ Require Certified Mail?
Add 50c per item and Tick Here.

PLEASE PRINT
My cheque/postal order for Total \$ _____
is enclosed — or charge the whole cost

496

Expiry Date _____ Signature _____

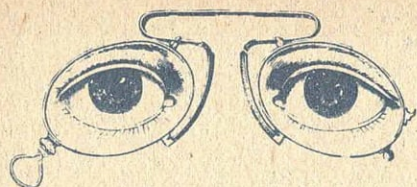
NAME _____
ADDRESS _____

POSTCODE _____

All orders dispatched within
7 days of receipt.

PLUS the 1981 Appointment Diary with a "difference", more never-before-published pic's. No lady should be without her little black book!

30 JAMIESON CRES. KAMBAH



the chance that punches would be thrown. Producer Binns had his room deliberately flooded one night.

Another time Jones refused to alter a scene which Peter Hehir felt undermined his characterisation of Aaron Sherritt, the alleged traitor. The scene was finally shot in Jones' absence with the changes Hehir wanted and contrary to Jones' instructions. It was presented to him as a *fait accompli*.

From then on, communications between the producers and actors operated at minimal level, mainly through director Kevin Dobson acting as mediator. The other director, George Miller, had moved out to the shearers' shed. Many of the crew and the production office staff indicated their various alliances, and emotions ran high.

The producers indicated that they couldn't understand this bunch of highly charged actors who seemed so demanding and disruptive to the smooth running of the production.

Despite the tensions of the opposing camps, which in a way mirrored the Kelly story itself, the production struggled to its conclusion. While egos and harmony were torn assunder at least everyone was dedicated to creating a great product. It's been suggested that the unusual pressures under which they worked were fundamentally generated by the strange aura of the Kelly legend and its controversial role in our history.

At the end of shooting, the cast and crew decided to hold a farewell party in the army officers' mess that had served as the production's dining room. A collection was taken up to fly Steve Bisley, Ric Herbert and Peter Hehir down from Sydney as they'd finished a week or so earlier and had returned home. The production company refused to contribute.

Among items prepared for the party were 150 cream pies which

were never intended to reach anyone's stomach. The monumental pie fight which ensued served as a safety valve for bottled-up tempers, but resulted in the police and the MPs being called.

The bitterness has lingered on. When actor John Ley (Dan Kelly) made a reconciliatory approach to Ian Jones during a chance meeting at Crawford Productions cafeteria, he was shocked at Jones' expletive laden outburst.

Ley was subsequently not invited to the press preview or the following luncheon at Maxims, much to the disgust of John Jarratt who had been flown down from Sydney for the occasion and was only persuaded to attend the function for the sake of the production.

For the record, *The Last Outlaw* cost more than \$1 million.

There were 102 speaking parts and 46 period buildings erected. The series went to air in mid October.

Turn to Page 29 for a review of the series.

SCENES



ROLLER DERBY

If I were a rich man I might now be contemplating investing a spare \$100,000 in one of three new Rolls-Royce limousines just released in Europe. Due in Australia about March or April next year, they



Join the queue for a Rolls-Royce Silver Spirit.

will — after shipping, duty and exchange rates are added — probably cost nearer \$150,000.

But join the queue. Rolls-Royce Motors expect no shortages of buyers for our annual quota of about 100 examples of the new SZ series, called Silver Spur, Silver Spirit and Bentley Mulsanne. NSW, after all, has the highest concentration of "Rollers", per capita, anywhere! Won't it be marvellous when this damn recession ends.

The SZ series are slightly longer, lower, wider, sleeker and better suspended than the Mk II versions of the 15-year-old Silver Shadow and Silver Wraith designs they replace.

They also mark the start of the end of fast and powerful, sumptuous gas-guzzlers — cars now contrary to the way of things in these energy-conscious times, even for the rich man.

But with a probable marketing life of less than a decade, and a production run of less than 25,000 to 30,000 in that time, they are not only worthy of a place in a rich man's stable, but also could be a worthwhile inclusion in his long-term investment portfolio.

The now old Shadow series,

despite a doubling of production (from 1500 a year) by the 6500 workforce, reached a production run of only 33,000 in 15 years. The 3343 cars produced in 1979 was a record now regarded as near the maximum yearly production ever likely to be attained if quality is to be maintained.

Neither is there any reason to believe the value of the new cars will divert from an almost unbroken trend in the life of the company by keeping up with, and in time outstripping, inflation.

One reason the SZ series will almost certainly continue the trend is that they are the end of the line — the last of the big, powerful and weighty pieces of opulence and excellence, the likes of which we will probably never see again.

With the confidence of a company still able to sell everything it makes, Rolls-Royce Motors, now a division of Vickers, frankly admit there is a new, smaller capacity engine on the way — "in two or three years". Who but Rolls-Royce would dare release new models and at the same time provide a date when the newcomers might become outdated?

The next Rolls-Royce body is unlikely to decrease much in size, but it will be sleeker, have a more wind-cheating appearance and be aimed at great economy. The main effort will be in reducing body and suspension weight without sacrificing the smooth and superbly quiet ride. Lightweight materials including more aluminium, carbon fibre and other "exotics" will be used in both structure, outer panning and suspension.

It will still be a gradual progression — but perhaps a little more hurried now because of energy and conservation demands.

Meanwhile the big, refined and exceptionally smooth and long-lived 6.75-litre V8, with enough output to push 2400kg along in uncanny quietness at speeds approaching 200km/h, has been constantly improved.

Although Rolls-Royce still has to pay a \$500 "fine" on each car imported into the US for not meeting legislated lower average fuel consumption levels, economy has been improved by 20 percent. Light-footed rich drivers could see 16.6litres/100km (17mpg) on the longer run, while owner-drivers who are apt to do a lot of city driving or sit in traffic jams with the improved dual-sensored, two-level air conditioning going, could bring that down to 23.6litres/100km (12mpg). The driver, as he sits there in cool comfort on a stinking hot day, can note the outside Celsius reading on a central dashboard digital read-out as other mortals sweat it out on the pavement.

The digital display Rolls-Royce's first venture into electronics, also provides elapsed time of journey and a quartz crystal digital clock.

The ride, of course, is superb, with little noise or vibration entering the cabin so you can easily listen to the Blaupunkt stereophonic radio and a separate Pioneer cassette player at 160km/h with the big V8

ticking over under 4000rpm. And wouldn't you know, the sample cassette starts off with Abba singing "Money, Money, Money — it's a rich man's world". — Dev Dvoretzky.

PILL WARNING

There may be even better reasons than the obvious ones for not making love to a girl with a runny nose or bowel trouble — her contraceptive pills may not be working properly, either. Dr Janet Baker, of the Family Planning Association of Western Australia, has warned Association clients of five antibiotics that could virtually cancel out the safeguards provided by the Pill.

Two of them, Amoxil and Ampicillin, are common treatments for combatting such illnesses as colds, influenza and bronchitis.

The others are Tetracycline, Neomycin and Rifampicin.

Dr Baker's somewhat disturbing findings arose from her research into the inter-reaction between drugs in common use and those which form the basis of contraceptive pills.

OILS AIN'T OILS

According to the *Oxford Dictionary*, the word massage means "rubbing and kneading the body to lessen pain or stiffness". In Melbourne, and to a lesser degree in the other capital cities, you can go to a massage parlor where the stiffness will be taken out of one "muscle" in particular, and the accompanying release of tension is said to be quite pleasurable.

The activities offered within the Melbourne massage parlors are well known and consequently any establishment that offers serious massage as a therapeutic treatment may be subjected to a snigger.

Barbara Thompson, the owner of South Yarra's famous Zimmer hair salon — a very laid back

establishment that numbers top models and actors among its clients — remains undaunted in face of the massage stigma. Recently Barbara, an ex-model, opened a special room where clients, both male and female, may have their tensions massaged away by a very skilful lady called Sandy Wyer.

Sandy, a highly qualified beautician and masseuse, specialises in a type of massage known as aroma therapy, an ancient Egyptian healing art that uses essential plant oils and stroking, rather than pummeling, to sooth away stress and redirect the energy flow in tensed-up bodies and minds.

As Sandy puts it: "Eighty-five percent of all physical disorders begin in the mind and then manifest themselves in physical ways. Aroma therapy has an important role to play in our stress prevalent society. It is a specialised massage of the back and head and various nerve and pressure points of the body using oils made from the vital elements of plants."

The combination of a gentle massage technique and the heady oils produce a calming effect throughout the body that releases the tensions caused by modern living. The secrets of

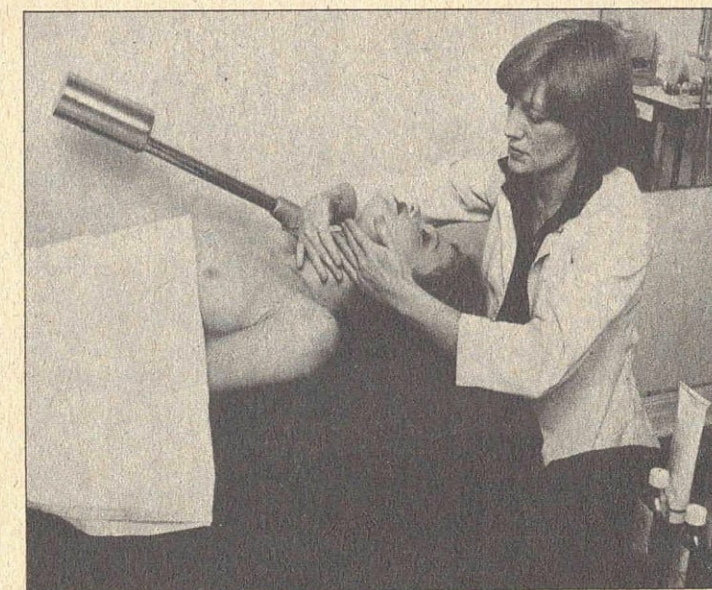
aroma therapy have been passed down through the ages from 4500 BC when the ancient Egyptians practised healing based on the use of the concentrated essential oils of herbs, flowers, plants and wood.

Certain oils are said to be able to penetrate the skin and influence the lymphatic system and the blood, key motivators to the healing process. These essential oils are volatile plant hormones that determine the odors and flavors of the plants.

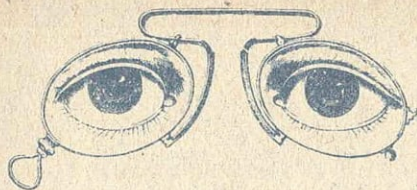
Skin problems, anxiety, fatigue, depression, irritability, gastric problems and various organic imbalances are all said to benefit from aroma therapy.

A one and a half hour treatment by Sandy costs \$20, and if the evidence of your *Penthouse* correspondent is anything to go by, it is indeed a very relaxing, almost hypnotic experience.

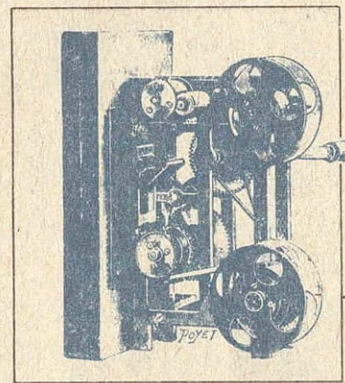
Sandy says some oils are meant to be stimulating, others relaxing. However, the touching, caressing strokes of the massage are definitely not meant to stimulate you into ecstasies of passion, she emphasises. But we've no doubt that as it relaxes mind and body and centres one's energy flow, aroma therapy would have to be a great pre-coital practice.



Sandy Wyer massaging away tensions.



FILMS



NOT FOR THE SQUEAMISH

Some may call it too good for its own good, or even too good to be true. Call it what you like. Stuart Rosenberg's *Brubaker* is, in fact, based on incidents which happened in Arkansas in 1967 at the Tucker Prison Farm. And appalling and horrific as those incidents may be at times, they do make for powerful and rivetting cinema which holds the viewers' attention span for its long (by today's standards) 130-minute running time.

A prison drama in the true sense, it's also a story of injustice in today's world. Not that *Brubaker* is the first feature film to delve into the ways and means of prison injustices (just look at Alan Parker's devastating *Midnight Express*, or Australia's Bathurst Prison riot re-enactment, *Stir*), but it does so with a sure and steady hand.

Rosenberg keeps it all on the boil — the day-to-day drama with the indignities and repeated atrocities; the fight for right counterpointed with government corruption in both high and low places.

The true tale of a prison warden's failed attempt at prison reform set in an anonymous American State, it's a no-win situation that promises to win both audience sympathy and start the incubation of some

thought-provoking questions in the back of an indifferent mind or two.

Title role goes to America's sweetheart of the Sixties, Robert Redford, the blond who has it all — looks, brains and more than a modicum of talent. Talent that comes to the fore with such films as *All The President's Men*, and even the light-weight *The Electric Horseman*. Now, with *Brubaker* to his credit, he deserves to be known more as a consummate actor than as the baby-faced charmer of the romantic delights of *Barefoot In The Park* and *The Way We Were*. It's a heavy-weight role tackled in a proficient, professional manner with Redford instilling strength and vital life into a role which demands much.

Henry Brubaker, is a young (40) prison reformer who has just been put in charge of Wakefield State Penitentiary, somewhere in rural, mid-west America. But does he accept his new position as prison warden in the conventional manner? No — not Brubaker. Brubaker is anything but conventional. As one prisoner remarks: "He's one weird individual." And he is. He comes in as an inmate and so bears witness to more than one or two horrors.

Not only is the entire prison administration corrupt, but it works a profitable scheme by using the prisoners as slave labor leased to the local townspeople. Food is wormy (it's *alive* with creatures great and small), unless prisoners are willing (and able) to buy the left-overs from warders or trustees. And the trustees score points if they should accidentally kill any prisoners they may be freely disciplining with whip or leather strap.

The cells are overrun with rats, and to say that the prison itself is falling apart around their ears would be an understatement. And just when all hope is lost, Brubaker appears and reveals himself as the new warden. Not

that that's enough to win over the hardened criminals whose own cynicism and acceptance of corruption is so inbuilt that it takes more than a prison reform or two to win their loyalty.

Brubaker, of course, is not a quitter, and just as he appears to be making inroads, the powers that be step in. Murray Hamilton, as police commissioner Deach, puts the heavy on our hero, but Brubaker's reforms aren't half as profitable as the former corruption. It's a definitely hopeless situation and in spite of Brubaker's self-righteous battle for justified reform, the film ends on a down beat after an attempt to uncover some long-ago murders fails.

Technically, there are no faults. Particular note should be made of Lalo Schifrin's low-key score and W.D. Richter's probing script based on the book *Accomplices To The Crime*, co-authored by Thomas Murton, the Tucker Prison Farm warden upon whom the Brubaker character is modelled. Bruno Nuytten's camera work is first-rate, coloring the opening scenes of despair and injustice in grey tones of depression, the reforms in the bright glare of

natural sunlight, and Brubaker's defeat in the same blue-grey bleakness. It's a method that not only colors the film's stock, but that of the audience's reaction.

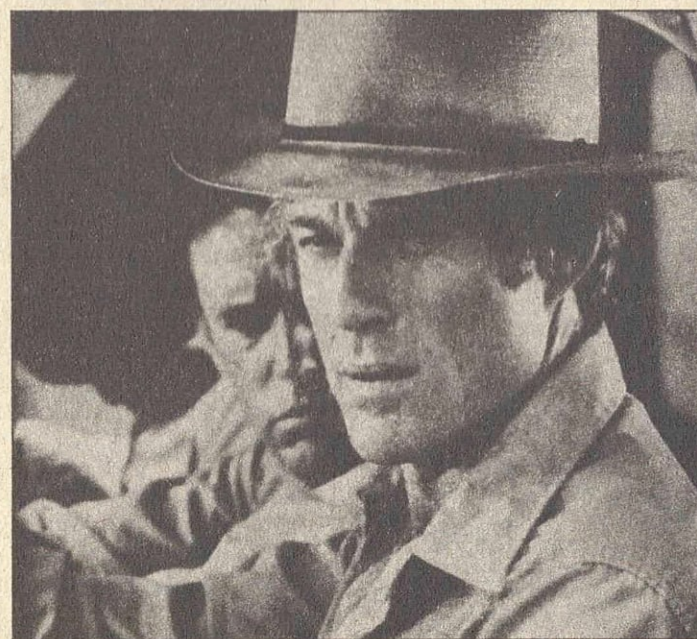
Not for the squeamish or the easily disturbed, *Brubaker* paints a grim and uncompromising picture of prison life. It is relentless in its self-righteousness which seeks vainly to expose corruption and injustices, not at the actual Arkansas prison, but in prisons everywhere. Yes, maybe it is too goody-goody for its own good. Who said being good was meant to be easy? — Alex Anthony.

Robert Altman's *Popeye*, with Mork from Ork in the title role, is set to be the big one with kids this Christmas, but in Australia the old sailor with the spinach habit may well be knocked off by a homegrown comic hero.

Syd Nicholls' *Fatty Finn* has come to life in the best children's film since *Storm Boy*. Cripes, even grownups will love it.

First off there's the brilliant recreation of 1930s Sydney, largely the work of designer Lissa Coote, who discovered the locations in old Glebe, an inner Sydney suburb, and came up

Redford gives strength and life to Brubaker.



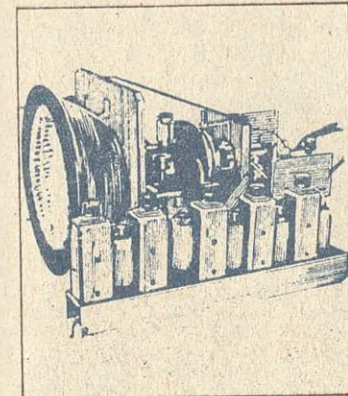
with costumes which jump out of the screen as much as they jumped out of the comic liftout all those Sundays ago.

Then there's a script by Bob Ellis and Chris McGill which wisely backpedals on the social commentary and feeds the kids lines that don't embarrass them.

Then, most importantly, there's a cast of 52 kids who were taught to act in less than a month and would now shame every hack thespian employed by Reg Grundy and Hector Crawford. There isn't one dud in 52, and lead players Ben Oxenbould (Fatty) and Rebecca Rigg (Tilly) are assured of big futures. (In Rebecca's case, Brooke Shields better watch out.)

Director Maurice Murphy has pulled off an extraordinary feat. *Fatty Finn*, shot in less than six weeks last Christmas hols, is an authentic children's film, free of adult pretensions and force-fed trendiness. As Fat might say his very self: Cripes, it's gonna spifficate everything else around this summer. — Phil Jarratt.

TV



FINE DRAMA

The *Last Outlaw* is easily the finest piece of historical drama ever produced for Australian television. For the series deals not only with the pieces of the legend — the police massacre at Stringybark Creek, the robberies at Euroa and Jerilderie, the shoot-out at



John Ley, Ric Herbert, John Jarratt and Steve Bisley as the Kelly gang.

Glenrowan — but fits together the jigsaw of the man and the times in which he lived.

It shows abuse of power by the government, the police and the wealthier squatters, the iniquities of the land system of the time and, above all, it emphasises that Kelly was the spearhead of a rebellion that could have destroyed the colony.

That was the important thing about Kelly, he was less a bushranger — the gang committed only two robberies — than he was the leader of a revolt determined to establish a new colony in north-east Victoria.

As Ian Jones, the man responsible for the series, points out: "The rebellion is important because it's the final thing that separates Ned from a common criminal."

"The rebellion was high treason. This is what they were talking about and for that reason it was the most closely guarded secret of the whole Kelly business."

Jones, who for years toiled in Hector Crawford's fantasy factory in Melbourne, has been fascinated by the Kelly legend since he was 10. He is a walking encyclopaedia on the subject.

Tony Richardson, who made

the much-maligned movie of Kelly starring Mick Jagger, used Jones as his expert. It is said that filming was held up for some time when Jones pointed out that the chimney on the Kelly family home was in the wrong position. That's how well Jones knows Kelly.

His sympathies lie with the outlaw, and he makes no apologies that this comes across in the series. "To be neutral with Ned Kelly is impossible," he says.

John Jarratt plays Ned Kelly, and he plays him with gusto and the right touches of larrikinism, heroism and pathos, as well as bearing a remarkable resemblance to the outlaw.

But it is Kelly's mother, played by Elaine Cusick, who comes across as the strongest character. She backed her son all the way, at the same time not caring a damn about what people thought of her affair with an American adventurer called George King.

Mrs Kelly was there to the end. She was serving time in Melbourne Jail when she saw her son for the last time, telling him to "die like a Kelly". She was there, working in the prison laundry, when she heard the clock

toll and knew her son was dead.

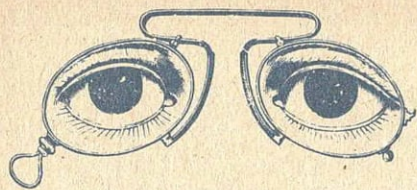
Of course, the success of the Kelly series — and successful it will be — will probably inspire a crop of bushranger series. And that's not a bad thing, as long as producers stick to the truth and not turn them into pale imitations. These were tough men. They came from convict stock. They often lived like wild animals in the bush and their clothes came not from boutiques favored by urban cowboys. They swore, drank and fornicated.

And even though many were murderers and thieves, they all strove towards that often elusive vision called freedom.

As Ian Jones says: "The more we conform these days, the more we will admire the individuality of these people. The more we slip away from that period the more we slip away from the qualities they possessed."

And, no, Ian Jones makes no reference to Kelly's sexuality. It's not important.

John Jarratt summed up that side of the legend by saying: "If Ned Kelly was camp it doesn't make any difference. If he was a queen he was one helluva queen." — Neal Akerman.



SOUNDS



DON WAN

I have a great deal of respect and admiration for **Don Lane**. In an age when artistic excellence has become commonplace, Don dares to be bad. He misreads unfunny lines, asks his guests questions to which there are no answers... and he is a television sensation. He slaughters — nay, butchers — a handful of perfectly good songs on *I Need You* (Astor) and the album ships platinum, as they say in the trade.

As a singer Don makes a great barrel spinner, but the reverse is also true, and this is the secret of the man's phenomenal success. He breaks down barriers, sets new standards for what is truly crook. Two examples from this current exercise in meaningful mediocrity — Just The Way You Are is by no means Billy Joel's best song, but it did open up a whole new MOR market for him. Sensing that this is the sort of thing that will appeal to the morons who watch his TV show, Lane puts it on his album, only it is rather difficult to sing, featuring as it does a slightly subtle time change. But this is not a problem for Australia's favorite barrel spinner. He simply hires someone else to sing the difficult parts. Similarly, he gets around the curly bits in Neil Diamond's September Morn by lapsing into the singsongy

nasal growl with which he introduces commercial breaks, and disguising it with a barrage of backing vocals.

But this is too cruel, typical of the tall poppy response so prevalent in this great nation of knockers. There's nothing wrong with being unspeakably crook, particularly if you've got the gall to exploit your deficiencies. Don Lane is a national monument who still calls 'stralia his home (even though he hasn't yet managed to pronounce the names of our cities) and *I Need You* is an important album, a benchmark in bad taste.

Van Morrison's Common One (Mercury) is full of long and moody hymns which celebrate isolation, the literary life and the rolling hills of England. The cover photo is of a man with a walking stick treading a lonely path along a ridge, and that's pretty much what the album is all about. The songs go all the way back to 1974's *Veedon Fleece*, or perhaps even further back to *Astral Weeks*. The obscure imagery, lilting choruses, trademark repetition and spacey strings and things all speak of the younger Morrison. There are no Top 40 hits on this set — no Rolling Hills, Bright Side Of The Road or Kingdom Hall. There are six songs, the shortest is five minutes long and two are longer than 15 minutes, one of which, *Summertime In England* (the album's centerpiece), could have been shortened by half with no ill effect. On the other hand you get almost an hour of music for your money and some fine backing from players like Saxophonist Pee Wee Ellis and bassist David Hayes. Van is preaching to the converted, of which, happily, I am one.

Let us now pull up a fried chicken and a long shot of bourbon and speak of Southern music, bein' as how President Cornpone is about to face his



Nothing much has changed for the Allman Brothers.

own electoral music. First up, good ole boy **Charlie Daniels**. If through some strange quirk of fate not one Southern rock and roller bites the dust in the coming year, ole Charlie is gonna be in big trouble. Last year he built *Million Mile Reflections* around the unfortunate demise of two members of Lynyrd Skynyrd in a plane crash. *Full Moon* (Epic) is this year's maudlin tribute to Tommy Caldwell, formerly bass player with the Marshall Tucker Band, which is basically a pale imitation of the Charlie Daniels Band. But Daniels is such a likeable big sentimental slob that he very nearly gets away with terrible stuff like this. And it helps that his band is the tightest outfit south of the Mason-Dixon. But be warned — *Full Moon* contains lyrics like these:

"And a lot of people sayin' that America's fixin' to fall/ But speakin' just for me and some people from Tennessee/ We got a thing or two to tell you all/ This lady may have stumbled, but she ain't never fell/ And if the Russians don't believe it they can all go straight to Hell."

The Atlanta Rhythm Section (or ARS, as they've taken to calling themselves since radical punk chic, vomiting and chucking brownies came into vogue) are undoubtedly the best advertisement Doraville could ever have hoped for. They've released two singles by that name and now we have *The Boys From Doraville* (Polydor). ARS plays a solid,

bass-heavy, predictable style of rock which is best played very loud and fairly drunk. For my money they've never done anything to match Cuban Crisis or Silent Treatment of the superb *Dog Days* album, but Cocaine Charlie and Putting My Faith In Love off this set are steps back in the right direction.

Lastly from the land of magnolias is the return of the **Allman Brothers Band** with *Reach For The Sky* (Arista), which has virtually nothing to do with old Tinlegs Bader. From the first bars of Hell and High Water it's quite clear that nothing much has changed — Gregg Allman's rasping vocals and searing keyboard work, countered by Dickie Betts' melodic guitar runs. From *The Madness Of The West* is an interesting excursion into the jazz instrumental field where the Allmans last came unstuck with Win, Lose Or Draw, but it is handled with subtlety and style. The core of the band — Allman and Betts and dual drummers Jaimoe and Butch Trucks — is unchanged, and the Allmans remain worthy of a long listen because they are a very good band. The pity of it is they used to be great.

A challenging, clever but overall uninspired set is what you find beneath the elaborate packaging of **Crossfire's East Of Where** (WEA). My personal feeling is that Crossfire's particular brand of jazz fusion has become a little dated, and although the

musicianship is hard to fault, the dreamy arrangements and extended riffs place much of this work in the Muzak For Trendies category. However, it must be said that Jim Kelly reasserts himself as one of the finest guitarists in the country, while Michael Kenny (keyboards), Phil Scorgie (bass) and Steve Hopes (drums) all enjoy some fine solo moments.

Dirty, cynical, out-of-it, stumblebum **Tom Waits** lives in the Los Angeles of a Raymond Chandler novel, a place of yellow streetlights and smog where the rich get richer and the poor get to watch. Waits smokes 100 cigarettes a day to keep his voice in shape. He has two vocal styles — rough funk and rough ballad (which is about an octave lower). His band plays timeless blues and smoky nightclub jazz. *Heart Attack And Vine* (Asylum) is his best album to date and *Jersey Girl* and *On The Nickel* are the best cuts. Do yourself a favor and buy it. — **Phil Jarratt**.

Joni Mitchell's Shadows and Light (Asylum) is her first live set for six years. On this appropriately titled double album, she plucks material from her recent releases and reaches into the past for Woodstock and Frankie Lyman's hit of the Fifties, *Why Do Fools Fall In Love*. On this occasion, the lady has the help of top fusion guitarist Pat Metheny, Weather Report's bass stylist Jaco Pastorius and horn man Michael Brecker, among others. Naturally, the whole thing works perfectly, and my interest was captured and maintained on all four sides. Mitchell weaves her way through odes to the late jazz great, Charles Mingus, then the ironic humor of the Furry Lewis-inspired *Furry Sings The Blues*, to the iciness of *Amelia* — which is followed by a magic solo from Metheny. Magnetising lyrics and flawless performances make this an excellent live set.

Another eagerly-awaited live double set is **Supertramp Paris**, through Festival. Having seen the rapport between audience and band several times during their Australian tour, I was surprised they had waited this long to release a live recording. All my favorites (and their hits) are there, including *Bloody Well Right*, *Hide In Your Shell*, *Breakfast In America* and *Logical Song*.

The album closes with the electrifying *Crime Of The Century*, which still has to be seen on stage to gain the full impact. Roll on video discs!

Larry Carlton (affectionately known in jazz circles as Mr 335) shows, once again, his technical brilliance and imagination on a new album, *Strikes Twice* (Warner Bros). A must for fans of this topline session player. — **Carol Ashdown**.

WORDS



NIGHT MOVES

For cricket traditionalists who always felt that Ian Chappell was a boorish larrikin yob, the perfect Christmas gift, **Chappell Has The Last Laugh** (Lansdowne Press, \$4.95) is proof positive that not only Chappell but most of our recent Test cricketers are yobs. This slender volume, penned by Chappell with a little help from friends like cartoonist Paul

Rigby and former World Series Cricket exec Austin Robertson, contains detailed accounts of the more printable on and off field antics of our lovable lads. Herewith a sample:

"During the match against Derbyshire on the 1975 tour of England, Rod Marsh and I jumped at an invitation from an Australian dentist to play golf at his club on the Sunday rest day.

"To avoid getting up at some ungodly hour — and a lot of travelling — to be at the course for a 9am hit-off, it was agreed that we stay at the dentist's home on the Saturday night.

"We sat there that night sipping beer and talking about things in general. We'd been on the subject of poofster sportsmen for about an hour when someone pointed out that it was 5am and we weren't going to get much sleep before golf.

"We were shown to our room and were somewhat aghast to find that it only contained one bed, a double bed. Still, we had to get some sleep. Rod and I gingerly climbed into our respective sides of the bed, hugging the edges to avoid physical contact, and he turned out the light.

"I lay there thinking about our recent conversation and it seemed like a good idea to grab an advantage over Rod for our upcoming golf match. So I casually reached across the bed and firmly squeezed his penis... Rod didn't sleep a wink that night. I slept soundly, secure in the knowledge that he was huddled on the edge of the bed watching me with deep apprehension and suspicion." — **Phil Jarratt**.

History, in the final analysis, is as much art as science. We correlate what facts we have, then we interpret them — and imagination comes into full play. King John — the Walt Disney version of him — has traditionally been regarded as one of the most unsavory characters in

English history. Spineless, snivelling and back-stabbing.

That's how James Goldman, author of *Myself as Witness* (Nelson, \$18.95) portrayed him in his play and movie, *The Lion in Winter*. But when Goldman took a harder look at the chronicles of the period, he realised that the maligning of John came only after the decline of the Plantagenets, two generations after John's death.

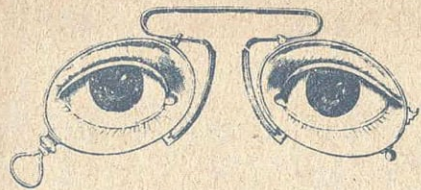
While he was still alive, the consensus was that King John was a Goode Olde Boye.

Why the discrepancy? Part of the explanation, according to Goldman, who has re-assessed John's achievements in novel form, is that English historians after the second French invasion "give us reports of devils and dragons with the same conviction and seriousness that they accord verifiable political events". Not so Goldman's persona, the Welsh scholar Giraldus Cambrensis, who actually existed and was intimate with John and his family, who tells his tale here.

Did John sign Magna Carta out of weakness, or did he genuinely agree with its principles? Did he murder his seditious nephew Arthur in a drunken rage, or was that scurrilous propaganda? How did he feel about his mother, Eleanor of Aquitaine, the shrewdest, most sexually-voracious woman of her, or perhaps any, age? Or his crusading brother Richard Lion Heart, the world's first real gay militant?

Such questions, when posed by so incisive a writer as Goldman, are fascinating.

Michel de Notredame, whose latinised surname is Nostradamus, was born in France nearly 300 years after John's death. Europe, apparently, hadn't changed. Nostradamus, so he tells us via Liz Greene's fictionalised account of his life, was born into a time razed by "the pain of torture and the smell



of charred bodies, amidst the stench of plague, the tragic farce of useless wars, the unseemly jockeying of popes and kings around the revolving marriage beds of Europe."

The Dreamer of the Vine (Bodley Head, \$17.75) depicts a time of dreams and nightmares, mostly nightmares. Nostradamus was its seer and, to some extent, best healer. He discovered the cure which saved France from the Black Plague and made a considerable reputation as a travelling physician.

Then, mysteriously unless we accept Ms Greene's ingenious explanation, he began to have visions.

After 1547 his life was never his own; no head of state in France would make a move without first consulting him. "I have," Ms Greene has him confide in us, "at one time or another been slandered, reviled, laughed at, feared, called charlatan and heretic and saint and prophet."

Ms Greene, an astrologer and Doctor of Psychology, has taken the known facts of Nostradamus's life and interpreted them through the haunting dream imagery of his prophecies. If this dream quality leads her into prose which is sometimes a trifle florid — four similes on one page are more than I can take — the overall effect of the book is haunting.

When Ms Greene writes about occult initiation, she has the air of a lady who knows whereof she writes. — *Richard Deutch.*

When New York journalist Ted Morgan wrote **Somerset Maugham** (Jonathan Cape, \$25), the latest and most comprehensive biography of the English author, he had the advantage of being able to read all Maugham's surviving letters. In his will Maugham had forbidden the use of the letters by biographers, but his literary executor, Spencer Curtis Brown, decided Morgan

could be trusted to be sympathetic. How wrong he was. Morgan paints Maugham as a very snobbish, narrow-minded cupboard queer whose only saving grace was his dedication to becoming a successful author despite an almost daunting lack of natural skill or style.

Maugham's homosexuality was publicly revealed in the Sixties by his nephew, Robyn, although it had been sniggered about by impolite English society since the turn of the century. Morgan only reports the theory that Maugham's homosexuality came from his deep affection for his mother, but follows its physical path from William's first affair with a male student in Germany in his teens.

Morgan tries to explain the moral forces that sent Maugham into the cupboard after the Oscar Wilde trial in the Nineties, but is never sympathetic to his subject.

Morgan disapproves of just about everything Maugham did, even his writing. He is particularly critical of the way Maugham treated his wife, Syrie, who was almost forced to become one of England's leading interior decorators by the indifference of her husband. Maugham considered interior decorating being "in trade" and crossed the street when he had to pass her shop.

The moral of the book is that if you can't control the way you run your life, try to control what

gets into the hands of your biographers. — *Owen Thomson.*

As our road emergency crews start planning for the Christmas holiday carnage, we know thousands of Australians will spend this summer in hospital recovering from hideous injuries. At least they'll be alive.

Whatever circumstances smear a human body over the countryside, in all but a few cases the true culprits will be human carelessness, ignorance or criminal stupidity.

But if there are any drivers aware they can still be taught something about cars and driving, they should go out immediately and buy **Drive to Survive**, by Frank Gardner. Avis, the car rental company, has invested \$100,000 to produce and market 20,000 copies of the book, so it qualifies for the "most useful PR exercise of the year" award — since even if all books sell at the recommended \$6.99 the profit would be modest indeed against the effort the company has put into it.

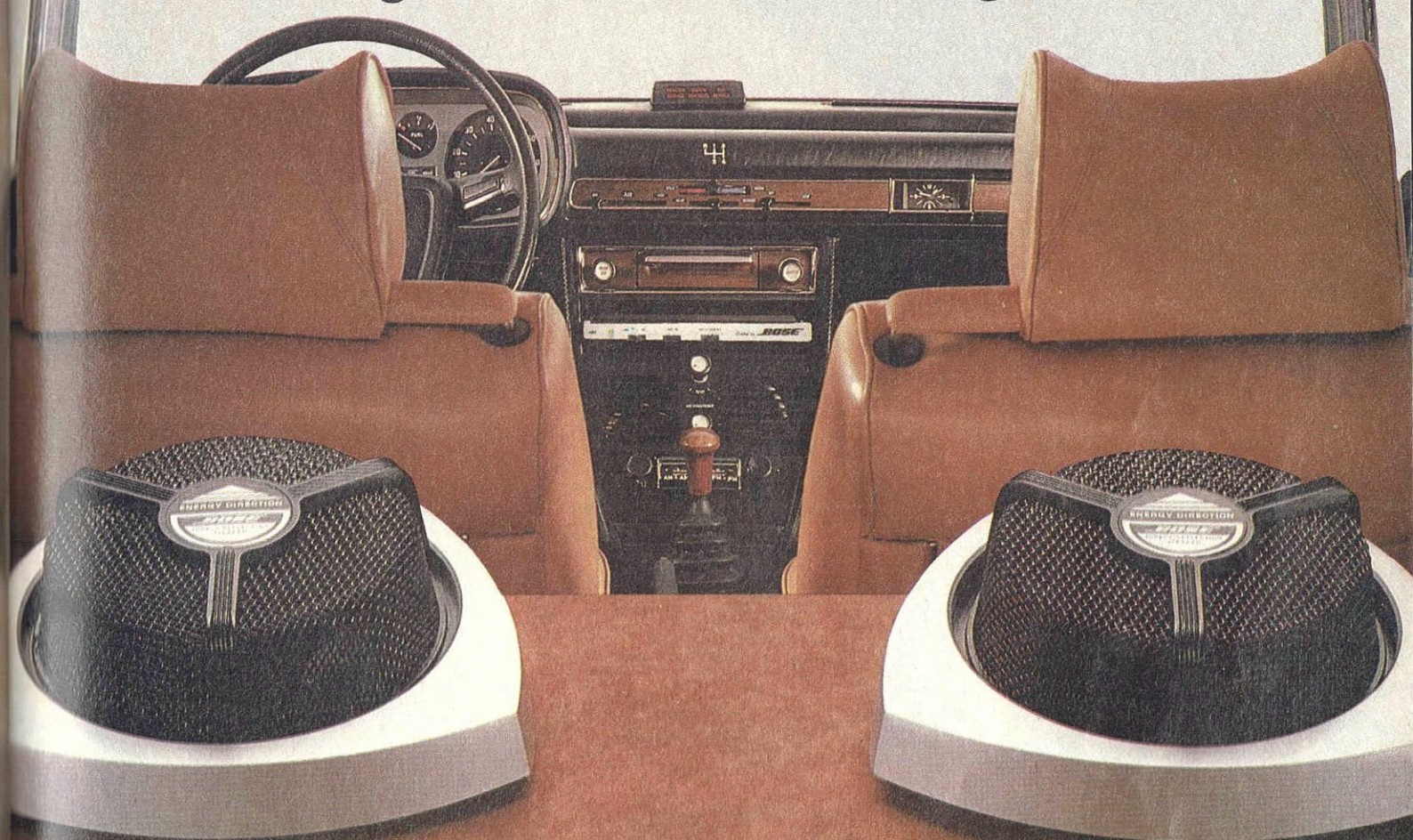
I can't remember the last time I praised a PR stunt, but then, a man like Gardner doesn't put his enormous experience at our disposal every day. As well as having as much intimate knowledge about racing and road cars as any man alive, he also has the feel for our road conditions and exactly the types of white-knuckle dramas any driver is likely to encounter. To top it all, he is an economical and enjoyable writer.

Reading through *Drive to Survive*, I'm sure none of us will escape a twinge of guilt for the stupid and potentially lethal things we've done: but as this magazine's motoring writer, I can say I haven't read a more thorough, succinct and uncompromising account of essential driving skills. Every licence-holder should be made to recite it verbatim before they're allowed on the road. — *John Hampshire.*

Cartoonist Patrick Cook presents the past five politically turbulent years in Fraser Country (Fontana, \$7.95).



100 watts under the dash. Introducing Bose® Direct/Reflecting® car stereo.

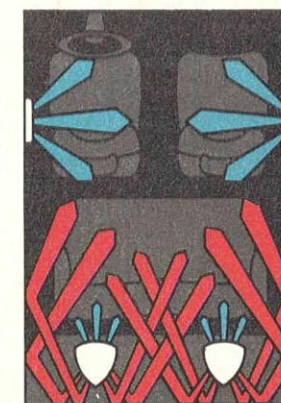


100 watts. That's how much power is behind the new Bose 1401™ Direct/Reflecting® car speakers when all four are used with our compact Booster/Equalizer.

You hear plenty of loud, clear sound to fill your car with music.

Two Direct/Reflecting® speakers with adjustable vanes let you direct energy toward the rear window or other solid surfaces of the car. And reflect sound the way it is reflected in a concert hall.

And two accessory speakers can be mounted in the door for even greater dimension and fullness.



Covered by patent rights issued and pending.

Plus a Spatial Control™ system lets you shape the sound to fit the acoustics of your car. To create the spatial realism of a live performance.

The speakers are full-range drivers similar to those developed for the legendary Bose 901® system. But specially engineered for the car.

The Bose Model 1401 Direct/Reflecting® car stereo surrounds you with sound.

BOSE®

Better sound through research.

100 The Mountain Road, Framingham, MA 01701

A middle-aged Adelaide doctor is pioneering a sex therapy technique which may revolutionise the role and sexual fulfillment of women.

AUTOMATIC ORGASM

BY OWEN THOMSON

The girl's name is Fiona and she takes off her clothes awkwardly, dropping her jeans to the floor and kicking them aside as she clutches at her blouse to pull it over her head. The short doctor with greying black hair is leaning against a desk in the crowded surgery, and he interrupts her almost nonchalantly, without moving or raising his voice.

"That's awful," says Dr B. "You have to do it as though you're proud of your body. It has to be a ritual strip so that when you are naked everybody knows you're beautiful. Show her how to do it, Debbie."

Fiona stands, still awkward, wearing her blouse. Her legs are thin and the matted mound of her mons veneris protrudes below her flat stomach; she had explained earlier that she had suffered from Anorexia Nervosa, the compulsive need to diet, and had only recently begun putting on weight again. The whole aura of Fiona is neglected and waif-like, her dark, long, wavy hair hangs tousled about her thin face, accentuating her full sensual lips, perhaps her most attractive feature.

Debbie is one of six other girls sitting or standing around the doctor's surgery. Two of them are naked and sit embracing on the doctor's raised consultation bed. They fondle each other's body and occasionally kiss gently on the lips as they watch what is happening in the centre of the room.

Debbie is about 20, tall and blonde with a full statuesque body. Her hair is permed into tight curls which give her face a look of simple innocence. She smiles warmly and steps to the centre of the room where she gracefully lifts her dress above her head revealing her full, soft body. Her breasts are large with small flat nipples and do not sag at all. If she wore a brassiere it would insult nature. Debbie places her discarded dress gracefully on a chair and stands like Botticelli's Venus, her arms by her side smiling towards Fiona. There is no doubt Debbie is beautiful.

Dr B. speaks to her softly. "Debbie, are you beautiful?" he asks. "Yes," she replies with conviction. "Debbie, what is the most important thing you have?" Dr B. asks. "My cunt," she replies and gently pats her mound of soft blonde pubic hair. "Debbie, what is a woman for?" Dr B. asks again. "Fucking," the girl replies with simple candor.

The questions and the answers are spoken as a catechism. They are part of a ritual Debbie goes through every time she comes to the doctor's surgery. There is a warmth between her and the tiny doctor but it is not a sexual warmth; it is the warmth that exists between a great teacher and a pupil who

Illustration by Mary Leunig

believes in him. Dr B. is a sex therapist and he has taught Debbie to be a woman. Fiona is his newest pupil on her third visit to the surgery. She is about the same age as Debbie, but age is about the only thing the two have in common. Debbie is poised and confident, Fiona is unsure and has the almost hunted look of so many girls of her age. She does not know what she is or what life holds for her. The setting is as suburban and commonplace as the problems faced by the girls.

Dr B.'s surgery is in two converted shops in Mansfield Park in the flat, boring north-western suburbs of Adelaide. The plate out the front says nothing except that inside is a doctor who keeps conventional doctor's hours. Dr B. is in fact bringing to Australia and the world, a revolution in the treatment of women's most basic problems.

He is 50 but never looks 50. He looks either young with eagerness or old with fatigue, depending on what time of the day you catch him. He turns to Debbie so that everybody in the room is looking at her. She obviously enjoys people admiring her nakedness.

"You would not believe that when she first came here she did not think she was beautiful," says Dr B., gesturing at her body. "I had to convince her that it was beautiful." He is very much the master lecturing to his pupils and nobody speaks. "I had to convince her that it was beautiful and show her how to have an orgasm. She was pretending to her boyfriend she was having orgasms. She was faking them." "Lie down, Debbie."

The mattress from a consultation couch is spread on the floor and Debbie lies on it. The two naked girls still sit embracing each other on the raised consultation couch, Fiona still stands awkward and naked from the waist down, two other girls dressed in casual clothes stand watching. Dr B. explains: "I have taught Debbie to have many different types of orgasms. She only has to press the right button and she has the one she wants. Masters and Johnson (the American sexual behavior researchers) say the only orgasm is the clitoral orgasm. Would you like a vaginal orgasm, Debbie?"

"I'd love one," says Debbie.

Dr B. speaks conversationally. You soon realise a lot of his conversation with the girls is programmed hypnotic suggestion. He counts: "One, two, three, four, five," and leans forward and squeezes Debbie's thumb. Her legs move back to the position of intercourse, she begins to moan softly and her body trembles, her moan becomes ecstasy and she relaxes, a woman who has had an orgasm.

"That is the vaginal orgasm, the one Masters and Johnson say does not exist," says Dr B. "Now Debbie will have a uterine orgasm, another one Masters and Johnson say does not exist." He leans forward and squeezes Debbie's

middle finger. Her reaction is the same as before. Her legs move back into the position of intercourse and she begins to moan, except this time she clutches the lower part of her stomach as she reaches climax.

"Now for a clitoral orgasm," says Dr B., "and don't forget to touch the part mother would not like you to touch." He leans forward and squeezes her index finger. This time as Debbie begins to moan two of her fingers are stroking her clitoris. "Now have a vaginal orgasm inside yourself without it showing," says Dr B. He counts: "One, two, three, four, five." Debbie lies still and after some 20 seconds sighs a deep sigh. "That was beautiful," she says, opening her eyes.

"Now Debbie will have five orgasms at once," says Dr B. "She will have an orgasm in each breast, a vaginal orgasm and an orgasm in each thigh. To get her to do this Jill will touch her navel." One of

You soon realise a lot of Dr B.'s conversation with the girls is programmed hypnotic suggestion.

the dressed girls leans forward and touches Debbie on the navel. To say she exploded would be to understate her reaction. Her body writhed, her legs pushing up and down, at the same time her hands caressed her breasts then rubbed the inside of her thighs violently. She lay back exhausted with the climax.

Dr B. turns to Fiona. "Would you like to be like that?" he asks. Fiona is smiling a nervous smile. She is overawed like the mayor of Wagga meeting his first Martian. She has never seen women behave like this before. "It would be wonderful," she says.

Another girl undresses. Her name is Kathleen and she is perhaps the most strikingly attractive in the room. Her hair is permed into long ringlets which hang down each side of her face. But it is her mouth you notice; it is both strong and sensual.

You wonder how a girl like Kathleen could have ever had a sexual or emotional problem. Her body is as voluptuous as Debbie's, her breasts large and firm and it is obvious Kathleen never suffered from Anorexia Nervosa.

Dr B. begins with the catechism: "Kathleen, are you beautiful?" "Yes," Kathleen smiles. "Kathleen, what is the most important thing you have?" "My cunt," says Kathleen. "Kathleen, what is a woman for?" "Fucking."

Dr B. leads Kathleen through the various forms of orgasm; the vaginal orgasm, the clitoral orgasm, the uterine, then the grand slam of five orgasms at once. But Dr B. has only begun to show the skills of his pupils. Jill, one of his co-therapists at the surgery takes a large empty coffee jar. "When Jill takes off the lid you will be coming," says Dr B. He counts to five and as Jill unscrews the lid Kathleen goes through the ecstasy of an orgasm.

"That was coming," says Dr B. "Now we will show you 'venting' which is the same as coming only backwards." Jill turns the jar upside down and as the doctor counts removes the lid. This time as Kathleen reaches ecstasy her hands move down her stomach to her womb. "It's beautiful, it's so different," she says. Kathleen has finished her stint.

Debbie leans down from the consultation couch and smiles at her and touches her. As Kathleen stands the other girls move forward and hug her one at a time. They are smiling congratulations. "Isn't she beautiful," says one. One by one they kiss her gently on the cheeks and lips. Dr B. stands holding Jill's hand and beaming. There is a feeling of communion in achievement. Everyone in the room is smiling towards Kathleen who has shown the beauty of being a woman. The sense of achievement could not have been greater in the Australian dressing room if Australia had won the Centenary Test.

Dr B. lets the excitement die down and turns again to Fiona who is now beaming with a sense of joy at what Kathleen has done. "Now let's see you do it," says Dr B. Fiona takes off her blouse and lays it on a desk. She is more graceful now but still nervous and her smile is forced. She stands poised and naked and the other girls begin to admire her. "Isn't that beautiful," says Dr B. "She's very beautiful," says Debbie and caresses Fiona's body, kissing her on the lips.

One by one the girls step forward and caress Fiona and tell her she is beautiful until she slowly begins to relax and her arms hang at ease by her side. Her breasts are small and pointed but she becomes more sensual with confidence.

Dr B. speaks to Jill: "Flick her breasts and tug her hair." Jill flicks the nipple of Fiona's right breast with her finger and Fiona flinches away. Jill tugs gently at Fiona's pubic hair and she draws back. "You see, you should get pleasure from everything," says Dr B.

"Now Fiona, do you think you are beautiful?" Fiona is still shy but answers, yes. "Say it," says Dr B. "I am beautiful," says Fiona. "What is the most important

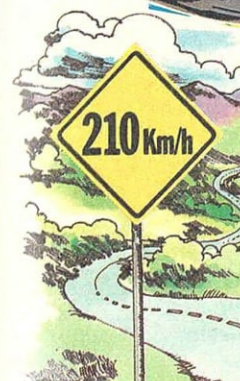
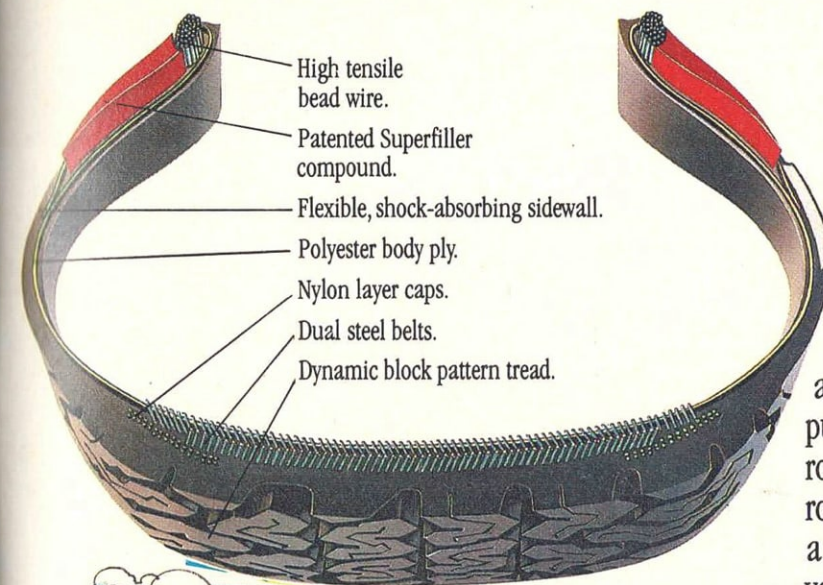


Quality ★ ★ ★ ★

Price ★

Those who believe that a one star price will invariably dictate a similar result have obviously still to experience the union of Traminer and Rhine Riesling. **McWILLIAM'S**

INTRODUCING THE BRIDGESTONE RD-211 STEEL. THE HIGH PERFORMANCE LOW PROFILE RADIAL RATED FOR SPEEDS UP TO 210 km/h.*



RATED HR FOR HIGH PERFORMANCE.

Most raised-white-lettered low profiles are more show than go. Not so the new RD-211 Steel from Bridgestone.

For proof you just have to compare the RD-211 Steel with the tyre you're running on now, or the one you're about to buy.

Most raised-white-lettered radials only have a dash (-) rating: a speed performance rating of only 170 km/h.

The new Bridgestone RD-211 Steel is different. It's a full HR rated radial. Which means it's been engineered, tested and rated for speeds up to 210 km/h.* And that means performance. Top performance. Then more.

PATENTED SUPERFILLER MATERIAL.

RD-211 Steel is the only 60 series low profile with patented Superfiller.

Superfiller is a tough new tyre material. It provides a more rigid bead area to improve low profile shape and efficiency. The result is increased tread control, exceptional handling and grip.

SHOCK-ABSORBING SIDEWALL.

Extra-hard Superfiller allows a more flexible sidewall. This extra flexibility absorbs impact and vibration to deliver a smoother ride.

CONSTRUCTION PROVEN IN REPCO RALLY.

Two belts of steel and two layers of nylon make for lasting high speed performance.

The dual belts increase tread stability. The nylon layer caps hug the edge of the RD-211's steel belts for greater structural durability. It's a concept tested and proven in the Superfiller tyres that carried last year's Repco Rally winner to victory.

WIDE TRACK ROAD-HUGGING.

Unique Superfiller and the flexible sidewall put more tread on the road. Tests on a glass roadway actually showed a larger tread area than you'd expect from a normal 60 series low profile. The illustration shows the bigger, more even footprint of the RD-211 Steel.



Non-Superfiller. RD-211 Steel.

WET GRIP IMPROVED UP TO 12%.



Bigger rain grooves. Better grip.

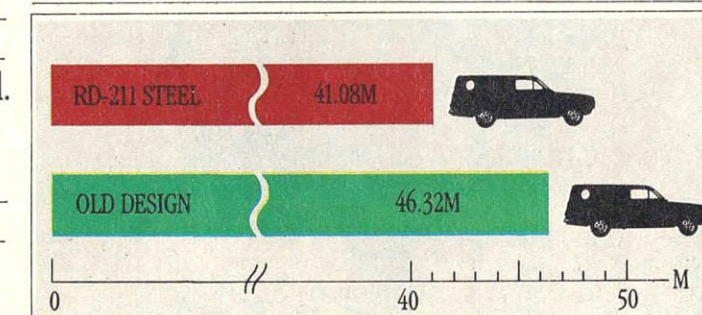
A problem with wide, low-profile radials has been their lack of performance on wet roads.

Bridgestone set-out to find an answer. The result: wet weather braking improved by 12%; handling response increased by 8.4%

The secret is the larger footprint, plus a chunky new tread pattern that really bites the bitumen. The RD-211 Steel's wide and thirsty rain grooves flood away water for hard sticking stops and tight controlled turns.

The illustration below shows an actual wet-road, test result. The RD-211 Steel consistently stopped 5 metres short of a previous tread design from 80 km/h.

80 Km/h. WET BRAKING TEST



BS BRIDGESTONE

For your local dealer contact your nearest State distributor: N.S.W. Marubeni-Bridgestone Tyres (N.S.W.) Pty. Ltd., Sunnyholt & Garling Roads, Marayong 2148. Phone: 671 1444. Vic. Kingstone Tyre Agency Pty. Ltd., 420-430 King Street, West Melbourne 3003. Phone: 328 1385. Q'land. Bridgestone Tyres (QLD.) Pty. Ltd., 111-117 Lutwyche Road, Windsor 4030. Phone: 577 588. W.A. Bridgestone Tyres (W.A.) Pty. Ltd., 1280 Albany Highway, Cannington 6107. Phone: 458 8016. S.A. Marubeni-Bridgestone Tyres (S.A.) Pty. Ltd., 495 Grand Junction Road, Wingfield 5013. Phone: 268 6155.

*The statutory speed restriction in Australia is 100 km/h. The speed capability of the RD-211 Steel is mentioned to promote understanding of its superior durability and performance, not to encourage illegal driving practices.

thing you have?" asks Dr B. "My cunt," says Fiona, still nervous. "What is a woman for?" "Fucking."

"Now we have to teach Fiona to have an orgasm," says Dr B. "To do this we use a vibrator, have you ever used a vibrator Fiona?" "No," says Fiona shyly. "That is how we start," says Dr B. and Jill gets a vibrator from a drawer and hands it to Fiona who looks at it nervously. "Lay down," says Dr B. and Fiona lays on the mattress. "Kiss the vibrator," says Dr B. "It will become something very special to you and you must kiss it." Fiona kisses the vibrator gingerly and opens her legs but is too nervous to use the vibrator. Debbie reaches down and takes it from her. "I'll show you," she says and lays back, stroking her clitoris with the vibrator. She begins to smile and her buttocks move as though in intercourse. "This is wonderful," she says, "I like this."

She stops before reaching climax and Jill takes the vibrator to another room and cleans it with spirit, returning it to Debbie. "I'll help you get started," Debbie says to Fiona and leans down and touches her gently on the clitoris with the vibrator. Slowly Fiona relaxes until her hands move forward and join Debbie's hands guiding the vibrator gently over her clitoris. Debbie takes her hand away and Fiona guides the vibrator herself until her buttocks move gently in a sensual rhythm.

The other girls whisper encouragement to her and after a while she gives a weak gasp and stops. "Did you have an orgasm?" Dr B. asks. "A little one," says Fiona shyly. "You will get better," says Dr B. "Kiss the vibrator," says Dr B. and Fiona kisses it gently. "I had never thought of using a vibrator, it was something alien to me," says Fiona. "Does it make you like me more?" Dr B. asks. "I suppose it does," says Fiona. "Why did a man have to tell you to use a vibrator?" Dr B. asks. "A woman would not tell me," says Fiona. "What's a woman for?" the doctor asks quickly. "Fucking," says Fiona. "Is that all?" "That's all."

Dr B. turns to a girl named Amanda. "Do you have a vibrator?" he asks. "I've always had my finger," says Amanda. "Is that good enough?" Dr B. asks the rest of the girls. "No," they shout in chorus.

Fiona begins to masturbate herself again with the vibrator, moving it gently but with more confidence across her clitoris. "Who are you using it for this time?" asks Dr B. "Me," says Fiona with gentle sensuality. "That's right," says Dr B. "Last time you were using it for me because I asked you to and that's not what it's all about. Now you understand that the only important thing in the room is your cunt."

Fiona smiles up with a new sense of mischief. "It's the most important thing in the room for nine people," she says. For

the first time Dr B. uses hypnosis on Fiona. He is without doubt a master hypnotist who takes his patients in and out of trances with conversational patter. "One, two, three, four, five," he says. "Say 'I am coming again five times', and you will come again five times." Fiona is moving now with the gentle rhythm of intercourse and whispers, "I'm coming again. I'm coming again five times."

She sighs again and again, then stops with a final sigh. Fiona gently kisses the vibrator. "The strongest force in the world is the cunt," says Dr B. "It has even been said that a woman is a life support system for a cunt. The feminists wouldn't like that but it is probably true."

A girl called Naomi leans forward and gently pulls Fiona's pubic hair and this time Fiona smiles. Amanda is now undressing. She has straight blonde hair and an infectious smile and lets her jeans fall carelessly to the floor which upsets Dr B. "There's no grace in doing it that way," he calls to her. "You're just letting your clothes fall off. You are taking them off to show you are beautiful so you look at somebody and take them off for them. Look at one of the girls and strip for her. Make it as beautiful as you are."

While he has been talking a girl called Phyl leaned forward and gently stroked Amanda's pubic hair. The intimacy between the girls is constant and adoring. Amanda has a firm body with full breasts but her charm comes from the warmth she exudes. As she stands naked you can feel the feminine depth of her personality. Phyl strokes her pubic hair again and Naomi undresses. She has an athletic body with smaller breasts and she stands while the rest of the girls admire them.

At the same time Jill, who works as a therapist at the surgery, lies down and pulls up her dress. Dr B. inverts the coffee jar and Jill writhes in ecstasy as she wets. Every girl in the room now seems involved in the sensual atmosphere of the exercise. They all touch and kiss lips or breasts and caress each other's body.

But this is not a group of lesbians having an orgy. This is a group of women showing off their bodies or admiring the bodies of others. The intimacy never becomes sexual possession.

The sensual involvement of the room continues. Debbie begins using the vibrator on Amanda who writhes in ecstasy while Phyl leans across and kisses her gently on the lips. Phyl then demonstrates coming and wending while Dr B. keeps up a discourse on the nature of orgasms. "A woman can have an orgasm in any part of her body," he says.

The girls having orgasms speak the catechism. "I am beautiful, the most important thing I have..." Then there is another piece of liturgy, spoken first by Naomi and taken up by the others: "I love being a woman."

Naomi goes into a wild jungle dance



"This year I'm only planting natives."

"Since I joined the Racquet Club I play all day."

"And all night."



"There was a time when I had to play mixed doubles by myself. But since I changed to Racquet Club, things have really changed. Now the girls are lining up for a serve.

So if you'd like a little advice from a reformed man, after you shower or you tub, join the Racquet Club.

And you, too, can play all day. And all night."

Racquet Club. The grooming gear for men who want the physical advantage.

Now available at selected chemists and department stores.



and suddenly a door opens and a male friend of Dr B. arrives with some photographs. The group therapy is over. Fiona promises to take the vibrator home and practise and, with the rest of the girls, dresses and leaves the surgery.

There is no doubt if many of the good matrons of Adelaide had seen the group therapy conducted by Dr B. they would have been shocked. Good matrons from all over the world would have been shocked. Feminists and women's libbers would have been equally shocked.

The matrons would have seen Dr B. as some sort of an ogre bent on destroying women with their own lust. The feminists and women's libbers would have seen him as a man who taught women to turn their bodies into chattels for the pleasure of men.

Dr B. is neither, he is a very serious dedicated researcher who believes he has found the true role of women in the modern world. He admits that some of his language is coarse and some of his methods blunt, but that could be as much an expression of his own personality as a condemnation of what he teaches.

In the four or five years he has practised as a sex therapist, no woman has ever complained about his conduct, although a number have stopped his treatment because it has offended them. From the same period hundreds of Adelaide women say they owe him a debt they can never repay. Apart from the mechanics of teaching them to have orgasms they say he has made them whole as women and has given a purpose to their lives.

The NSW secretary of the Australian Hypnotherapists Association, Mr Thomas Keohane, said the teaching of orgasms by hypnotherapy was not common practice in Australia as only a registered doctor could do it. "I have read of doctors doing this work, but not much is known about it," Mr Keohane said. "A hypnotherapist who was not a registered doctor would not do it because of the legal risks involved. Doctors have a lot more licence in what they can do with women and you could imagine one developing such techniques."

Dr B. did not set out to be a sex therapist. He was born in Ryde in the western suburbs of Sydney and wanted to be a builder like his father, but as he got near the end of his high school education with good marks, his sisters felt he should do medicine. He studied medicine at the University of Sydney, taking a couple of years off between third and fourth years to do research into physiology, the function of the body, under Professor Frank Cotton, who developed the methods of training Australia's successful Olympic athletes of the Fifties.

The main thing Dr B. learnt from Professor Cotton was the principle of

research on minimum expenditure — the professor had little money. After graduating, Dr B. worked for a year at St Vincent's Hospital, Sydney, then joined the Air Force as a doctor for the next two and a half years at Point Cook near Melbourne, where he did some research into the effects of modern life style. After a further 15 months in the Air Force at Narranderra, NSW, Dr B. moved to Adelaide and went into general practice in 1959.

As a GP he became aware of the number of problems women had which seemed to him to be of their own making or choosing and how little could be done to solve them.

"As I'd been raised as a Catholic I had a special understanding of the problems of Catholic women with their enforced concepts of such things as divorce and birth control," Dr B. said. "By about 1966 I had become interested in what might be

This is not
a group of lesbians
having an orgy.
This is a group of
women showing off
their bodies.

done to help people sexually, but at that time it was something that could never be talked about and any doctor raising sexual issues with patients tended to become unpopular."

About the same time, the American Masters and Johnson sex research book became the basis of world-wide understanding of sexuality, superseding the Kinsey Reports which had appeared in the Fifties. Dr B. felt there was something astray with the Masters and Johnson report because it claimed the only form of orgasm was the clitoral one, while he was already aware of the vaginal and uterine orgasms. It disturbed Dr B. that Freud was suddenly dismissed and the Masters and Johnson theory accepted.

In 1974, Dr B. did a course in medical hypnosis in Adelaide where he learnt from a brilliant dentist, Dr Harley Brindle, who had been involved in hypnosis for some 25 years. At first Dr B. used hypnosis for things like helping people to give up smoking or lose weight, but gradually he saw how it could be applied to sexual problems, particularly to women who could not have orgasms.

Three patients let Dr B. begin his experiments with sexuality. The first was a girl of 19 who had been married for six months and had no concept of what an orgasm was; the second was a woman of 27 who had had orgasms during a brief relationship with her first lover at 16 and had had none since; and the third was a younger woman who had a lot of problems with vaginal thrush.

Dr B. felt there was a psychological reason for the woman's thrush in that while she had it she could not have intercourse and she used it to do away with the need. He conditioned the girl who had never had an orgasm to feel a tension in the right foot when he squeezed the right big toe. Then he would squeeze the left big toe and the tension would go.

By suggestion he gradually conditioned the girl to move the tension up her leg into her vagina, where it could still be induced and taken away by squeezing the toes. In this way she learnt orgasm without the word ever being mentioned.

He taught the woman who had not orgasmed since her first lover to orgasm again by the same process of holding her toe and counting. Dr B. selected the toe as the trigger mechanism because it was the point on the body furthest away from the vagina.

He found the girl with thrush was having problems with her husband, so he implanted two hypnotic messages in her mind.

The first was that the next time her husband kissed her she would have an orgasm and the second that any time her husband held her thumb and counted to 10 she would also have an orgasm.

The woman returned a week later and told him that the kiss orgasm had only worked once, but the holding of the thumb and counting had worked every time since and they were resolving their difficulties. Dr B. tried the same technique on another woman with orgasm problems, and it worked again.

"It was a treatment they could take away with them and use whenever they wanted," he explains. "I found it could be used extensively and it became known as the thumb come." When Dr B. first got the second woman to orgasm under hypnosis she said it was not the orgasm she had known when she had masturbated.

"I directed her to immediately experience the orgasm she had known with masturbation, and it was something entirely different, a positive clue that there was more than one orgasm."

Over the two years from 1976, Dr B. taught this form of orgasm to a number of women with varying success — some learnt it quickly while others could never learn. He became aware there were factors other than the physical, as some women had no sense of love or happiness

Continued on page 52



KRISTEN



FIRST MATE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN COPELAND

"When I was in high school, I played hooky quite a bit," confesses Swedish-born Kristen Knutsen, "and I'm still basically a truant at heart. For instance, I've managed to find a job for myself that seems more like play than real work: running a boat marina with my brother, Jonathan, in Hawaii. Somehow, it's difficult to feel like a working person when you get to wear a bathing suit all day."



"I love to swim, wind surf and sail," says our 23-year-old Pet. "I'm first mate on a sailing schooner, so it seems silly not to do some actual mating! If I had a persuasive skipper and the wind was right, I'd sail around the world at a moment's notice."



Kris seriously doubts, however, that she'd ever leave Hawaii for long — not even to explore the enticing offers which might well result from her spectacular debut here in *Penthouse*. "If a famous producer wanted me to be in a film," she declares, "I'd gladly do it. But the movie would have to be shot on location in Hawaii." Considering her 35-23-35 figure, Kris is in a very strong bargaining position.



"I like men who are friendly savages," she says, "as long as they aren't too rough. Really gentle men don't make me feel as feminine. In lovemaking, there should definitely be a real contrast — I like to feel as if I'm succumbing to a force much stronger than me . . ." 



AUTOMATIC ORGASM

Continued from page 42

at all. To help them he taught love, peace and happiness as orgasmic emotions that they could trigger in the same way as sexual orgasms.

"I became aware that love was a very rare emotion which had to be taught to most women," he says.

Dr B. says as his work progressed it moved away from the primary task of teaching orgasm and sexuality towards the recognition of misery in women and finding its causes and treating it. At this point Dr B. introduces an aspect of his teaching which many people find the hardest to accept, and which allows conventional doctors to say what he does goes well beyond the conventions of modern medicine. This is his belief in past lives. He never describes it as reincarnation, only as a past life a woman has lived through. He says, for instance that Debbie was previously an illegitimate daughter of Henry VIII, that the wild erotic dance done by Naomi was learnt by her in a jungle in a previous life, and that his assistant, Jill previously lived in the sunken city of Atlantis.

Dr B. is almost as concerned at finding what made women miserable in previous lives as he is in their present one. He holds Debbie in hypnosis and has long discussions about her frustrations in trying to speak to Henry VIII. Naomi is more sceptical, but says whatever it is the girls recall it is in their minds and has to be dealt with. Jill is convinced she lived in Atlantis.

Beyond past lives, Dr B. says the thing most likely to turn women against sex is the way their mothers brought them up.

"Mother raises her for sex and yet the process of raising is anti-sex," he says. "If the woman marries, she still has mother's anti-sex program working against her; this is particularly so in what is seen as a respectable marriage because society won't accept that respectable people can like sex. She might have done some playing around before she marries but once she marries she must become frigid if she follows the rules of mother. Her husband has now come to represent her mother to her."

Dr B. claims the process of mothering is a negative one, with the mother appointing various people to look after the daughter such as school teachers, baby sitters and grandmothers. The girl, as she grows, knows that sex is not acceptable to any of these people and the mother is determined to keep her pure until the time she marries.

In the process, the mother teaches the

girl to be miserable because the automatic answer to anything interesting or exciting is no.

"The girl finds it hard to be orgasmic in intercourse with her husband because he is mother," Dr B. says. "This is one problem I have been coping with in married women. A second problem was the effects of mothering on the raising of the girl. A third problem was that other things were butting in from the age of three, such as previous lives.

"It is really a matter of passing through sexual therapy to misery therapy and sex is undoubtedly a very beautiful way of coping with misery. Whereas before we used to think that lack of libido was a symptom of depression, now we know it is the other way around. If I was to take away a girl's sexuality she would immediately become miserable."

Dr B. said he had to refine sexual techniques probably more than anyone

I became aware that love was a very rare emotion which had to be taught to most women.

has ever done before so that he could use sexuality as a tool to stop misery. But he found he could teach a woman to have an orgasm at wish and she would refuse to use it during intercourse.

"I had to look at why she would not use it," he said. "The first reason was because she did not have it before, the second was that she had no history of orgasm with the penis in the vagina, and the third was simply that it might be embarrassing if she had an orgasm with her husband. Because of problems like this the therapy became more and more extensive and I was looking for reasons why it failed when the woman had the means to correct her problem. I had to short circuit the reason why it failed."

Dr B. said the common case was a woman who was effectively married to her mother in the form of her husband and could not have an orgasm. She went off with the man down the street who had five children and therefore could not be her mother so she had an orgasm.

The other common failing in women was a dislike of themselves. The beautiful woman who could not accept that she

was beautiful and was afraid of her body for what it might do to her.

"She is more than ever afraid of another woman's body, and what I found out is that women never see another woman's body," Dr B. said. "The average woman will not look at another woman and does not want to be seen herself. If she goes to a nudist beach she is careful not to look and they're careful not to look at her. I had to teach women to look at each other, to stare and stare back. Until they learned what it was to look and be looked at they couldn't understand why a man would look at them. I had to teach them to look at each other and touch each other and be seen touching each other. I do this through group therapy. It begins with one, then others will look and feel and discover they can be looked at and felt, then they come to see each other's orgasm. While I'm teaching one the others just watch."

Dr B. programs women so that they can have almost continuous orgasms. He calls it "setting them on automatic", and they lay there having an orgasm every 30 seconds or so. The women at his surgery become used to seeing this and being watched as they have orgasms, and come to accept it as something that is almost expected of them and less private than they thought.

"When I teach a woman to orgasm, the usual thing would be for her to use it during intercourse, but she can have it any time she likes and she can have it quietly. She simply turns the ring on her finger and has an instant quiet orgasm. It is a wonderful tranquilliser."

For intercourse, Dr B. feels he has completely solved the problem of the woman without orgasm. He teaches her to have both vaginal and uterine orgasms which she can sustain for as long as she likes and have to any intensity she likes. His therapy even reaches into the more obtuse corners of a woman's sex life; if she likes giving oral sex he can program her to have an orgasm in her mouth as her lover ejaculates. If she likes anal sex, she can have an orgasm of the anus or rectum. Then if she wants to repeat any orgasm she simply says, "I'm coming again" and the orgasm repeats.

To teach a woman such things as having an orgasm in the breast takes time. "I have to get them to a stage where they respond to things," says Dr B. "I teach them love and I teach them happiness, and they learn to respond to new and more abstract suggestions."

With some women the process can take a very long time. Dr B. introduces Barbara, a tall well-built girl with short straight dark hair. Barbara has a round simple face that exudes a very direct charm, she smiles readily. "To some people Barbara would be a failure," says Dr B. "She is 18 now and has been coming here for two years. She still has a long



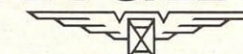
THE LONGINES STYLE



Conquest. An original Longines style. Slim quartz movements in water-resistant cases of stainless steel, gold plate and steel, or solid gold. In three sizes with flat finished scratch resistant sapphire glass.

Available from selected jewellers and duty free stores.

LONGINES



A Matter of Style

way to go but we're both sure she will get there if we are patient."

Barbara still has almost no sensation in her breasts and very little in her clitoris and can only orgasm with great difficulty through masturbation. For Dr B., Barbara is the classic case of a girl being the victim of her mother. When she first went to him she had to have her mother's permission because of her age and her mother later withdrew the permission, forcing her to give up the treatment until she was 18. "Her mother is a very angry person who taught her to be angry," says Dr B.

"It would be fair to say she is a very willing person, but not a very capable one." Dr B. explains this by saying Barbara was dyslexic and had great difficulty learning at school and felt left out of things.

"When girls find it hard to learn it can be a very long time," says Dr B. "Amanda had learnt how to have programmed orgasms in 10 days, some will learn in a day. In five years I have only struck four or five girls like Barbara."

One thing Dr B. has taught Barbara is to strip beautifully. She takes off her clothes with grace, smiling towards you. Her body is full and strong with well-formed breasts and small buttocks.

She stands naked and tells a strange story of how she stripped with the same grace for four men who raped her: "I was pushing my bike along the road when these four men stopped in a car. They told me about this secretarial job and offered to take me to see about it. As we drove there they told me this involved story about how a girl they knew had left the job and they wanted somebody to start the next day."

"They took me to this house and they told me they were going to rape me. I knew there was no way I could escape it so I decided to make the most of it." Barbara smiles a shy smile and goes on with her story: "I got them all into a room and did my strip as gracefully as I could. I felt very beautiful and said to them, look it would be very good if we could all be in the same room together while we do this. I had thrown them and they all became shy and queued up outside to rape me. I did not go to the police because I enjoyed myself. I did not have an orgasm but I felt very proud that I could bring four men pleasure in such a short time."

Dr B. says Barbara's preparation had paid off, although rape was not an experience that he would recommend for anybody.

Other girls arrive and admire Barbara's body. Dr B. turns to a girl named Sue, a 27-year-old nurse. "Give Barbara a bum-come," he says. "It is one thing she can do and she loves it."

Sue stands in front of Barbara, puts her hands around her and vigorously rubs her buttocks with a circular motion while she slowly counts to 10. Barbara stiffens with ecstasy then sighs a heavy sigh.

"Now a tum-come," says Dr B. Sue rubs Barbara's stomach with the flat of her hand in a soft circular motion, again counting to 10. Barbara stiffens and sighs again. Sue hugs Barbara and kisses her gently on the cheek. To the observer there is a fleeting feeling of lesbian involvement but Sue denies she feels any lesbian attraction to Barbara. "I think lesbians hate women," she says.

Dr B. says that the intimacy between the women is an important part of the therapy and is bi-sexual rather than lesbian. "A lesbian is obviously anti-male," he says. "She is pro-female and anti-male. What the women have here is the soft understanding of what each one of them means to a man or another woman. When they are looking at another woman's body they are looking at themselves and learning about themselves. When they touch another woman they are touching themselves and they learn

What I do seems to be very male chauvinistic, but it is really the opposite. I am trying to make these women independent.

to know what a man finds when he touches them. Away from here a woman cannot look at another naked woman without being called a lesbian, and they dread this.

"We've never had a lesbian relationship develop here, although we have had lesbians come here for treatment. They have gone away as they have come, securely lesbian, although they are probably not so secure because they are softer and less hostile."

Dr B. works at the surgery with Jill, another therapist, Marguerite, and two receptionists. The receptionists have been with him for more than 10 years, starting when he was an ordinary GP. Another doctor comes and helps him one day a week and a psychologist works with him one day a week. Despite the staff, Dr B. dominates the surgery. Marguerite says the impact of the clinic would not be as great with Dr B. on his own as women at times resent his maleness and welcome being touched by her or Jill.

But Dr B. is watching everything, at times exploding into anger, telling girls they are wrong and stupid. His language

is coarse and his manner bullying. Although he is divorced, he says he has a lover and has never been intimate with a patient, but there is no doubting that many of the patients adore him. The beautiful Kathleen is something of an exception in that she says although she admires Dr B. a lot, she does not see him as being larger than life.

"When I first came down here I thought anyone who had the ability to change people the way Dr B. did must be a guru," Kathleen said. "But I don't see him as a guru any longer. He is just somebody who is very capable and very special."

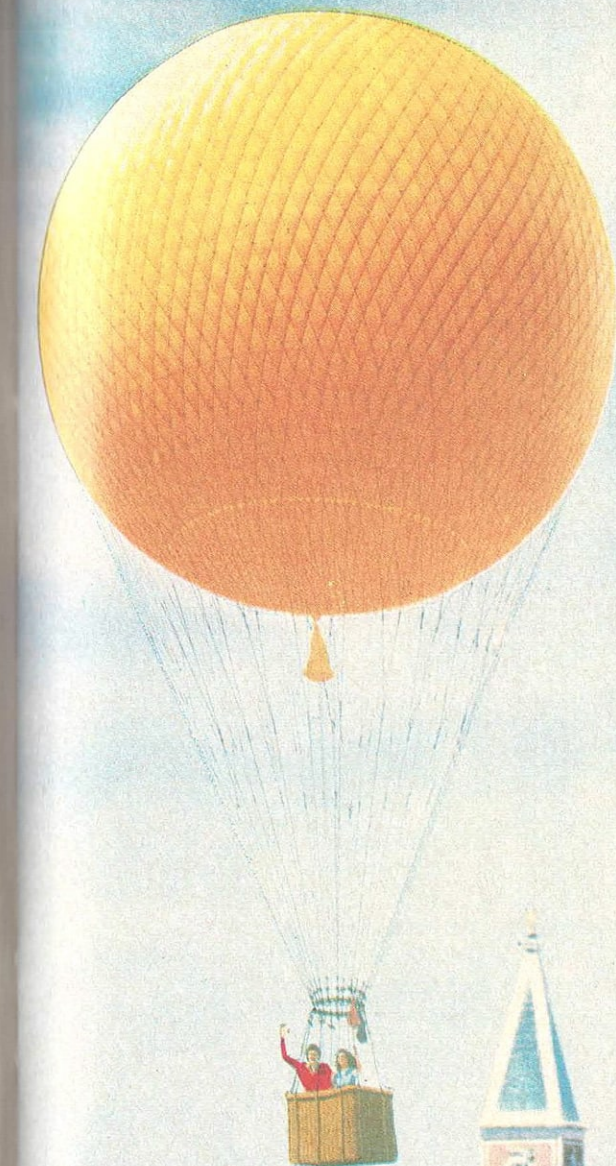
Kathleen, like most of the others, says Dr B. has given her a purpose in life. She said when she went there she could not orgasm and was not at all at ease with herself. She did everything on her own and could not communicate with people. Now she is outgoing and gregarious and has reached a point where the therapists are giving her counter treatment to make sure she does not use her new found love of herself and her own beauty as a weapon to manipulate men.

Dr B. himself takes a success like Kathleen in his stride, but he says he is not a guru. Through his therapy he has done such remarkable things as teaching a person who has had a sex change to have vaginal orgasms.

"I just help people," he said. "Rather than be a leader, I set out to make people their own leaders. At first what I do seems to be very male chauvinistic, but again it is really the opposite. I am trying to make each one of these women independent. They go through a period when they seem to be dependent on me. What they are doing is using me to get out of the issues which have really been troubling them. 'I am the instrument with which they free themselves from all their blocks, all the unspeakables. To an outsider I must seem very male chauvinistic when I tell a woman she's for fucking. But that is only the method I use to reverse her previous programming. I am giving her a new program in which she sees herself and her body as they are.'"

Dr B.'s practice is growing and he now treats about 30 women a week. He has done some work with male impotence, but sees himself being too busy with women for a long time to develop this. He thinks every woman is beautiful and uses his own quietly spoken coarseness to give manhood a final message, which explains his semantics as well as his philosophy: "A cunt is a vagina that works. A vagina is a cunt that doesn't, so when a woman speaks of her vagina she is really speaking of her virginity."

Footnote: Dr B.'s full name has been withheld for ethical and professional reasons. Readers who feel they might benefit from his techniques can write to Australian Penthouse (GPO Box 4084, Sydney 2001) for further details. ☎



I jumped into the wrong gondola with my Benson and Hedges Extra Mild

We were filming a fight scene in Venice and the script called for me to make my getaway in a gondola...the gondola of a balloon!

It was a great way to see Venice. A better way to see it is from a traditional gondola. (If you'd like to buy a gondola, I know a merchant in Venice...)

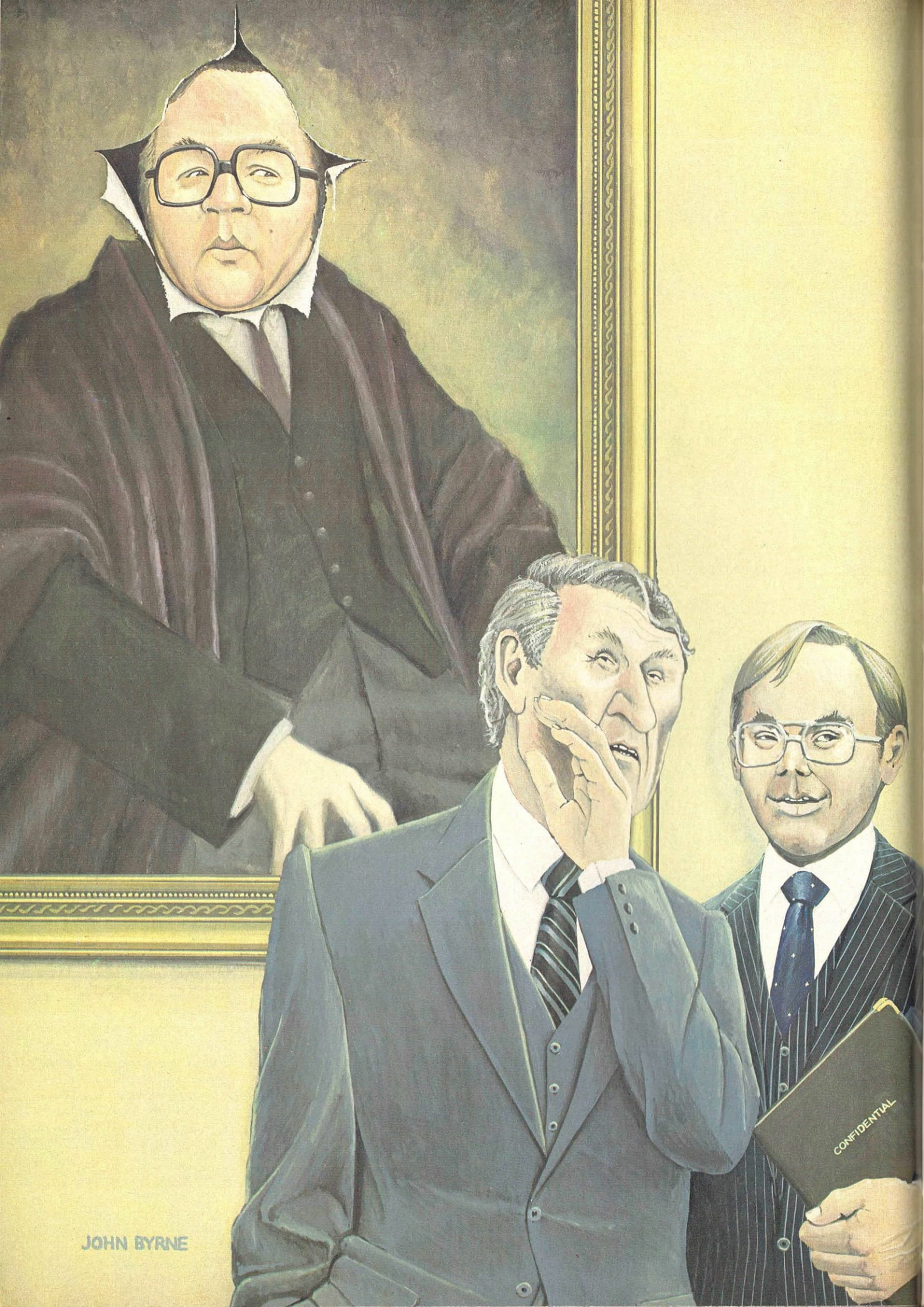


BENSON and HEDGES
Extra Mild

...excellence in an extra mild cigarette.

©The Benson and Hedges Company Pty. Ltd.

WDHO 2852



JOHN BYRNE

The man who broke the Budget is
Australia's highest-paid and hardest-working
political reporter.

LAURIE OAKES: THE OPINION MAKER

BY PHIL JARRATT

The big man lumbered out the front door of his home in the Canberra suburbs just after six on a clear and unseasonably mild August Monday morning. As he did every morning, he strode on to the lawn and picked up the newspapers, delivered just half an hour before.

The big man bent down and gathered up *The Canberra Times*, *The Sydney Morning Herald*, *The Australian Financial Review*, *The Daily Telegraph*, *The Australian*, *The Sun-Pictorial*, *The Age*. Quite a bundle. Quite a bill at the end of the week. The big man took the bundle to his book-lined study, laid them all out on his desk and ripped through the seal on the thickest of them, *The Age*. Ordinarily he would have perused the dailies over a cup of coffee, but this morning he was in something of a hurry. He ripped at the last stubborn edge of gum paper and unfolded *The Age* with stubby, almost clumsy fingers. A keen observer might have detected a slight shake, but it was gone before he had folded the newspaper back and surveyed the large black headlines of the front page.

Laurie Oakes stared down at the newsprint from behind ultra-thick spectacles. He stared down at the paper which carried so much weight today and tomorrow would be lining a garbage bin or wrapped around a fish. He stared down at the words on that front page, which said BUDGET DETAILS but meant THE BIG ONE, the SCOOP OF A LIFETIME. He stared down at the square foot of cheap paper and printers' ink which right at that moment was sending shock waves across the country and making breakfast indigestible for a string of politicians and public servants from the Prime Minister on down. He stared down at the front page of *The Age* of August 18 and the full details of the 1980 Federal Budget, announced 36 hours prematurely by Laurie Oakes, and he allowed himself a self-satisfied grin. Not a smirk but a grin, and all but imperceptible.

An hour later everyone in Australia with access to a radio had heard of Laurie Oakes. After 15 years of hard work he had, as they say in showbiz, become an overnight sensation. On Sydney's 2SM — Oakes' Sydney radio outlet — news-reader Steve Liebmann took great delight in informing his listeners that the Prime Minister was "screaming blue murder" over the leaking of the Budget papers. Liebmann went on to describe the leak as "the worst breach of Cabinet and Budget security in Australian political history", before calling down the landline to Oakes' study in Canberra for

more disgusting details. The Budget leak was the perfect scoop — sensational, embarrassing to the government of the day and yet essentially harmless. Within a couple of days it would be knocked off the front pages and news bulletins by a plane crash in Saudi Arabia and a cocaine bust in Sydney. It was the sort of daring piece of reportage that even the most staid of our media barons could endorse without fear of being forever labelled irresponsible or forfeiting occasional editorial dining rights at the Lodge.

In the competitive tradition of the press however, no organisation other than *The Age*, the Channel Ten network and radio station 2SM and its affiliates could ever admit this. *The Age*, Ten and 2SM all employ Laurie Oakes and all had first crack at the story. The rest of the press was forced into a corner — it had to report that a rival was making news, and leave to its editorial writers the task of berating Oakes for receiving stolen information for which it would have given an arm and a leg had it been offered the stuff first.

Such are the games that the media plays, but the public is rarely let in on the fun and tends to take such matters far more seriously than was the protagonists' intent. Thus, on August 20 Catherine Austin wrote to *The Age* accusing Laurie Oakes of "a grossly irresponsible act for which he must answer". Phyllis Frost, of Croydon, Victoria, asked why Oakes should not be proceeded against as a receiver of stolen goods, while E. B. Thomlinson of Brunswick suggested sternly that *The Age* "should terminate your employment of Laurie Oakes and try to regain your reputation for integrity."

Warming to the public sentiment, television personality Michael Willesee that night concluded an interview with Treasurer John Howard (a man more sinned against than sinning) with an expression of deep regret that the poor man's Budget had been buggered up somewhat by the "unprofessional conduct" of others. Ironically it was on Willesee's show that Oakes revealed prior knowledge of the 1979 mini-budget.

Next morning Peter Gianatsos wrote to *The Sydney Morning Herald* on behalf of the "thinking man in the street" to "deplore the action of pressman Oakes in disclosing the Budget contents while hiding under the skirts of the informer". And so it went on, while in Canberra, on the third sitting day of the last session of the current Parliament, honorable members turned their attention to more pressing matters, such as the alleged inability of the Prime Minister to

Illustration by John Byrne

tell the truth, and the alleged physical resemblance of the Leader of the Opposition to the leader of the Palestine Liberation Organisation.

"Liar. Why can't you tell the truth?"

"Shutup Yasser! Go back to Yasser Arafat."

"Coward! You're a liar and a coward."

"The honorable the Leader of the Opposition will please resume his seat..."

Laurie Oakes turned down the volume on the crackling wall radio, sat back and ran his fingers through his ruffled hair, greying at the temples and down the length of his unfashionable sideburns, thinning on top and given to curious disturbances just above the collar.

Laurie Oakes is not pretty, a fact of which he is well aware and sees as a source of mild amusement. He is better looking than he was, but there is a long way to go and Oakes may not get there before advancing age drags him back down the road to what might charitably be referred to as terminal plainness. When Oakes hit the headlines the cartoonists had a field day. The heavy glasses, the small, almost prim mouth, the many splendid chins, the beady eyes...

When he sits in his office in the Parliamentary Press Gallery — a large man in a small room — Laurie Oakes seems almost like a caricature of himself, perhaps a frame out of Doonesbury. A serious man in a baggy grey suit sitting in a walk-in wardrobe surrounded by rock concert posters.

To the casual observer this is an incongruous setting for the best-known (and arguably the best) political journalist in the country, but those who understand the curious ways of the rabbit warren above the Houses of Parliament know that in politics and political journalism there is no such thing as incongruity.

"Let's go get a cup of coffee," said Oakes, and we walked at a brisk pace to the lift, which deposited us in the red-carpeted corridors of the Senate. Senators, security cops and secretarial staff acknowledged Oakes with broad grins, nods and even sly winks. He replied with an inaudible grunt which seemed to mean, "Well, thanks for the recognition, chaps, but it was nothing really and now it's back to business, okay?"

This was Wednesday, the day after the Budget, two days after the worst breach of Cabinet security in history and a week after I had phoned Oakes and requested some of his time in order to prepare a profile for this magazine.

"Why pick on me?" Oakes had asked.

"Well, because if there's a political opinion maker in this country then it's you," I had replied. Long silence.

"Yeah, okay, but I don't think you'll find what I do very interesting."

That was the Wednesday. On the Fri-

day Oakes got the message that one of his sources (the journalistic equivalent to informant) wished to see him privately — in fact very privately, or if it could be arranged, incredibly privately — for the purpose of relaying some information in which Oakes had expressed an interest. It was no secret that Oakes and every other political correspondent had been sniffing around for a Budget leak. They did so every year, and usually for their troubles the more astute were rewarded with enough information to constitute a story if not a serious breach of security.

Oakes met his source and realised that this was very different. He was being offered the entire contents of the 1980 Federal Budget. Over the weekend he checked the accuracy of the information he had been given and on Sunday night he alerted *The Age* management to the nature of his scoop so that the editors could clear everything else off the front

Oakes lit a bonfire and burnt every note, every miniscule scrap of paper in any way connected with the Budget leak.

page, filed his story then lit a backyard bonfire and burnt every note, every miniscule scrap of paper in any way connected with the leak. Oakes' two younger children, Winston, 4, and Madeleine, 7, who delight in Daddy's bonfires and look forward to them, helped sift through the ashes to ensure that nothing remained.

By Monday afternoon Oakes' name was screaming from banner headlines all over the country and every news organisation wanted to know how he got the Budget, what he had for breakfast and why he hated the Treasurer. It was the Day Of The Journalist, and while some cried "At last", others cried "Shame".

On the ABC's *Nationwide* program, political commentator Richard Carleton got a selection of photographs from Oakes' wife which documented his growing physical and professional stature during his time in Canberra, and these filled the screen while Carleton read a text of his own composition which began: "By any measure Laurie Oakes is an outstanding journalist. The standard of political journalism in Australia has fallen quite dramatically over the past five or six

years and that's one reason why Oakes shines so much today, but even in Canberra's journalistic heyday a decade or so ago Oakes still shone out..."

"Carleton made an arsehole of himself and trivialised the entire gallery," the ABC's Bill D'Arcy — a political journalist of considerable standing himself — said later. His words were echoed in the Non-Members Bar, the watering hole for journalists and parliamentary staff, where there was at first mirth, then resentment over the media attention Oakes was receiving.

The Parliamentary Press Gallery is the most competitive journalistic arena in Australia and its inhabitants thrive on adrenalin, beer and professional jealousy. But they don't like prima donnas. They are at once bored by momentous political events and obsessed by their ramifications. They hang from two sides of the viewing area above each chamber (the other two sides are for school-children and tourists) and listen intently to the slanging matches which pass for Question Time, then they adjourn to the bar, play darts and insist that Parliament is just a bad joke. That is until they get on to a hot story, when suddenly it becomes the centre of the universe.

I arrived in the Parliamentary Press Gallery somewhat wet behind the ears during the McMahon Liberal/Country Party Government. I was employed by *The Sydney Morning Herald* in their eight-man bureau. There was the janitor then me, and my most important job each day was to ensure that the office fridge was filled with Foster's. According to Richard Carleton this was the heyday of Canberra journalism, and it may well have been, for every day I brushed shoulders with big-shot political correspondents like *The Age's* Allan Barnes, *The Daily Telegraph's* Alan Reid and our own grey eminence, Ian Fitchett, who thundered about the office producing the most perfectly enunciated obscenities I had ever heard.

But the character who most intrigued me sat slumped in a battered revolving chair at one end of the adjoining (and usually filthy) office of the Melbourne *Sun-Pictorial*. He was all of 22 stone and he peered out at the world from behind heavy horn-rimmed glasses and a desk which overflowed with documents, notepaper, beer cans and mountains of cigarette butts.

Laurie Oakes was then in his late 20s and he had been in Canberra less than two years, but already he commanded considerable respect, both for his physical presence and his ability to dig out a story and present it clearly and accurately and, most importantly, briefly, in the style favored by the popular tabloid for which he worked. *The Sun-Pictorial* management believed it had a responsibility to its readers and that was to not bore them rigid with politics, particularly

Join the Bee Gees.



It's only natural that the Bee Gees — the world's most popular recording group — master their hit albums on the world's most popular professional recording tape — Ampex Grand Master. In fact, more hit albums, by more top stars, are mastered on Ampex tape than on all others combined.

Now there's a home version of Ampex Grand Master. So you can get the same star quality at home that top stars like the Bee Gees insist on in the studio.

You'll get the incredible signal-to-noise ratio and low distortion the Bees Gees get. And whether you choose normal or high bias cassette, you'll be recording on the one component that never needs upgrading. Ampex Grand Master tape.

AMPEX

The sound of the stars.



Fine cigars and a penthouse go hand in hand.

The word penthouse conjures up many images. Luxury. Confidence. Good company. Good wines. And, of course, a good cigar. A cigar that fits the scene perfectly.

A cigar with a flavour that's smooth and mild.
A cigar that gives ample choice of size and shape.
Half Coronas. Panatellas. Scooters. Café Crème.
A cigar with a name respected the world over.

Henri Wintermans, naturally.

HENRI WINTERMANS.
The nicest cigars in the world.

as there were so many good stories about football and Moomba around.

Perhaps with this responsibility in mind, the newspaper in 1970 sent the young Oakes to Canberra as head of bureau.

"I was terrified," Oakes recalls. "I'd applied at *The Sun* for a Canberra job when there was a vacancy, but I had in mind number two or three. I nearly panicked when they gave me the top job."

Oakes had been a journalist just five years, drifting into it from a brief term as editor of Sydney University's *Honi Soit* student newspaper. The son of a steelworker, Oakes had been reared in Newcastle, NSW, and on an island off the coast of Western Australia before the family returned to NSW for Laurie to complete his schooling. He won two university scholarships — one from BHP to study commerce at the University of NSW and a Teachers College scholarship which meant bonding himself to the government and studying arts at Sydney University, then reeling under the intellectual weight of the remnants of the Sydney Push and the beginnings of the Nimrod Push.

Sydney University and a career in teaching won out. But Oakes fell in with the intellectual drinkers (although he remained almost abstemious himself) and became co-editor of *Honi Soit* in 1962 with Bob Ellis, now a well-known playwright but then best known as a hard man to beat on the pool tables of the hotels in City Road. Ellis recalls that he and Oakes fought a lot about whose duty it was to proof-read the pages.

"I was always too busy writing self-indulgent editorials to care about such mundane matters and Laurie used to work very hard to make up for my incompetence. He was 17 going on middle-age, and he had this authoritative, almost Menzies-like manner. By the end of the year we'd had a rather large fight and stood against each other for the editorship. He won, but he never beat me at pool."

Also at Sydney University at that time — along with Germaine Greer, art critic Robert Hughes, Richard Walsh, Mungo McCallum, Richard Neville and a virtual who's who in Australian literature, art and journalism in the Seventies — was the poet Les Murray, who loaned Oakes a pair of shoes which he wore for two years and never returned.

"We were very poor," says Murray, "and he was as generous to me in other ways. In fact I once dedicated a poem to 'Laurence Oakes, benefactor'!"

Murray remembers Oakes as a serious lad, but one who was developing a taste for the hops.

"He was always a witty and intelligent companion," says Murray, "and he drank beer slowly and massively and with the deliberation of one who knows that there

is an ocean of beer already in existence and more being brewed."

As sole editor of *Honi Soit*, Oakes went on to organise demonstrations against the Tate hanging — a big issue in 1963 — and veer slightly to the political left along with the rest of his generation. He received, like all *Honi Soit* editors at that time, a small subsidy from Rupert Murdoch's News Limited organisation. The only strings attached were that, should he decide to enter journalism, News Limited would have first right of refusal.

So, after a disastrous spell of "prac" teaching Oakes decided to pursue a career in journalism and joined Sydney's *Daily Mirror* on the lowest rate of adult pay. He was assigned to the midnight-to-dawn police round, which consisted of alternate spells of dozing in front of the theoretically illegal police radio monitor and chasing fire engines and ambulances through the deserted city streets.

He was 17
going on middle-age,
and he had this
authoritative, almost
Menzies-like
manner.

Oakes was a fast learner, and within a year he was elevated to the position of State political reporter, although his pay remained at the minimum level. Sir Robert Askin's Liberals had just won government, so inexperience was no real handicap to a political reporter. No one was quite sure what would happen and few journalists operating out of Parliament House in Macquarie Street had the sort of contacts who could tell them. It was the perfect time to be learning the art of the political correspondent — the art of corridor skulking, drunken remembering and sly telephone calling.

Zel Rabin — a legendary name in the newspaper world — was the editor of the *Daily Mirror*, and he emphasised to Oakes the necessity for clarity and brevity in political writing aimed at readers whose perusal of the paper often lasted only four or five train stops.

These were invaluable lessons but they didn't pay the rent and, with no salary increase in sight Oakes accepted a position on the Melbourne *Sun-Pictorial*, which he took to be an afternoon paper like its namesake in Sydney. When

he drove across the border at Albury, parked the furniture-laden family sedan and purchased the product of his new employer, he was somewhat alarmed to discover that he had signed on to a morning newspaper, thereby committing himself to regular night work, a permanently disrupted social life and considerable strain on his recent marriage to Marie Cook, who had been at Sydney University with him. Oakes muttered a few quiet curses and drove on.

Although he was assigned general duties on *The Sun-Pictorial*, Oakes soon became embroiled in politics again. When Harold Holt drowned, Oakes wrote the obituary and followed up by covering the subsequent battle for the leadership. His superiors were sufficiently impressed to assign him the job of relief State political correspondent, where the young reporter fell in with the wily old Premier, Henry Bolte.

Bolte passed on all he knew about politics and hard drinking, which was considerable on both counts, and it was armed with this knowledge — plus a bit of savvy he'd picked up by himself — that Laurie Oakes arrived in Canberra during the turbulent decline of one government and the equally turbulent rise of another.

The Federal Parliamentary Press Gallery is a term applied to several things; it is four rows of seats and a bit of standing space above the chambers of both Houses; it is a labyrinth of corridors and rooftop walkways along which journalists stagger and politicians sometimes creep at all hours of the day and night; and it is the body of journalists who work there, the political opinion makers. For a newcomer the environment is strange, but no stranger than the people who inhabit it or the odd mixture of love, hate, fear, respect and loathing which dominates most relationships between journalists and politicians.

Basically, the system works like this: promising journalists with some vague understanding of politics are conscripted to Canberra, where the small fish are put up in hotels (until the office does an audit on the room service bills) and the big fish — the heads of bureau — are provided with socially acceptable houses (for nominal rent) and company cars.

The small fish then devote themselves to a detailed coverage of small time political point scoring (slanging matches in the House, press releases blaming such things as inclement weather on one's opposite number, and so on) while the big fish attend to the more important matters such as liver destruction, becoming friendly with politicians and achieving a degree of *bonhomie* sufficient to lead to a slight (or maybe not so slight) indiscretion on the part of someone (anyone) privy to confidential information concerning affairs of state. When

a reporter has acquired enough excess weight, lost enough muscle tone and led enough drunks down the path of involuntary indiscretion, he or she is either promoted to a mahogany row executive position where the rate of pencil sharpener wastage is a more pressing concern than the Prime Minister's fitness to govern, or he or she becomes a ministerial press secretary.

Since Ron Ziegler daily fobbed off the Watergate inquirers with some artful displays of answer avoidance, press secretaries have not had a very good name. In fact it is fair to say that most political reporters regard them as trained liars. That is, until they fall on hard times and become press secretaries, at which point they suddenly realise that their former colleagues are nothing more than cynical drunks. And so it goes on.

When Laurie Oakes arrived in Canberra, Gough Whitlam was on the ascendancy and the press gallery (with a few notable exceptions) was right behind him. After more than two decades of conservative government and a succession of lame duck Liberal prime ministers, even the dogs were barking that Labor should be given a go.

Recognising this, Oakes quickly set himself up as a Whitlam expert. He studied Whitlam's history and the development of his political philosophy, and he drank long into the night with the Labor intellectuals to discover Whitlam's true place in the Labor Movement. He eventually knew so much about Whitlam that he was able, when Labor came to power in December 1972, to bash out a book on the man in under three weeks.

But Oakes knew more about the fickle nature of politics than to hitch his wagon to just one horse, and while his relationship with Whitlam remained good he developed other political friendships. He learned the fine art of backroom politicking — the numbers game — from Clyde Cameron and Mick Young and he became great mates with Billie Snedden, the amiable and somewhat nocturnal chap who took over the Liberal Party leadership — and the title of Leader of the Opposition — from McMahon.

In those pre-Fraser days Parliament House was a much more informal place. During the Parliamentary sessions there were parties every night in the rooms of the more sociable politicians, and as there was virtually no security at the entrance of the House anyone could attend. The drinking often went on until dawn.

Journalists unofficially competed for the "James P. Award", named after a member of the press gallery who had excelled at drunken exhibitionism. (A recent recipient of the James P. was so honored after vomiting on the Chinese Ambassador at a diplomatic function.) And the best parties of all were thrown by Billie Snedden and his coalition partner Ian Sinclair.

It was at these late night soirees that Laurie Oakes started to come by information which led to big stories.

"It was important then to be a drinker," says Oakes, chuckling at the memory. "If you stayed around the House until dawn there was always a politician to drink with."

In Oakes' case that politician was often Snedden. The two became so close that Snedden asked Oakes to become his press secretary. Although he was basically left of centre and usually a Labor voter Oakes considered the offer carefully ("I liked the challenge of being the underdog," he recalls) before refusing. He also twice knocked back the job of press secretary to Whitlam. "I would have been a disastrous press secretary," he says. "I lack diplomacy."

Oakes' friendship with Snedden suffered in 1974 when he wrote, in his weekly column for *The Sun-Pictorial*, that

Oakes has
always refused to
allow friendships
or personal prejudices
to stand in the way
of his job.

Snedden was a poor leader and would have to go. The chop fell soon after and the two men have remained distant ever since. But at the same time, with the Whitlam Government coming under increasing attack, Oakes was not exactly winning friends in the Labor Party either.

A man firmly committed to the impartial nature of his profession, he has always refused to allow friendships or personal prejudices to stand in the way of his job. Very Clark Kent, you might say, but Oakes is deadly serious about the role of the press in politics, and his unswerving stance on the matter has led to the kind of respect and trust which, in turn, leads to stories like the leaking of the 1980 Federal Budget.

In the middle Seventies Oakes broke two stories which eventually contributed to the downfall of Whitlam. The first was the appointment of Senator Vince Gair as Ambassador to Ireland, thereby tipping the balance of power in the Senate in Labor's favor. Oakes broke the story 24 hours before the appointment was to be announced.

The second was the Iraqi Money Affair.

Oakes learned through contacts in the Labor Party that Labor officials, including Whitlam, had attempted to arrange a \$500,000 donation to their 1975 campaign coffers from the Iraqi Government. Oakes tested the accuracy of his information before publishing on February 25, 1976, and word filtered back to News Limited publisher Rupert Murdoch, who had also been working on the story and who rushed into print in the second edition of that day's *Australian*.

Oakes regards this as a betrayal — a breach of the gentlemen's agreement in political journalism which says that when a journalist phones to check the details of a story you don't blab to his opposition about it.

With Malcolm Fraser, the man who came to power committed to getting sport back on the front page, firmly in the saddle, Federal politics became just a little bit dull. The parties were less frequent and the old press gallery gang began to break up.

Allan Barnes of *The Age*, one of the most respected political journalists and Oakes' mentor in his early days in Canberra, died of cancer. Alan Ramsey of *The Australian* became Hayden's press secretary. Others tired of Canberra and left. Oakes too was bored. On October 24, 1977, he drained his gin and tonic, stubbed out his cigarette and dragged his immense weight from the bar for the last time. He went cold turkey on booze and cigarettes and completely changed his lifestyle.

"There were a number of reasons," he says. "But the main one was that I was driving home from a party at 3am and I found myself on the footpath and couldn't figure out how I got there. I had to give up drinking or driving, and I chose the former."

Equally bored with the bland style of his newspaper, *The Sun-Pictorial*, Oakes handed in his notice. He'd become increasingly despondent about *The Sun* since his Iraqi Affair story.

"They don't like anything that rocks the boat," he says. "When I broke that story the reaction wasn't — great story Laurie, thanks. It was — are you sure it's right because it's on your head if it isn't. It's on your head. That line stuck in my mind, and it became obvious to me that the job wasn't leading anywhere."

Oakes went into business for himself, working up to 20 hours a day producing a political newsletter which traded on his name, making political comments on the *Willesee At Seven* current affairs show and syndicating newspaper columns. But the newsletter proved to be too much for one man. Oakes got out and concentrated on building up outlets for his political commentary.

By the end of 1980 he was said to be the highest-paid journalist in the Parliamentary Press Gallery, although

THE CREAM OF AFTER DINNER DRINKS



Greensleeves.
Real cream and
French brandy with
just a hint of mint.

Oakes himself will only admit to a figure of around \$50,000 a year. Certainly he is the most influential — heard, seen and read by more Australians than the rest of the gallery put together.

He joined the Ten television network in January 1980 and is now seen nightly in Sydney, Melbourne and some country stations. His radio coverage for 2SM in Sydney and 3XY in Melbourne is syndicated to every capital city and country stations in NSW and Victoria, and he writes weekly columns for *The Age* in Melbourne, *The Daily Mirror* in Sydney and a column for smaller papers like the *Launceston Examiner* and *The Independent* in Perth. His day lasts from dawn until well after midnight, and for most of that time he is being heard, seen or read in at least one part of the country.

While the Federal Treasurer was hosting a party on Budget night, Laurie Oakes was out digging up another story. He got to bed at 2.30am and got up at six. He sipped on a coffee (no milk, no sugar) and said he felt great. Tired, but great. "I couldn't do this if I still drank," he said.

His first job of the day was to interview Bill Hayden in the sparsely furnished but surprisingly tasteful office of the Leader of the Opposition. Hayden came in red-faced and beaming while the camera was being set up at such an angle as to give the impression that the Opposition Leader was already hard at work. In fact Hayden was laboring under a hangover.

Press secretary Alan Ramsey made him go and remove some of the color from his cheeks. There was a delay in checking the sound equipment and Hayden took the opportunity to compliment Oakes on his Budget scoop.

"That must be the greatest scoop in Australian political journalism," Hayden said. "Terrific stuff, although publicly I'd have to deplore it." Oakes grinned.

"The leak is the difference between a democracy and a totalitarian state," Oakes said in the lift on the way back to his office. "If you don't have leaks you're left with only authorised disclosures, there are no checks on politicians and you can't have a proper democracy."

We got out of the lift. I asked Oakes what sort of people his informants were as we marched along the corridor, but he wasn't eager to talk about it on the hop. When we reached his office he closed the door and said: "Different sorts of people doing it for very different reasons. I've got one source who likes to meet me on the shores of the lake at midnight."

"That sort of thing sounds a bit cloak and dagger."

"Well, I think a fair bit of the risk is for real."

"What sort of risk?"

"The risk of being charged with a criminal offence. Certainly anything in the area of security, foreign affairs or

defence, they're pretty tough if they catch you. But they don't often catch anybody."

"Is the journalist risking being charged?"

"I'm not sure. I think technically there may be a breach of the Crimes Act, but the system couldn't work if it were applied."

"Are journalists' phones tapped in Canberra?"

"Circumstantial evidence over the years has convinced me that it happens."

"Do you feel that your phone is being tapped right now?"

"I'm acting on the assumption that it is."

"Does that worry you?"

"Not very much."

Oakes turned and started to play back the messages on his answering service, but he paused and examined a piece of paper wedged under his typewriter. On it

The National Press Club was filled with people who had come to get a glimpse of the Federal Ferreter.

was a scrawled message: "Watch what you say — anywhere, any time." Oakes pondered over it for a moment, then screwed it up and threw it in the bin and turned back to his message machine.

"Have you spoken to John Howard since the leak?" I asked Oakes as he pushed his Holden Gemini through the gears on a cold, grey, drizzling Canberra morning. Oakes, who still weighs in at more than 15 stone, looked ill at ease in the small car. He turned down the volume on the cassette player. Light classics. Oakes always seems to be turning down the volume on something. He speaks in a confidential whisper quite different from his broadcasting voice.

"Yeah. I said: 'Apart from leaked, what word would you use to describe the Budget?' He didn't smile. Actually I quite like Howard. He's a good politician, a nice bloke and not a bad treasurer."

Oakes pulled off the road opposite the National Press Club, a great white edifice whose members are not only mostly not journalists but usually people who regard journalists as loathsome troublemakers.

On the day after the Budget it is customary for the Treasurer to address the club luncheon, an event which is broadcast nationally by the ABC. The main auditorium was packed with working reporters, camera and sound men, and a much larger body of innocent bystanders who manned the long tables at the far end of the room. These were the people who had come to applaud the Treasurer on a job well done.

As the dinner plates were whisked away John Howard, a small figure in an immaculately pressed blue suit, rose and spoke briefly. He expressed "personal disappointment" over the leak but said it would not adversely affect the government. Then he handed over the floor to his questioners.

After a number of leak-related questions the cordless microphone (which was being shuffled from table to table) gave up the ghost and the master of ceremonies asked that questioners rise and come to the front.

"To save time," he said, "We'll have Ian Matthews followed by Laurie Oakes."

From the tables filled with innocent bystanders there was an audible gasp, followed by a spate of Oakes jokes. Gags like: "Is Laurie asking a question or answering one?" It suddenly dawned on me that the National Press Club was filled with people who had come to get a glimpse of, see in person, gaze in wonder at . . . not the Federal Treasurer but the Federal Ferreter. The smart bastard who'd sniffed out the Budget.

The Day of the Journalist had arrived.

But Laurie Oakes did not rise to ask his question. There was much craning of necks and whispering, but Oakes remained seated, staring philosophically into his glass of soda water. You could tell the public felt cheated.

"Why didn't you ask your question?" I inquired as we drove back to Parliament House.

"To far to walk to the mike," Oakes shrugged.

"You know, a lot of those people were there to see you," I said.

Oakes nodded in reluctant agreement. "Yeah, that was another reason, I suppose. I don't like being turned into a fucking circus."

By the end of the week the circus was over. But if the Budget leak had been forgotten Laurie Oakes had not. As a reporter he had assumed almost legendary proportions and his employers, locked in ratings wars, were quick to realise it. Oakes was in a position to write his own ticket. He jumped aboard Malcolm Fraser's VIP plane for America and India the following week quietly confident about the future — his own, if not the country's. He allowed he might even join Bob Hawke in a beer or two if Labor won the election. 

The club for big shots. Introducing the Ballesteros.

Seve Ballesteros burst onto the international golfing scene with his brilliant play in the 1976 British Open. He has continued to set the world alight with his swashbuckling approach to the game. Make no mistake, this young Spaniard is a truly big hitter of the ball.

In the 1980 Masters, he knocked a three-iron 245 yards! His play throughout the Masters was nothing short of outstanding, and in winning he became the youngest player ever to take out the coveted title.

The new Slazenger Ballesteros clubs have been designed to his specifications, to achieve the optimum use of his *and your* potential power.



JWT894.P099



Slazenger craftsmanship and design innovation are part of your Ballesteros clubs. The irons feature a cast stainless steel head and the shafts are the famous lightweight, but strong, "Union Phoenix" from America. The grip is an important part of any club. On the Ballesteros, we're using the American "Victory" grip. It's made from a new rubber/cork compound formulation that's resilient, absorbs shock, clings to the hands and gives you a better "feel" of the club.

See your local golf pro for the new Ballesteros, the club for big shots.

Ballesteros
SLAZENGER
THE WINNING FEELING



Can a government show mercy
to convicted killers without establishing
a dangerous precedent?

THE POLITICAL IMPRISONMENT OF BRUCE AND VIOLET ROBERTS

BY IAN McMINN

The introductions are over and we sit across a table in the visitors' compound at Parramatta Jail. He wears issue-green, and is thin as his beard is sparse. Bruce Roberts, 22, is doing time for killing his father. He rolls another cigarette ("bin smokin' since I wuz nine") and waits patiently for the question to end.

"You see, one of the major problems for authorities is that people can argue if you and your mother are let out before serving the required time, then a precedent will have been created. A killing would have been officially sanctioned."

There is a silence interrupted by the loudspeaker issuing a Big Brother announcement. He fidgets, re-lights the rollie: "Yeah, it's a real Catch 22 situation. In the public's eyes it doesn't matter apparently how bad he was . . . you shot your father. And a lot of blokes would be bashing their wives themselves, so they just don't like me doing that."

On March 15, 1976, in the Newcastle Supreme Court, Mr Justice Taylor sentenced Bruce Roberts to 15 years' jail, setting a non-parole period of six years. Violet Roberts, his mother, received life imprisonment.

Both had been found guilty of the murder of Eric Roberts, 45, who died of a gunshot wound to the head on the evening of December 13, 1975. Had Bruce been 18 and not 17 at the time of the offence, he, too, would have received life imprisonment — the mandatory sentence for adults convicted of murder. Violet's case is to be reviewed in December 1982.

Even before the case became a cause celebre there were important questions unanswered, not the least of which was: who fired the fatal shot?

Mr Justice Taylor said he was satisfied Bruce pulled the trigger, although he was equally satisfied Violet Roberts was the "dominant figure" in the decision to get rid of Eric Roberts. The trial judge went on to describe the killing as "a cowardly act" and that although "he [Eric] had been a man who drank heavily, was capable of and frequently did

Illustration by Rene Bollen

inflict violence on his family, his life had been extinguished".

Why the confusion? That's the way Bruce and Violet played the game. At first Bruce told police he'd found his father dead and had no idea who fired the rifle. Then Violet said she did it. Then Bruce couldn't let "mum take the rap", so he said he did it — thus thoroughly confusing police, magistrates, jurors and to an extent the trial judge himself.

For those who believe in the Roberts' honesty and naivety, the theory runs like this: Violet confessed because she wanted a younger life spared; Bruce confessed because he had time on his side. A cynical but perhaps more realistic appraisal was that Violet thought a court would not imprison a woman as old and as prone to sickness as herself, while Bruce took the view that a court would look with considerable sympathy on a boy who had to take such an extreme step to protect his mother.

Needless to say, their gambit failed and no one really knows who killed Eric Roberts.

Briefly, the other questions were about the adequacy of their defence, the mitigating circumstances at the time of the homicide and the superficial treatment it received in the media.

In 1976 Bruce appealed to the Court of Criminal Appeal, but it was rejected on September 10. Violet Roberts apparently tripped over the red tape of bureaucracy: "Violet's lawyers did not lodge an appeal for her so she did it herself, mistakenly filling in the wrong box. Because she said she was appealing against her sentence, and not her conviction, she was told to withdraw her appeal. She never understood why." (Extract from letter to the NSW Governor, Sir Roden Cutler, from the Violet and Bruce Roberts campaign organised through Liverpool Women's Health Centre, July 4, 1980.)

In 1979 and 1980 the campaign heated up. There was a direct appeal to the Wran Government to grant a licence, which gives permission for a person to leave jail. Cabinet mulled over it, thought it a little hot and sent it back to the Parole Board, where it still lies for consideration.

At this point there is a stalemate. The NSW Corrective Services Minister, Bill Haigh, doesn't believe licences should be granted and has argued that to considerable effect in Cabinet. Attorney-General Frank Walker and Deputy Premier Jack Ferguson appear sympathetic. Haigh takes the view that an early release would be seen by the public as a government legitimising murder and high-handedly over-riding the judiciary.

Haigh is the only minister who can grant a licence.

The wind is freshening and Bruce shivers slightly.

"Should have brought my jacket, but

it's in there," and he motions to the main jail, making no sign to move.

"A few of the heavies are upset I killed my father. They said it was a bit off, and how could I? But I say nothing and they leave me alone. I just take life a day at a time. Always have, really. Don't get on with that many people."

"Everyone in the district knew what was happening, didn't like to talk to the kids. They'd say 'oh, your mum's in hospital', and want to know why or they'd ask about your black eye. I'd just pretend it wasn't happening. Just wanted to divorce myself from reality."

If childhood is meant to be a time of innocence, then it's hard to imagine Bruce Roberts ever enjoying such a period.

"My earliest memory was a day in church. I was four. Mum gave me a piece of chocolate and Dad said, 'aren't you going to say thanks?' So I mucked about a bit and finally said 'ta', you know, like kids

If childhood
is meant to be a
time of innocence, then
it's hard to imagine Bruce
Roberts ever enjoying
such a period.

do. And he said, 'Wait till I get you home'. I didn't really know what he meant, but when we got back he dragged me into the bedroom and started thumping and kicking me.

"Another time us kids said we wanted something to eat. He said we couldn't. We started crying or something, so he said if we were so hungry we could eat grass. So he picked us up and took us outside and pushed our noses into the lawn and made us eat the clippings.

"Then when I was eight, Dad said he didn't like the color of my hair. It was blondish and the others were darker. He said why was my hair not the same as the others? I said I didn't know, so he started to rip it out."

Eric Roberts, for most of his life, existed in a state of alcohol-induced illusion, a fear of sexual inadequacy coupled with the belief that Violet had been, was being or would be unfaithful. They were dominant themes throughout their married life; hence the color of Bruce's hair becomes a question of importance.

Bruce, like the other five children, lived a most unhappy life. They grew up with

memories like "standing in a doorway just watching my mother get hit about by my father". According to Keith, older than Bruce by two years, Violet also drank considerably.

Life was a battle in more ways than one. There was not enough money, not enough food. And sometimes, according to Keith, Violet when drunk would urge her husband to discipline their unruly brood.

In 1967, the domestic pressures were growing daily. The drinking and the beatings continued, with Eric finally being jailed for half a year on assault. A few months later Violet broke down and was admitted to a psychiatric institution for six months.

The next few years for Bruce represented an array of institutions during which he became even more withdrawn, a bewildering number of schools and a foster home which he never accepted.

In 1972 Violet was released and invited to stay with her father-in-law at Pacific Palms, north of Newcastle. It's a tiny coastal backwater which barely numbers a thousand residents. Pacific Palms is where she and Eric had originally made their home, but this time Eric's father forbade him from seeing Violet. Word quickly reached Bruce. He ran away to rejoin his mother and for the next two years he was to enjoy a semblance of family life: "It was the last time mum and me laughed."

The protector, his grandfather, died in 1974, bequeathing his 2ha property and car to Violet. Eric wasted no time. He appealed to Violet, begging that she take him back, and reinforced his plea with letters written by his sister emphasising that he had given up drinking. Reluctant at first, Violet relented and made the decision that would lead to murder.

Why she allowed him back defies logic. Nevertheless, Eric took his place as head of the household, sober — at least for a couple of months.

It all came unstuck in late 1975 around the time her eldest boy, David, died of leukaemia. There came an emotional unravelling, heavy drinking and a series of petty, vindictive acts ending in Eric's death.

"That Saturday morning the farthest thing from my mind was murder. It was just a normal Saturday. I got up and went into town, then went down the beach." The voice has become tinier. It's difficult to hear over the loudspeakers and the trucks that rumble by. There is an inner tension, almost cracking.

"I was camped in the bus (a derelict in the back yard). It was bad enough to see me mum with black eyes without living in the same house and watching it happen.

"He had the back door locked. I knocked on it and he asked me what I wanted. Told him I wanted a meal. He

"\$550 FOR A DIAMOND ENGAGEMENT RING. HOW WOULD I GET THAT KIND OF MONEY?"

Some things you splurge on without turning a hair. Bits and pieces for your car. Drinks all round. New gear. Weekends and holidays away. But we'd bet you won't have a clue how much you'd pay for a diamond engagement ring. The girl in your life will.

She'll have quickly gathered that the bigger the diamond, the better. And that \$550 won't exactly put her in the "Liz Taylor league". But size, measured by carat weight, isn't everything.

0-10 CARAT 0-20 CARAT 0-30 CARAT 0-40 CARAT

There's the cut of the diamond. The clarity and the colour. Basically, as a guide, a good quality diamond will cost you about a month's salary. Which, if you think about it, is not a lot to spend on someone who means so much. A diamond is forever.



For your free copy of the informative booklet, "Everything you'd love to know about diamonds", go to the jeweller who displays this sign or write to: Diamond Information Centre, 132 Elizabeth Street, Sydney, N.S.W. 2000.

De Beers

said if I didn't want to work I could piss off. So I just went back to the bus, made a cup of tea and tried to make a sort of budget to spread my dole out.

"About nine or 10 o'clock that night Mum came over, after he went to sleep. We started talking about Dad. She showed me her wrist. A bone was broken, then I said 'something's got to be done about him . . . got to get him out of the house'. Then she told me about David."

On the day of David's funeral, Eric Roberts went down to Sydney to find his wife and Bruce. They were tying up some loose ends with the estate. According to Bruce, after his father found the pair he notified police — because Bruce had failed to appear on a breaking and entering charge. The police duly came and took him away.

"Then she told me Dad didn't even go to the funeral that day. He'd got drunk and I'd been locked in the police station. So I said: 'I just can't take anymore', she was in tears, and I went and got this rifle and just shot him."

"Were you drunk?"

"Drunk, stoned and hungry. Half a flagon of muscat and a couple of joints."

"Did you mention that at your trial?"

"Nobody asked me."

"And after you shot him?"

"After? Oh, it took me about half an hour to realise what had happened. It's just like when you light a cigarette, often you don't even know you're smoking until you're half way through it. Next morning I just figured he'd be running around drunk, you know, go to the club that arvo . . . but he never got up. He just lay there dead."

Violet Roberts is 51; a short dumpy woman of deteriorating eyesight, arthritic hands and health so poor that after two heart attacks, even taking a shower leaves her feeling very sick. A small, frail, bespectacled woman with bowed shoulders, who looks forward to the simple things of life: "To be able to go to sleep in my own bed without being punched awake by a clenched fist."

She remembers the start of the trial, for it coincided with her late son's birthday: "All my thoughts were on my beloved David. I felt completely numb."

Unable to afford a lawyer, she didn't meet the public barrister allotted to her defence until the day before the trial, and then only for 30 minutes: "I knew nothing of court procedure, I'd never been in a courtroom in my life. I never considered I'd get a life sentence. I wasn't worried. I thought once the jury heard of the terrible things Eric had done to us, they'd understand."

Although he was well known in the small community of Pacific Palms as a violent drunk, not one witness who could testify about the domestic life of the Roberts was called by the defence — not

even the local doctor, who at least could have thrown light on the injuries Violet received. The defence took the line of pleading guilty to a lesser charge of manslaughter on the ground of diminished responsibility. A government psychiatrist gave evidence that "on the balance of probabilities" Violet was suffering from an abnormality of mind which substantially diminished her mental responsibility.

The Crown, set on proving premeditation, introduced evidence purporting to show Violet would gain financially on her husband's death. It related to David's will, which left insurance money of \$40,000 to be divided between Violet and the children. The will was invalidated and this meant the money was to be shared equally between Eric and Violet. According to her son, Keith, his mother took the news grimly, being of the opinion Eric deserved nothing.

"I wasn't worried. I thought once the jury heard of the terrible things Eric had done to us, they'd understand."

Bruce Roberts, in his application for release on licence, also mentions the question of money: "I believe I did not get a fair trial. . . the whole trial was about my brother David's money, and I most certainly did not know much about the estate situation, I was not even interested in it."

How much weight should have been put on the money issue? Certainly it's a means of measuring intent, but can it be considered in isolation? In other words, was it any more the reason for the killing than David's funeral, the long history of beatings, financial deprivation or Bruce's condition — in his words, "stoned, drunk and hungry"?

In a double-barrelled attack, the Crown also put forward evidence that Bruce had harbored thoughts of killing his father. "They claimed it was premeditated. A couple of months before, me mum went down to Sydney after copping a hiding. I was talking to one of me mates. I said, 'I could kill him'. Anyway, me mate said that in court. But I didn't mean it. Everyone says that sort of thing."

But despite the lacklustre defence, the worst feature of the case was confusion

over who pulled the trigger. Not only was the jury ill-informed about the extent of Eric's brutality, there was probably a feeling that mother and son were trying to pull a swifty.

The same problem arose in 1976 when Bruce made application to the Court of Criminal Appeal. It was dismissed with the grey formality: "Time is to count" — that is, the sentence is to stand.

And over a year later, when making application for release on licence, Bruce writes: "I did not kill my father . . . on the night of the crime my mother came over to the bus to talk with me, she was in a very distressed state . . . (later) my mother went over to the house. I was worried about her, so I went to the house, and she had a gun (rifle) in her hand. I took it from her, but she had already shot him. I was too late. I could not kill anyone, not even my father."

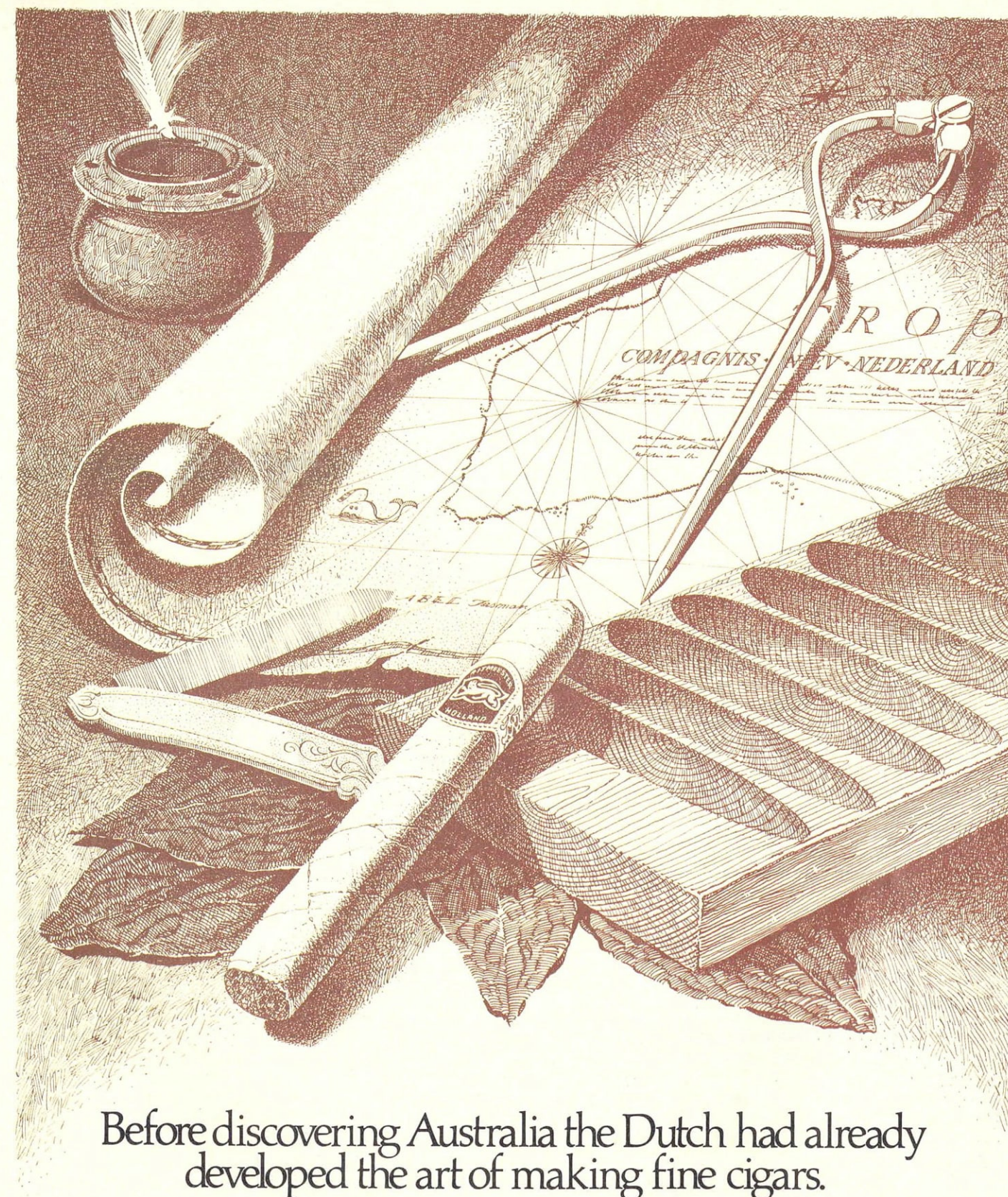
Later, Bruce again makes an unequivocal statement of innocence: "I was not real worried, because I knew I was innocent of the crime altogether and believed that when my barrister spoke in my defence, the truth would be told. Only he had nothing to say for me at all."

So what comes out of the trial? Eric Roberts was murdered, and either Violet or Bruce fired the shot. Eric was a brutal man, but that was no excuse for taking a life. There were no witnesses for the defence. The possibility that Bruce could be of unstable mental condition was not explored. There was no mention that he was drunk or stoned. No one tried to gauge whether he was a youth of strong willpower or whether he was easily persuaded. Furthermore, if media coverage is any indication, no one really cared.

"I have had the opportunity to consider representations made me by the solicitor acting for Mrs Roberts and her son. These representations seek the early release on licence of both persons. The release of prisoners on licence is a discretion vested in the Minister for Corrective Services, the Honorable W.H. Haigh, MP, and I am not able to intervene in that regard." (part of a letter from Attorney-General Frank Walker to M.J. Maher MP, acting on behalf of a person requesting the Roberts' release.)

Although Walker is understood to be privately sympathetic, his official words underscore the inherent problems faced by any government in a case like the Roberts'. After all, it's been deemed to be murder by a jury and described by a Supreme Court judge as a cowardly act. From a shot in the dark, the case now moves into the dim passage of political compromise. In realpolitik: what's in it for us?

Robyn Lansdowne, a solicitor acting out of the Redfern Legal Centre on behalf of the Roberts, wrote to Bill Haigh in July setting out five reasons for her clients to



Before discovering Australia the Dutch had already developed the art of making fine cigars.

Long before Abel Tasman discovered Australia in 1642, the Dutch were practising the art of producing and enjoying fine cigars.

Holland's seafaring explorers and traders — most of whom were employed by the Dutch East and West India Companies — had brought back fine tobacco leaf from their voyages to Cuba, Peru and Brazil.

The subsequent colonisation of the Dutch East Indies (known today as

Indonesia) led to the introduction of Sumatra Sand, an exceptionally fine tobacco highly prized for the outer wrapping of a cigar; and which can only be harvested once every four years.

On maturity, each leaf is separated into two halves and rolled into either a 'left hand' or 'right hand' cigar.

Today, the House of Ritmeester still blends Sumatra Sand leaves with others from Cuba, Brazil and Java to produce their

fine cigars. The pleasure of such quality is a discovery you can share with the Dutch the next time you enjoy a Ritmeester cigar.

Ritmeester — a discovery the Dutch would like to share with you.



PMC/117

be released on licence: her poor health, the delay in a vital parole report, Violet's attempted suicide, Walker's stand and the fact that in several recent cases, women and children who killed their husband or father who tormented them have been acquitted or received non-custodial sentences. As a matter of history, Haigh finally met Ms Lansdowne and various lobby groups, including Women Behind Bars, Feminist Legal Action Group and Christian Women Concerned. According to sources within those groups, Haigh started off with a hard line insisting the courts had made a decision and it wasn't up to him to reverse it. Later, he said he would refer it again to the Parole Board.

Of all the above reasons, perhaps the last is the most significant. It goes to the very heart of the matter and refers to two celebrated cases.

The first was a very well publicised case in Victoria in 1978, in which the mother and brother of the then reigning Miss Australia, Gloria Kroke, were acquitted of charges arising out of the homicide of Miss Kroke's father. The case received widespread media coverage and generated considerable public sympathy.

The second occurred in Sydney last year. In banner headlines the afternoon daily, *The Sun*, sold the Calleja story with the words "The Cruel Husband", "Four Women in Torment" and "Family Who Lived in Fear". The facts of the case bear a remarkable likeness to the Roberts'. The court was told Mrs Marcia Calleja and her three daughters endured "a living nightmare" for nearly 20 years.

Mr Calleja, it was alleged, threatened his wife at gunpoint and assaulted each of his three daughters, Marie, Julie and Suzanne. The abuse and torture continued until the night of January 26 when 16-year-old Marie put a .22 rifle to the head of her sleeping father and shot him.

Mrs Calleja and her daughters were charged with manslaughter and each entered a guilty plea. Justice Roden accepted their pleas, but freed them on \$100 good behavior bonds. The judge said he was satisfied each woman was subjected by the dead man to "fear, torture and torment" and jail would be totally inappropriate.

However, there are differences between the Calleja and Roberts' cases. First, Violet allowed Eric back into her home. Just a simple mistake, perhaps. Second, there is the question mark of David's will — it is possible to establish a motive based on material gain. Third, and most important, Marie Calleja admitted that she shot her father. There remains no mystery about it.

From Bill Haigh's viewpoint there is also another major consideration. In both the Kroke case and the Calleja case, it was the judicial system which showed sympathy and leniency.

We live in a system which purports to divide power: executive, legislative and judicial. So it boils down to this: can the government of the day run the risk of over-riding the courts?

Ms Lansdowne holds the opinion that in this case it would be not only a popular decision, but also consistent: "Bruce has now served three-quarters of his non-parole period. Peter Huxley, the millionaire embezzler described by the judge at his trial as a master criminal, was released from jail on licence in December, 1978, after serving three-quarters of his non-parole period — Why not Bruce and Violet?" (letter to the NSW Governor, Sir Roden Cutler, July 1980).

It's Bruce Roberts, in an unguarded moment, who expresses the core of the argument against early release: "There's some big men in here who write letters to the outside to get well known, and they see this kid getting all the attention."

"Even though
I don't get around
with a long face,
I'm still sorry
I killed
someone."

"But there's a lot of guys in the same situation. They reckon if I can get out, they've got a case themselves. They reckon the same could apply to unfaithful wives, girlfriends and their lovers."

His facial skin is taut, his eyes sunken. He is nervous almost to the point of exploding, and the words come out slowly in a harsh whisper: "I wouldn't have done it if I thought this was going to happen. I would rather have got a flat and lived somewhere in Sydney in poverty conditions, on the dole."

"At the time it didn't seem right. We had the house there, property and friends. We just couldn't leave that. I guess now we would. Even living in poverty somewhere, we'd still have our freedom."

Bruce is a very earnest young man. He apportions blame unselfishly, carrying an enormous burden of guilt: "Even though I don't get around with a long face, I'm still sorry I killed someone. I just don't like the thought I killed my father."

His older brother Keith speaks from a small room behind the Post Office in Pacific Palms: "My mother would quite

often say, in a depressed state, 'it would be worth it to serve a life sentence just to have him out of my life'."

"So you think it possible she could have asked Bruce to shoot him?"

"Yes."

"Or manipulated him to do so?"

"Yes."

"And how would you describe Bruce?"

"He's very easily encouraged and intimidated... certainly not a strong-willed person at all. I think he has to find himself. Let's face it, all adolescents must grow up and leave home. You can't hang on to your mother's apron strings all your life."

The memory of that conversation prompts a question and Bruce, for the first time, shows animation: "Oh, me mum, she's doing it really tough. She's religious and there's always heavies out there (Silverwater) who say aloud so she can hear, 'What's Jesus going to do, he can't fuck you?' and they walk around with their arms about each other, touching each other up."

"That's no situation for me mum to be in. All I want to do when we get out is take her on a bus trip around Australia."

For Bruce, there has been no object of love other than his mother. From his earliest memory he has seen life divided sharply into good and evil.

Look at a letter written to Ian Leslie of the 60 Minutes program: "From what I can gather, by Haigh blankly refusing to let us out after the terrible injustice being aired by 60 Minutes and other people, he can only be saying the program fabricated the story of our plight, and that me and mum sat back and made up lies. Haigh is saying it must be lies, otherwise he is inhumane."

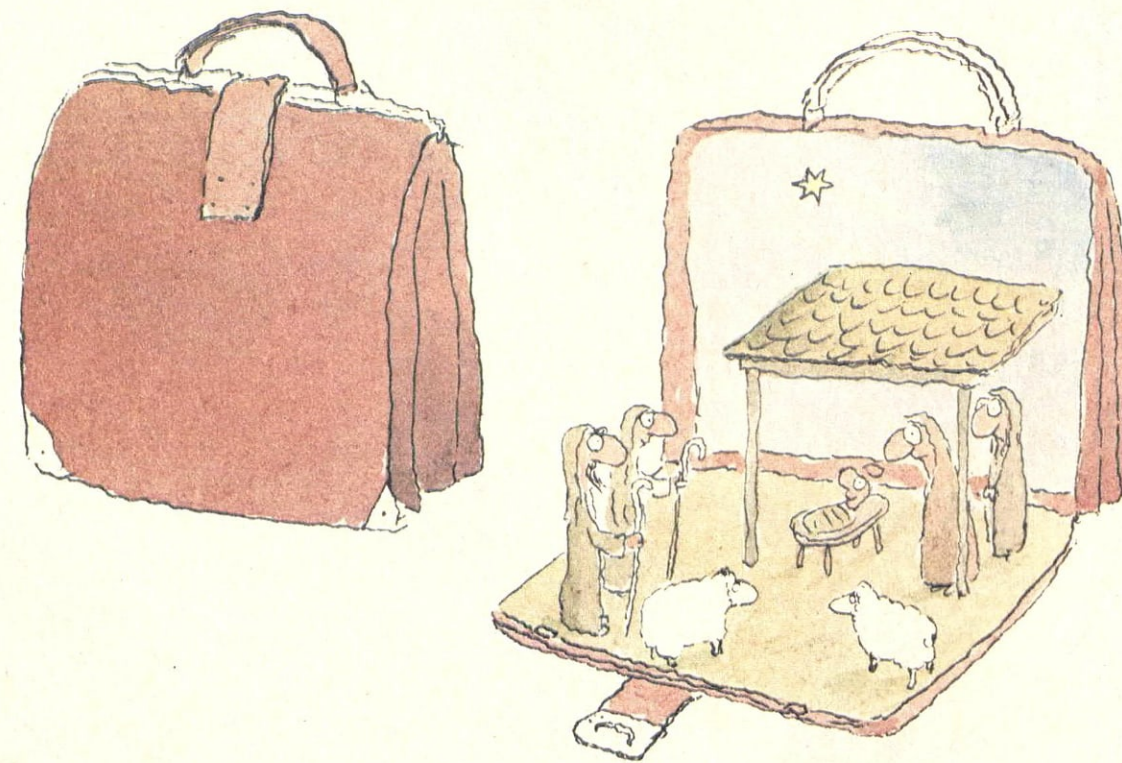
After he leaves me, Bruce will return to his cell. He lives there by himself, exercising the right of any inmate serving longer than five years. He has his books and his music and his moods will alternate between elation and depression: "They just can't knock us back this time... the climate is just perfect for them to give in. You can equate it to a space launch, where the air, the clouds, the moon, the temperature, the 'window', the humidity and all the rest are only perfect on the day of launching." (To the Release Violet and Bruce Roberts Campaign, August 1980.)

He shows me the letter: "I wrote this, now I just wish they'd make up their minds once and for all. Me mum can't take it. Now we're supposed to be out before Christmas. The public just don't care, do they? They forget."

The ghost of his father might keep him behind bars, but emotional ghosts also cage him: "Never had much time for a girlfriend, you know, having sex every night. I guess I've been turned off sex. From what I've read about it, I've got no time for it. Anyway, I've got into religion and I'm not married yet, so that would be fornication." —

What do you give the man who has everything?
How about an electric duck prodder?

Leunig's Christmas Gifts



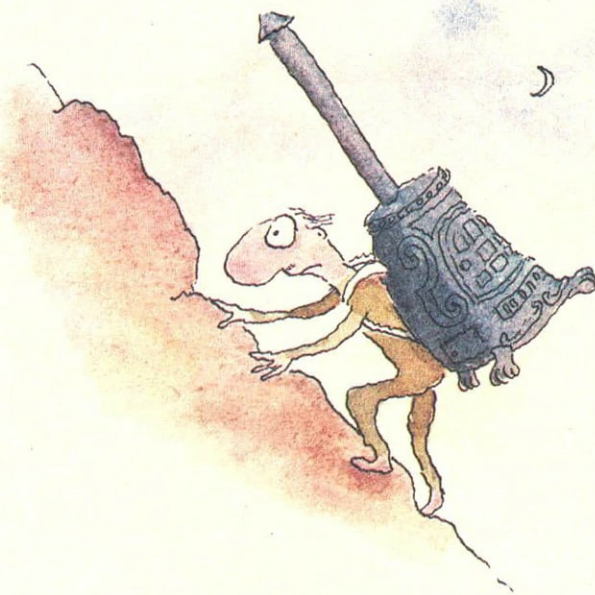
Brief Case Nativity Scene

On the outside it's a smart, no-nonsense executive brief case.

On the inside it's a hauntingly beautiful nativity scene. For the man who has almost everything.

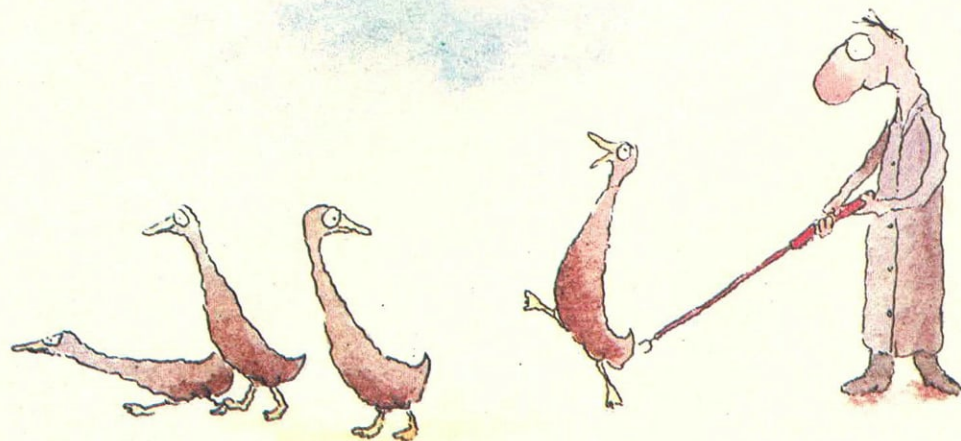
COLONIAL CAST IRON POT BELLY RUCKSACK

Ideal for outdoor types this rugged unit comes with quartz alarm and digital stopwatch built into the flue.



MARTIAL ARTS AID

This beautifully finished tyre lever comes from "Handicrafts of Detroit". Ward off that bully with this traditional self defence aid.



ELECTRIC DUCK PROD.

SHIFT THAT STUBBORN DUCK!
BATTERIES AND TRANSFORMER IN HANDLE POWER THIS HANDY DEVICE WHICH WILL PAY FOR ITSELF OVER and over.



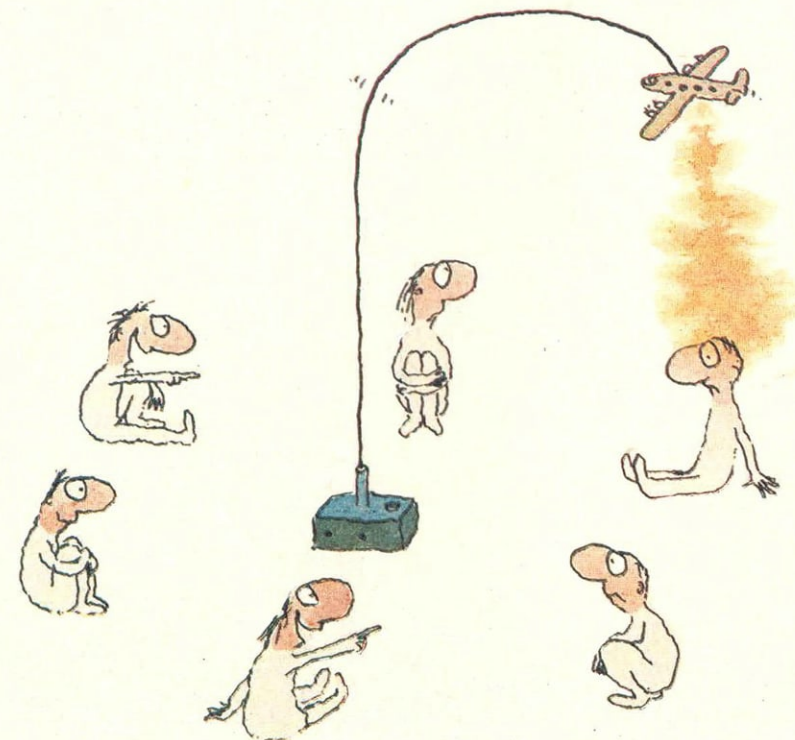
Biro Eating Plant.

This amazing plant from Brazil actually devours old Birus and felt tip pens. A practical novelty for den or office.



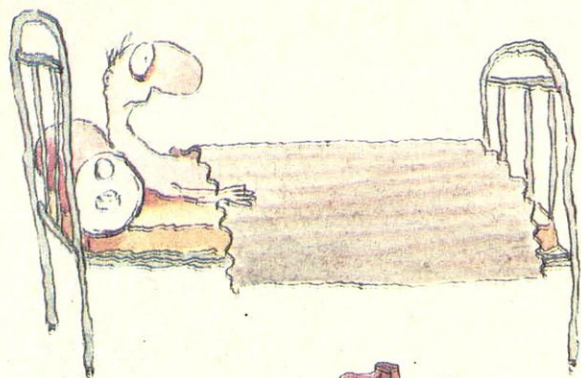
UNDIE ZEST.

Restore those tired sagging underpants. Soak overnight in this amazing new Scottish formula. and hey presto! next morning undies are revitalised, firm and born again.



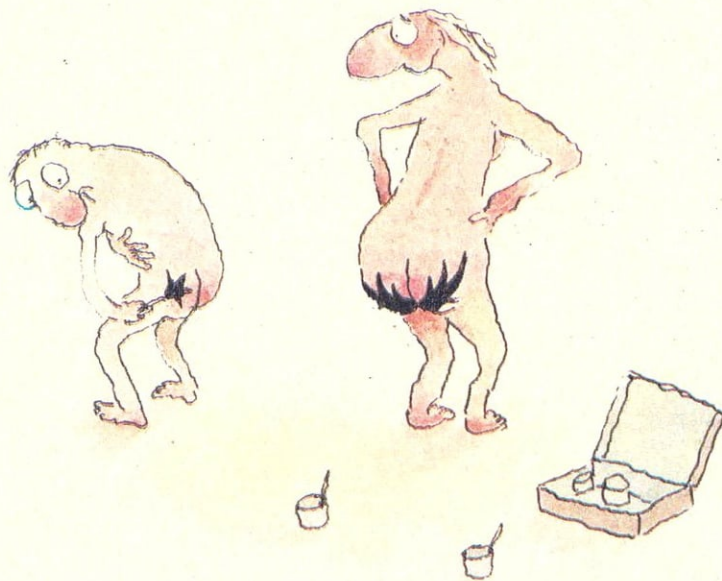
Chemical Warfare, Agent Orange Game

A miniature Hercules transport plane circles menacingly above the player. Where it will spray, no one can say. Thrills and spills.



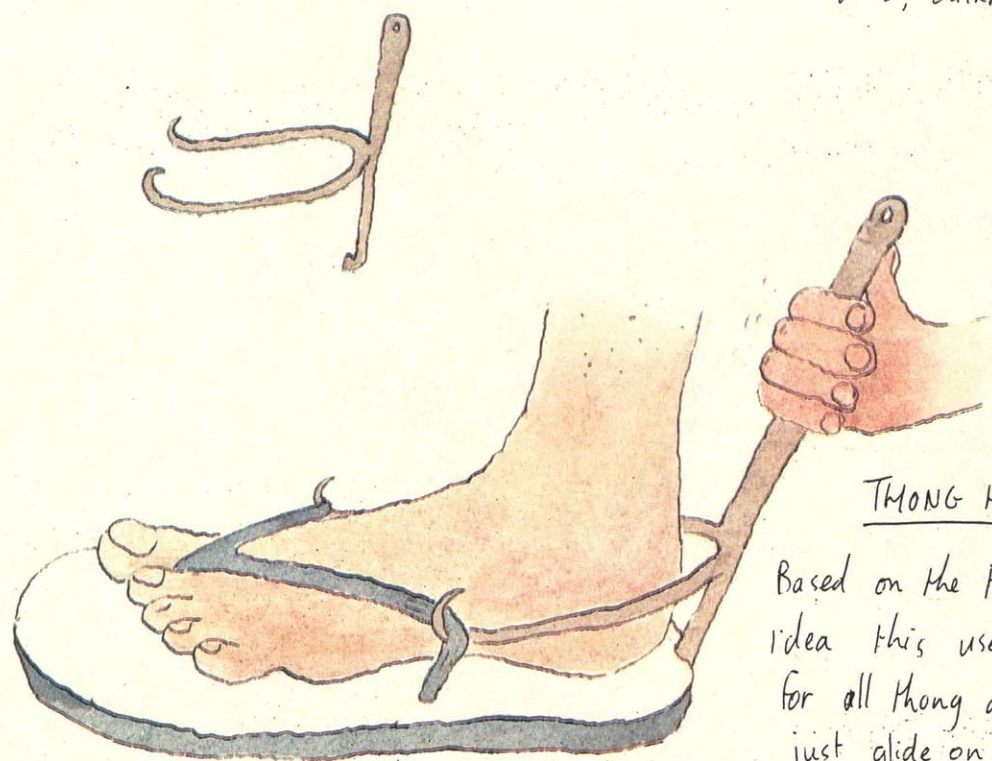
Corrugated Iron Doona

Also known as the Kalgoolie quilt, it comes in standard and queen size.



"Kiss" BUM MAKE-UP KIT

WILD, OUTRAGEOUS, SPECTACULAR.



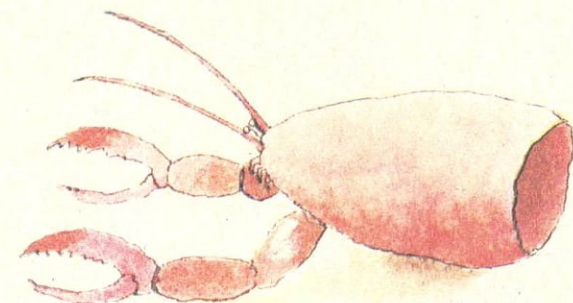
THONG HORN

Based on the traditional shoe horn idea this useful tool is a god send for all thong aficionados. Thongs just glide on... you'll be amazed.



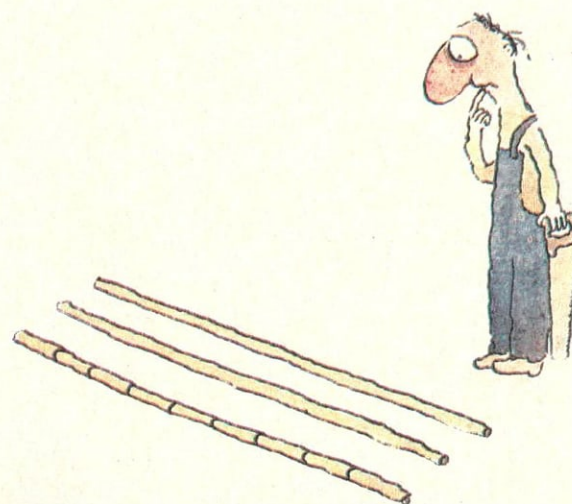
INFLATABLE PLASTIC HOSTAGE

INFLATE IT, TIE IT UP, THREATEN IT, TELL IT ABOUT YOUR OPPRESSORS THEN PUSH IT TO FREEDOM OUT THE WINDOW. DEFINITELY THERAPEUTIC.



"The Bush Tickler" ... SEX AID

Yes, it looks like the head of a yabbie and that's what it is. Complete with claws and feelers this grand old favorite from the Victorian Mallee district is now available to the whole world in durable teflon.



BUILD-IT-YOURSELF, NINE RUNG LADDER KIT.

It looks like three poles but this stunningly simple kit is really a potential ladder. Cut the marked pole where indicated and VOILA! Nine rungs!



CANE TRACK SUIT

This sleek little wicker work number is designed for the tropical jogger.



Illustration by Nicholas Harding

A rare bird in foreign hands
is worth at least
20 in the Australian bush.

The Cockatoo Connection

BY CHRIS PRITCHARD

Patience was the key. Hour after hour, the man they called the Teacher would sit with a student perched in front of him. Each of a succession of several hundred students was painstakingly taught to say "83 Main Street, Auckland". By the time the ship was due to sail from Sydney, every one of 300 rare Australian parrots had been perfectly tutored in saying the address that was crucial to the success of the operation.

A few hundred yards off the New Zealand coast, the birds were liberated into a North Island dawn. Little old ladies and school kids found them and, after hearing the oft-repeated "83 Main Street, Auckland" address, took the brightly-colored talkers there.

A smiling, soft-spoken old man opened the door. Claiming to be overjoyed to see his beloved pet Pretty Boy again, he would sometimes give the finders a few bucks for their trouble. Some birds were lost, of course, but within 10 days 70 percent had been returned to the address — and the gang was able to move on to the next step in its exercise: exporting them legally to the United States as birds that had been bred in New Zealand. This was easily done with the co-operation of a local aviary owner.

Okay, okay, okay.

The address isn't genuine — and, in fact, the whole story is a fabrication. But Auckland Collector of Customs, Les Wyatt, tells it to make his point: bird smugglers are a highly original breed. New techniques to smuggle Australian birds successfully are constantly being developed. An Australian Customs investigator agrees. "In their methods they are far more original and devious than professional drug smugglers," he declares. "If the drug smugglers were as inventive as bird smugglers we'd have a far more serious narcotics problem."

To understand about bird smuggling it helps to know about horses. And men like the Jockey and the Dutchman. Where do you find a bird smuggler when he's not cramming valuable birds into confined spaces? Down at the track. What's the Sydney bird smuggler's favorite suburb? Randwick, preferably close to the racecourse. The same pattern is true

throughout Australia, New Zealand and also in those parts of Asia where shady Antipodeans gather to blow their dough for months on end until they have nothing left except a ticket home.

It's worth laying to rest the major myth about bird smuggling, which is that the aircraft that leave Australia stacked with rare birds come back into this country loaded with drugs. This theory has been pushed by writers who, in the manner of profit-conscious airline executives, have appeared worried about empty planes returning to Australia. Solution: assume they're filled with drugs.

But, if you try to find any basis for this assumption you'll be wasting your time. The two rackets are separate. Police and Customs investigators in Australia and New Zealand have no evidence of a link between the two.

Successful and prolonged involvement at the top end of the drugs business brings personal wealth, big houses, front companies, international laundering and the like. For the people at the pinnacle of bird smuggling in Australia this just isn't true. Millions of dollars are involved in the business — but the big bucks are overseas. Here, at the source, things are different.

Take the Jockey, for example. Actually, he's not a jockey anymore but much of his reason for living has to do with the track. The Jockey, to emphasise the point, is no dumb courier. Couriers get caught. He's a Mr Big, a planner and organiser. He puts it all together. On a big operation he may make \$20,000. You're likely to find the Jockey living it up in major international hotels, lashing out on room service, flush with funds to impress the ladies round the pool, seemingly the typical big-noting businessman as he orders drinks for everyone and tips lavishly in the bar.

A couple of months later, should you run into the Jockey again, things may still be looking good.

On the other hand, he could be crashing on a mattress in a sparsely-furnished Randwick pad.

Life, for the Jockey, has its ups and downs. It's a game of chance. If you pocket \$20,000 for a load of birds you may quadruple it at the track. You may lose the lot, give a few thousand to your mates, spend it on broads.

The authorities know the Jockey. They know, too, that it's not the Jockey who ends up in the cage. It's his couriers — or the luckless amateurs who are always horning in on the trade.

But the Jockey and those like him have the access, the contacts, the expertise to smuggle birds. It's become part of their lifestyle. And, over a few cold tinnies, they'll come up with elaborate new schemes for getting the winged creatures to men like the Dutchman.

The Dutchman is a multi-millionaire. If

you saw him in the lobby of Raffles Hotel in Singapore you would consider him just another businessman. He's nondescript-looking, given to wearing conservative suits and Panama hats. But the unobtrusive Dutchman runs the world's biggest dealership in smuggled birds. He deals in smuggled monkeys from Africa and Asia too, and will, if commissioned, acquire specific animals from particular countries. Birds, however, form the bulk of his business.

Unlike the Jockey, the Dutchman is a shrewd businessman who hangs on to his assets. He's based in Amsterdam, but there are millionaires like him elsewhere in Europe and in the United States, who have grown rich on the illegal export of Australian birds. There is a low-risk, high-profit operation.

The Dutchman makes regular trips to Indonesia, the Philippines, Singapore and Thailand to meet smugglers from Australia.

Golden-shouldered
Parrots fetch \$4500
to \$11,000 a pair
(their price in local
stores is about
\$1500 a pair).

lia. He strongly believes in leaving the risky part, getting the birds out of Australia, to others.

How much the Dutchman and others like him pay the Australians varies greatly.

They may hand over several hundred dollars a bird — or thousands. The well-known Australian suppliers can expect at least half what the Dutchman will receive when he resells them. But others, the novices, are ripped off.

A common scenario: an Australian amateur stuffs a suitcase full of birds, makes it to Singapore and, armed with a few telephone numbers, tries to sell them. Singapore agents of men like the Dutchman pretend not to be interested (sometimes they genuinely don't want the birds if the varieties are not currently sought after in this faddish industry) until the desperate newcomer to the business is happy to accept \$200 or less for his entire consignment.

But, between men such as the Jockey and the Dutchman — as well as among other regulars in the trade — there's a strong element of trust.

Removing the Dutchman would dry up much of the trade in Australian birds — but the only effective way to do this would be to dry up his source of supply. With Australia's vast coastline and with rapidly increasing numbers of people moving through our airports, authorities' chances of plugging all the holes are no better than the possibility of stopping all smuggled heroin from entering Australia.

Nevertheless, the Customs men manage to limit the trade by constantly hassling the smugglers, one of whom acknowledged to an investigator recently: "You're making things extremely tough for us."

A smugglers' price list obtained overseas by Australian Customs investigators and corroborated by other information, shows just how valuable the birds taken out of Australia are. Some of the prices that the birds fetch if they reach the United States (similar prices apply in Europe) are:

- Major Mitchells (or Pink Cockatoos): \$2800 a pair (purchase price in Australian pet stores is about \$250 a pair).
- Galahs: \$1250 a pair (some Australian stores sell them for as little as \$20 a pair).
- Sulphur-crested Cockatoos: \$1250 to \$3000 a pair (locally available in shops for about \$100 a pair).
- Golden-shouldered Parrots: \$4500 to \$11,000 a pair (price in local stores about \$1500 a pair).
- Northern Cockatoos: \$2400 a pair (local store price is \$800 a pair).
- Gang-gang Cockatoos: \$6000 a pair (shops in Australia have them for \$500 a pair).
- Naretha Blue Bonnets: \$7500 a pair (the Australian store price is around \$1500 a pair).

Other birds are not even available in the average Australian bird store. But they, too, are listed on the document. Among them are:

- Hooded Parrots: \$400 a pair. Cloncurry Parrots: \$400 a pair. Blue Princess Parrots: \$13,000 a pair. Lutino Princess Parrots: \$25,000 a pair. White-tailed Black Cockatoos: \$7500 a pair. Red-tailed Black Cockatoos: \$20,000 a pair. Yellow-tailed Black Cockatoos: \$15,000 a pair.

Customs investigators have discovered that the European price of Golden-shouldered Parrots is strictly controlled by a West German consortium. By ruling the European market in this particular type of bird, the consortium is able to set the price.

Outsiders commonly ask why there's a need to smuggle birds at all. Wouldn't it be easier to have a small stock of breeding pairs in Europe and the United States and build up supplies there?

The answer is that breeding on a limited scale is done — but that new bloodlines are always much in demand



"The kids of today just don't want that kind of stuff anymore, Charlie!"

from collectors. A sign in the pet section of a major Amsterdam department store, above a display of parrots, says "New Australian Blood".

Some of the birds are difficult to breed in captivity — and are slow breeders as well. The sought-after Golden-shouldered Parrot, for example, builds its nest in big anthills in Queensland and the Northern Territory. The warmth emitted by the vast ant population — which doesn't bother the birds or their eggs — has been duplicated in captivity. But fake, electrically heated anthills don't impress the birds, which frequently fail to breed.

Other high-priced birds — Black Cockatoos, for example — lay only one or two eggs. It would be a slow business to build up stocks in captivity and in-breeding would lower the quality.

So there will always be work for the guys who hang out at the Copper Kettle Bar in Singapore, a motley bunch of rat-bag Aussie expatriates, either broke or with plenty of cash, downing ice-cold Tiger Beer and talking horses and birds.

While the Asian Connection is most important, the New Zealand Connection is by no means overlooked in law enforcement circles. Australia's own Sicily has, for example, spawned successful drug smuggling rings. Trans-Tasman talent has never been reluctant to make an illegal million in Australia. They may not have the style of the Italian Mafia but New Zealand, which has adapted the *pasta* diet and has subsequently given the world the cold-canned-spaghetti-on-white-bread sandwich, has an underworld with a definite flair for spotting an opening in Australia.

Several independent bird smuggling groups operate out of New Zealand. But Customs men there say most of the significant activity can be traced back to one source, a Wellington criminal with interests in gambling and loan-sharking. There has, however, never been enough evidence to charge him.

Couriers tend to be paid \$500, plus first-class air fares usually to Sydney but occasionally to Melbourne or Brisbane.

After their arrival in Sydney, on a typical trip, New Zealand couriers meet local contacts and are given a consignment of birds — often at the airport, moments before their check-in at the departure desk.

Successfully smuggled birds are handed over after the courier arrives at a pre-arranged spot in Auckland, Christchurch or Wellington, at which time the remaining half or more of the courier's fee is paid. If couriers are arrested, after arriving back in New Zealand, their legal costs and fines (seldom exceeding \$200) are paid. If they are nabbed in Australia, the penalties are greater but are also paid by the smuggling syndicate.

The system works well. The couriers almost never blab and police and

Customs seldom get the chance to ask the top men about their business philosophies. The couriers pay their fines out of cash supplied — and disappear. Even in Australia, Customs men lament privately, the stiffest sentence is a \$1000 fine for a first offence. Second offenders can be given the same, plus six months in jail. But second offenders are rare because couriers usually do one trip only.

Birds are nowadays seldom caught in the wild for smuggling. Representatives of United States and European dealers, when they check the consignment of smuggled birds in Asia, know immediately whether a bird was captured or was born in captivity. Wild birds shy away from contact, cringing in the corners of their cages.

Wild birds are caught in Australia mostly to provide breeding stock. Smugglers normally buy their supplies from stores, markets and aviaries.

It became a
priority among bird
smugglers to reduce the
mortality rate and
so earn more money
more quickly.

In New Zealand, aviaries, believed to be in the pay of the racketeers, are a crucial part of the system. The smuggled Australian birds are almost always legally exported, mostly to the United States but occasionally to Europe — as New Zealand-bred Australian birds. This not only makes legitimate their exit from New Zealand but also facilitates the entry of the birds to the United States where the Lacey Act forbids the importation of birds if their export from their country of origin is forbidden.

If it can be claimed successfully that the bird, even though of a restricted variety, was bred elsewhere, there's no problem. New Zealand authorities say it has been impossible to prove anything against the aviaries they know are involved and blame strained manpower resources.

Thought not a popular method, smugglers sometimes resort — in attempts to find larger numbers of rare birds — to hunting for their prey. Queensland wildlife rangers recently put a stop to the activities of a gang that had been poaching protected birds near the Queensland and

Northern Territory border. According to National Parks and Wildlife Service Acting Chief Management Officer, Gordon Wilkinson, rare parrots as well as other protected birds were the target.

Birds smuggled out of Australia are often drugged to keep them quiet. Brandy and cough medicines have been used but Valium has become popular. Several years ago Luminol was the most popular drug but many birds were overdosed and died en route. Finally, the Dutchman sent an aide to Australia specifically to instruct local smugglers how — and how much — to inject the drug. Nevertheless, Luminol went out of vogue.

Increasingly sophisticated smugglers are now sometimes not drugging birds at all, relying solely on a totally dark, confined environment to keep them silent. The birds are also not often packed as tightly as they formerly were. As a result, fewer die. Some smugglers lost as many as 60 percent of their birds through death in transit a few years ago. Now the figure is believed to be closer to 10 percent. Though a 60 percent loss still made the trip overseas profitable, it became a priority among smugglers to reduce the mortality rate and so earn more money more quickly.

The main Asian bases used by the smugglers — Singapore, Bangkok, Manila and Jakarta — are used as transit points for the transfer of the birds from the couriers to a dealer's representative who supervises their recuperation and arranges onward travel to Europe or the United States (a few birds are locally sold to wealthy Asian collectors). The birds frequently leave Asia legitimately and are claimed to be locally-bred.

Authorities in Asian nations have not shown themselves interested in checking the authenticity of the dealers' claims. If there's a problem it's an Australian one, they apparently believe. There have been suggestions, too, of corruption in some instances — of bribes to officials in Asia to turn a blind eye to the entry or exit of birds.

European nations have more relaxed attitudes than the United States to the entry of birds, with little concern or restriction demonstrated either in The Netherlands or in West Germany, the two most important European markets. (From these two countries, after satisfying the large local demand, dealers ship birds to other European countries, including Britain and France where demand is smaller.) Where a problem with officialdom is envisaged — in Asia, Europe or North America — it has sometimes, according to Australian Customs sources, been circumvented by the use of forged documents which purportedly give Australian Customs authorisation for the birds to leave Australia or which, for United States inspectors, declare cargoes of protected birds to be different

and unprotected varieties (and, so, not restricted in terms of the Lacey Act). Bogus documents, tailor-made to fit specific local requirements, are also used to speed the trans-shipment of birds through Asian centres, on the rare occasions when such papers are called for.

In the smugglers' and dealers' favor is the vast amount of paperwork that confronts Customs inspectors. Will the hard-pressed official in, say, Bangkok check whether an Australian document is genuine — or will he just rubber-stamp it? The obvious answer applies. And, in the United States, Customs officials admit they don't have the trained personnel to determine whether birds are, in fact, unprotected varieties as claimed. Even in an ideal situation, to have such people at every point of entry would be far beyond the realm of possibility.

One Asian trans-shipment centre that differs from others discussed so far is the Indonesian province of Irian Jaya. Authorities in Australia are aware of its use by smugglers of bulk cargoes of birds by yacht and light aircraft.

This Indonesian backwater is conveniently close to Australia and out of the public eye. A source with excellent access to official information on bird smuggling suggests it would be impossible for bird smugglers to operate in Irian Jaya without the help, presumably paid, of local officials.

When smugglers are caught, the originality of their methods becomes apparent. Authorities have no way of knowing what the Australian bird smuggling industry is worth. Figures of \$10 million or even \$50 million a year are plucked out of the air with no real back-up.

Couriers arrested in New Zealand have demonstrated extremely innovative techniques, Auckland Deputy Collector of Customs, Mike Howley, acknowledges. "In a sense you have to admire their planning," he says. Among the methods used are these:

- A South Pacific cruise passenger, who boarded a ship at Sydney, came ashore at Auckland wearing a heavy overcoat. Customs inspectors called him aside and found the inside of the coat covered with hanging nylon stockings. Each of the stockings was filled with parrots, drugged and packed on top of each other. Customs men won't say whether they were tipped off that the man's single cabin had been filled with packages of birds but they admit that most of their information comes from "canaries" who are willing to sing about the operation.

- The young man who walked briskly to the Customs line-up at Wellington Airport asked an officer to speed him through. "My wife's about to give birth to our first baby," he panted. "I've just rushed back from Sydney to be with her." Fair enough, the Customs man figured. Then, almost as an afterthought, he said

"I'll just take a quick look inside that radio if you don't mind, sir." The table radio was larger than most pieces of hand luggage. Inside, drugged finches were packed, about 60 in all.

- A shoulder bag slung over his arm, a young man strolled casually to the toilets before reaching the Customs counters, also in Wellington. Waiting until he had the facility to himself, he opened an unlocked cupboard under the wash-basins. He left his shoulder bag in the cupboard and grabbed an identical one filled with worn clothes. A cleaner who was part of the gang later retrieved the bag, containing a couple of large rare birds, from the cupboard and slipped it out of the airport.

- A traveller's suitcase, unclaimed by a courier who was presumed to have been too frightened to pick it off the carousel, was found to be filled with cockatoos. Each was drugged and tightly

Several tennis
ball cannisters in
a passenger's bags
were found to contain
small parrots rather
than tennis balls.

wrapped in rolled-up wire netting. About half were found to be dead when the tightly packed suitcase was emptied. Greedy gang members had evidently packed too many birds in the suitcase.

- Several tennis ball cannisters in a passenger's bags were found to contain small parrots rather than tennis balls.

- Ships travelling between Australia and New Zealand are often found to have empty cages, littered with parrot feathers, on board. No one on board ever admits ownership. Faced with a search, crewmen inevitably free the birds, and escape prosecution.

Mike Howley says informers may be people involved with the gang who bear some grudge against other members — or else uninvolved people to whom the courier has boasted of his involvement and who, for some private reason, want to get the courier into trouble. "We'd be a lot worse off without the informers," Auckland Collector of Customs, Les Wyatt, says candidly. "But we don't like to talk about them too much. Informers are an aspect we keep pretty much to ourselves."

At Australian airports, before baggage is loaded on to departing aircraft and after it leaves public view behind the departure desk, Customs inspectors make spot checks for unauthorised exports.

A suitcase that's warm to the touch is suspect. Birds generate plenty of heat from within their portable prisons. This has sometimes been the giveaway. But sharp smugglers put packs of coolant (the kind you put in your freezer for a few hours and which will then keep cool for a day) in the suitcases to keep the birds and the baggage cool.

Weight used to be a good pointer to suspect baggage. Why would a big suitcase weigh so little? But the smugglers grew wise to this and now there is quite a substantial traffic in Sydney and Melbourne telephone directories travelling to Asia to add weight to suitcases carrying birds. (There's normally no problem at the other end. Tourist bags are seldom opened and sources in Asia say that, where a difficulty is expected, it can be avoided by planning the arrival for a time when bribed officials are on duty to speed the bag through unopened.)

"We have to catch them at this end," an Australian Customs officer says. "It's that simple. Once the birds have flown, to coin a phrase, there's nothing we can do."

The smugglers quickly become alert to Customs methods. When they heard that inspectors were concentrating on suitcases with hard exteriors (usually cheap, battered baggage picked up in pawn shops or charity stores) they switched recently to soft vinyl baggage, packing clothes at the top and bottom. Pieces of board are placed under clothes to protect the birds from being crushed.

The smuggling methods detected in Australia display extremely detailed planning and originality. There was the airline steward who smuggled birds aboard a Boeing 747 in Melbourne. The flight stopped in Sydney before continuing to Asia. Sydney Customs men had been informed that he had the birds. But where? Finally, they were found concealed behind a panel in a lavatory on the jumbo jet.

On the subject of airlines, it is worth noting that Qantas is the smugglers' favorite for two reasons: its excellent on-time record means more birds arrive alive and its all-747 fleet allows birds to be checked-in as stowed baggage rather than carried in hand luggage because all the cargo holds are pressurised. Airlines flying Boeing 707 aircraft are studiously avoided because only the No. 1 hold is pressurised and there's no guarantee bags will be placed there.

Some smugglers want it both ways. They bring birds into Australia as well as take them out. Consider the case of Singapore's Mr Wee. He's still a bird dealer in his home country. Rather than use couriers, he did the job himself. He

brought in 436 finches and 30 turtles concealed in, among other places, empty cigarette cartons. Christopher Wee was an ace at thinking up hiding places. The boxes in his baggage that looked as if they each contained a bottle of Johnny Walker Scotch in fact contained nothing more than the sawn-off top portion of the bottles, beneath which drugged finches were hidden.

He planned to deliver the foreign birds and fly out with Australian birds. Instead, he received the minor inconvenience of a \$1000 fine.

Customs officers say incoming birds are less than five percent of their problem. But they recall the hold-my-coat routine used by one man who brought birds into Sydney. Fearing his coat might be examined, he casually said "Hold my coat" to the stranger in front of him in the Customs line. The man obliged, thinking his fellow passenger just had too much to carry. The officer, who saw what happened, wasn't fooled. He grabbed the coat — and discovered birds stuffed into special pockets in the lining.

The smugglers come in two categories. There are those who scoop up anything that can fly — so long as it's in demand at the other end — and will often deliver a suitcase of galahs, which are unprotected and so common that farmers shoot them, to a courier at the airport who is waiting for his assignment. And there are the selective smugglers for whom one or two birds are enough — Red-tailed Black Cockatoos, for instance.

In one such case, the courier was equipped with a specially adapted shoulder bag to take into the cabin with him. Four birds were concealed in a compartment in the bag, beneath a false bottom two-thirds of the way down. Throughout the flight the courier could check that his valuable cargo was in good health by taking the bag with him whenever he went to the lavatory. There, using a pocket flashlight, he peered at the birds through a small hole in the false bottom of the bag. The flash of light did not disturb the undrugged birds in their dark compartment. (Techniques such as this are tried before being put into practice.)

A group of alleged smugglers is said to operate out of Pine Gap, the top-secret United States tracking installation in the Northern Territory. In a departure from the norm it has been alleged to be linked with a flow of drugs into Australia on board military transport aircraft that are exempt from Customs inspection. The results of an internal probe of the allegations have been kept under wraps.

The height of smugglers' technology, so far detected, has been a simple but effective home-made air conditioning unit packed in a suitcase with the smuggled birds. Powered by a six-volt Eveready lantern battery, a motor turned a propeller which blew air over a leak-proof

bag of ice. The suitcase was lined with fibre-glass insulation material, aimed at ensuring that none of the birds died from heat exhaustion during the flight.

When Customs men opened the suitcase they found the device was working perfectly — and a Swiss national named Peter Juchli, resident in Australia, was fined \$1000 for the crime. Fourteen parrots had shared the battered brown suitcase with the air conditioning unit.

In another case, a plastic lunch box filled with dry ice kept the birds cool in a suitcase. A pipe led from the container to a dummy stud at the bottom of the suitcase, from which fumes could escape.

A smuggler named Robert Craig planned to send two pairs of Naretha Blue Bonnets and two pairs of Cloncurry Parrots in two crates labelled "personal effects". Small boxes containing the birds were inside two larger crates, which were partly filled with styrofoam balls.

The growing demand for exotic pets means rare, threatened varieties are faced with extinction.

A seemingly direct answer to a question alerted an Australian Customs investigator to the presence of birds in the two crates. "What's in those crates?" the investigator asked. The shipper answered nervously: "Kangaroo skins."

"You'll need a permit for those," said the investigator. By now the man was shaking visibly. "Oh, I'll pick one up at Randwick," he replied.

The Customs investigator remembers that "when he mentioned Randwick, red lights flashed in my mind. I thought 'Why would he say Randwick? Why was that the first name that came into his head?' I knew that many of the smugglers hang out there. I had the crates opened — and they contained birds."

The close links between the racetrack fraternity and bird smuggling was demonstrated when US Customs found birds had been hidden on a charter flight to transport horses to the United States from Australia. One of the Australians involved subsequently gave his occupation to a bankruptcy court as importing and exporting birds. "He said it as if it were a legitimate business," a Customs in-

vestigator says. "He didn't bother to mention his business was against the law!"

A new development in smuggling has been the taking of fertile eggs out of the country. But this has died down. Too many smugglers were sold bad eggs — or found the sensitive aspect of incubation impossible to surmount.

Among the tens of thousands of radios and tape recorders carried by airline passengers a few are stuffed with birds. And, among the passengers, a few are picking up \$500 for a trip to take Australian birds to New Zealand or \$1000 for a similar trip to Asia. Investigators are well aware that many of them successfully evade detection. Their mission is to make smuggling as difficult as possible in the hope of reducing the numbers of birds taken out of the country illegally.

The growing demand for exotic pets in the United States, Europe and Asia means rare, threatened Australian varieties are faced with even gloomier prospects of extinction. More and more varieties of Australian native birds will in future years become endangered unless smuggling is made more difficult. The galah is still so common it's regarded in Australia as a pest by farmers — but for how long? A Customs official observes that people, when asked why they didn't report bird smuggling operations they knew about, often say "But they were just birds — what harm was there?"

Besides the threat of extinction facing some varieties, groups such as the RSPCA worry about the cruelty of packing the birds in suitcases, frequently subjecting them to extreme heat and thirst — all to satisfy the demands of the wealthy.

Singer Barbra Streisand has a home filled with exotic parrots which fly from room to room in her palatial dwelling. Her house guests have complained about the aerial bombardment. There are many like her, attracted by the unusual nature of the pet — and the high price tag.

To satisfy the demand for birds, new smuggling refinements are constantly being developed. An Australian smuggler took PVC water pipes, drilled holes in the sides, put covers at each end — and his method has become an almost standard *modus operandi* for many less innovative smugglers. The piping is cut into sections. A bird, sometimes drugged is then pushed into the piping. After the birds have been placed in their individual pieces of piping, which keeps them totally restrained, they are packed in suitcases. Formerly, wire netting allowed birds to injure each other as they struggled, with beaks poking through the netting, when the effects of drugs wore off.

Profit-conscious smugglers simply took a little time to beat a problem so as to cater most effectively to an increasing call for Australian birds to be captive parts of foreign interior-decorating schemes. 



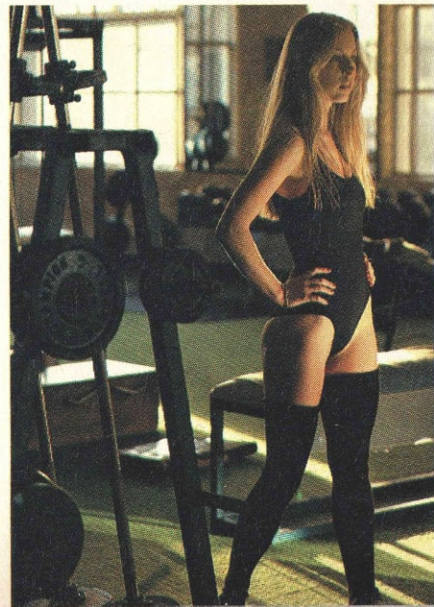
Everyone has something interesting to say if you take the time to listen.

KIM

BODY BEAUTIFUL

I'm a very physical person," says Pet of the Month Kim McWhinney of Sydney, "and I like to keep in shape." And what a shape! Our honey blonde's 34-21-33 figure gets a work-out every day at the City Health & Fitness Centre, and in her spare time Kim teaches physical fitness at her local community centre. "I also try to co-ordinate my diet with my exercises," says Kim, "and I'm almost a vegetarian, but I do have a weakness for chocolate. A girl's got to have some vices!"

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALTER GLOVER





Kim's job is in customer relations for a big company and she enjoys meeting the public. "I like to meet people," our Pet says. "Everyone has something interesting to say if you take the time to listen. But if I could choose any career, I think I would pick modelling. I know I certainly have the stamina for it, and I would enjoy the moving around — new places, new faces."







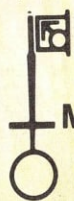
An easy-going Capricorn, 22-year-old Kim admits to being sentimental and romantic. "And I'm easy to buy a present for," she says, "because I just adore gold and diamond jewellery. I know that's an expensive habit, but I do like the finer things in life — like European men! I've found that they have an abundance of finesse and charm and really know how to treat a lady. And every girl wants to be put up on a pedestal . . . sometimes."



Kim really enjoyed having her photograph taken for *Penthouse*. "Every minute was great and I was totally relaxed. Some of the pictures were taken at my parents' waterfront home." We asked her why she posed, and

our petite Pet answered: "You're only young once, and if you've got it, show it. I was also happy because my boyfriend and my parents backed me up, and even my Panda thought it was a good idea!" So do we! 

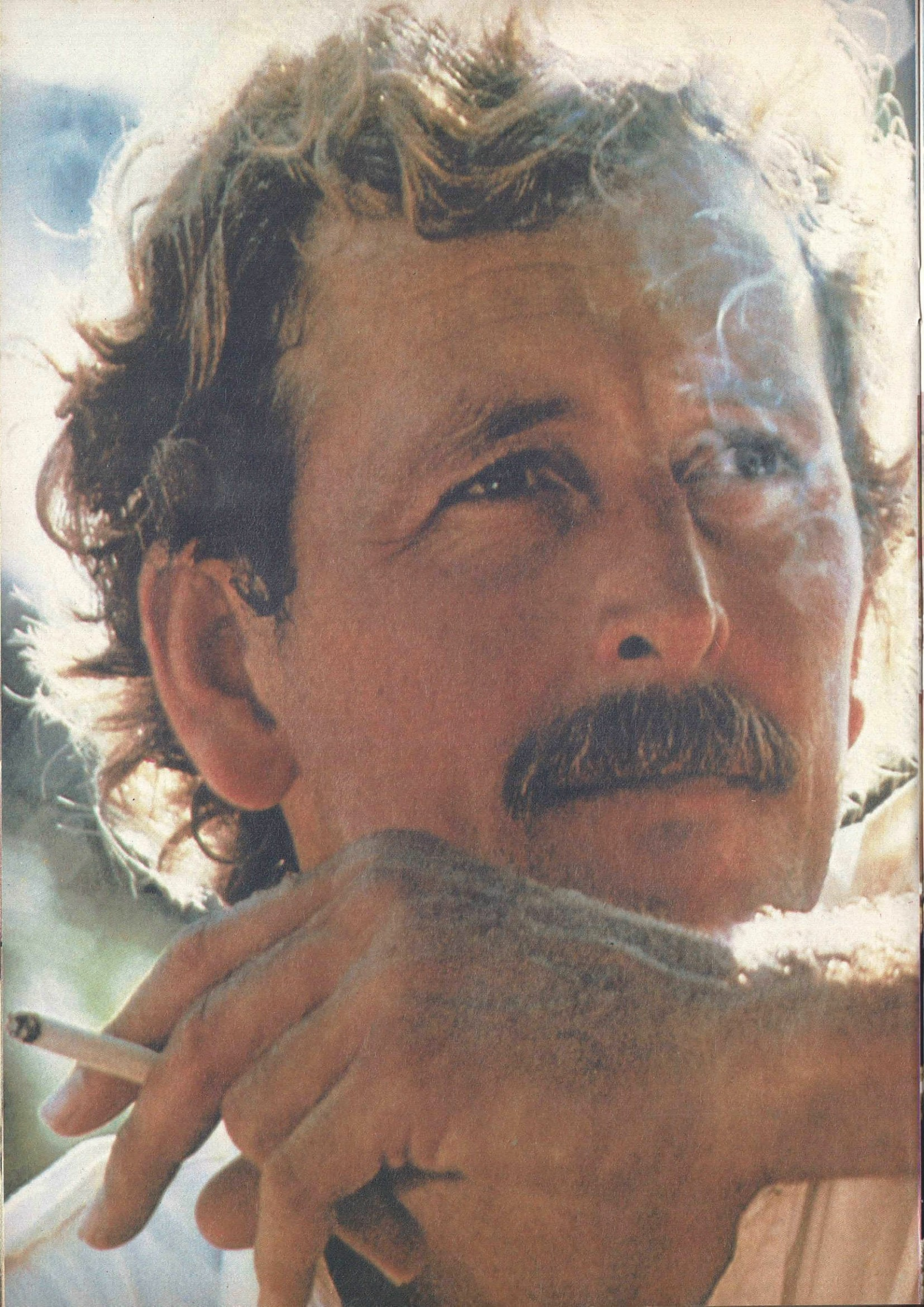




MISS KIM McWHINNEY / PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



Camel Filters. One of a kind.



©1980 R.J. Reynolds Tobacco (Aust.) Pty. Ltd. CC433/80 RUP1238

Not available in South Australia and Western Australia.



With the best of intentions, Actors Equity may be signing death warrants for our film producers and entrepreneurs.

PROTECTING THE ENTERTAINMENT INDUSTRY

BY CAMERON MACKAY

The thing about Englishman Ian (Sludge) Lees was that by no stretch of the imagination was he one of your great comics. For a start he had a pretty limited repertoire: he told nothing but jokes about farting. He had jokes about fat women farting, people farting under water, farting as it related to just about every aspect of life. He claimed to have built up the world's biggest selection of farting jokes.

When Sludge stood up in a Sydney club on Mother's Day this year and began reeling off his farting jokes, the mums were not over impressed. During a break in his act the club management approached Sludge and asked him if he could crack a few jokes about another subject. Sludge explained the monolithic nature of his art — it was farting or nothing.

The act was cut short and Sludge waited for the following Thursday when he would appear at the Manly Amateur Fishermen's Club and could tell all the farting jokes he liked. But fate intervened and Sludge never appeared at the fishermen's club. He was more or less bundled off back to England after only two weeks of what had been meant to be a four-week tour.

The hapless Sludge had become a cause celebre in a growing battle between the Actors and Announcers Equity Association of Australia and the various people who import overseas artists into Australia to do everything from appearing at a local club to starring in an Australian-made film costing millions of dollars.

In Sludge's case, Equity objected to the fact that he was the only act at the fishermen's club on the Thursday night. Not only was he replacing an Australian act which normally filled the Thursday spot, but he should have had three Australian acts with him.

When the Ross Rowland Agency imported Sludge Lees from London it agreed to abide by Equity's requirements for overseas artists. These insist that in a club three Australian acts support every import. The agency had also failed to notify either Equity or the Immigration Department that Sludge would be appearing at the Manly club as

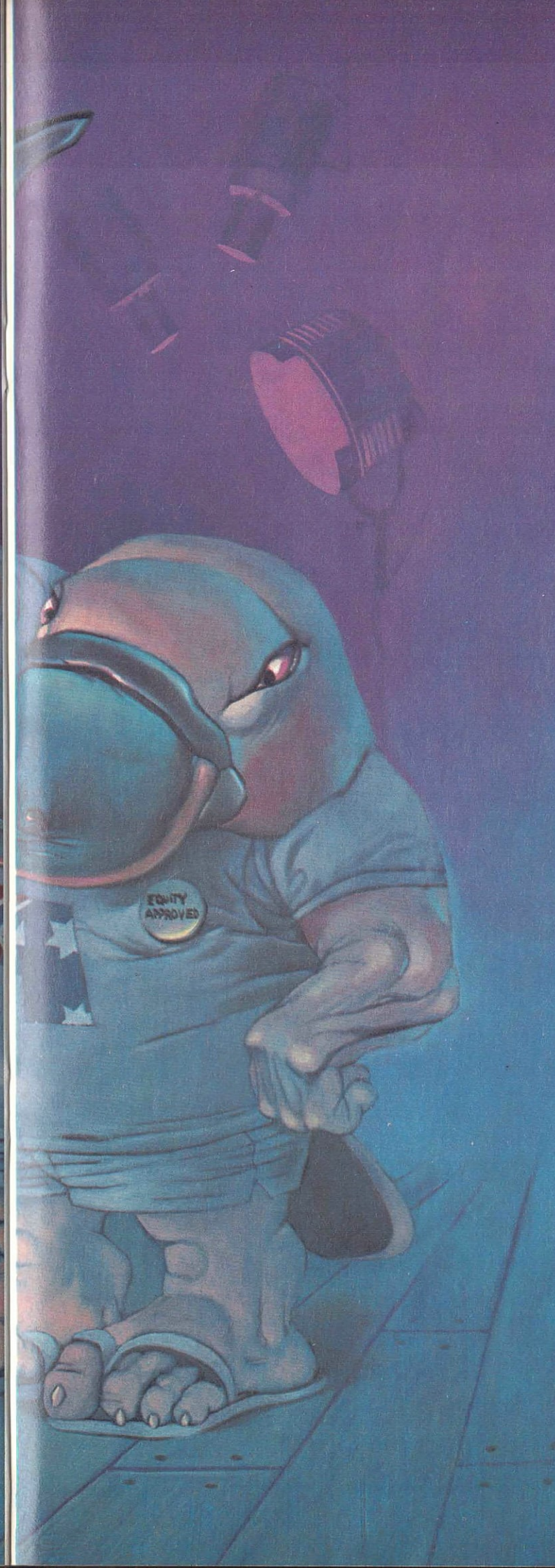


Illustration by Time Winds

required by law. This oversight was quickly corrected by the agency with a letter giving a supplementary list of engagements to the Immigration Department. This letter satisfied the law, but Equity still insisted that three Australian acts should appear with Sludge.

Ross Rowland, who owns the agency, said the club was not big enough to afford three supports. Equity said that without the supports its members would picket the club. Ross Rowland decided to cut his losses, withdrew Sludge from the club and sent him home.

The fuss with Sludge Lees was almost comic relief to the broader effect of Equity's assumption that it has the power to say whether any foreign artist or actor has the right to work in the country. People such as actor Jack Thompson, film producer Tony Ginnane and film director Peter Weir say that through its stand Equity is threatening the basis of the Australian film industry which is growing from a development period, where it made its childish mistakes and found its feet and sense of direction, to a viable industry that can take its place on the international scene.

For its part, Equity says that by forcing restrictions on overseas artists working here it is not only protecting the jobs of Australians, but is forcing Australian films to be what writer Bob Ellis calls culturally exact. This means that the films are ethnic Australian films reflecting Australian values.

Equity's restrictions are contained in what it calls its Defence of Employment Policy. This policy covers everything from the billing Australian artists must be given against imported acts, to what background an entrepreneur must have before he can import an actor to appear on an Australian stage.

The provisions which cause Equity the most trouble are those which say that there must be three Australian supporting acts with every import in a club, there must be two Australian acts with every import at a pop concert, and those dealing with the use of imported actors in films.

The film policy was formulated only this year and says that where a film is wholly or partly funded by a government statutory body no imported artist shall be allowed, except in exceptional circumstances. Where the film is privately funded, Equity says there are to be no more than two imported artists and they must be of internationally recognised merit and ability. Such an artist must have appeared in at least five feature films in featured or leading roles, and have a record of work over at least five years, children excepted.

The policy makes other demands on the number of Australians who must appear and the type of promotion they should be given, but the local film makers

are most upset about the restriction on imports.

Jack Thompson got into the act when Equity called a meeting of actors to discuss the policy. Actors freely admit that even the most non controversial Equity meetings tend to be a little theatrically hysterical by normal mothers' club standards, but this one would have won an Oscar.

Thompson established himself as the leader of the camp opposed to the Equity policy. Speaking weeks later when he had had plenty of time to cool down he was still emotional about it all, particularly the claim by some Equity members that he would not have got his award-winning part in *Breaker Morant* if Equity policy had not stopped an Englishman getting it.

"It's just not right," says Thompson. "Both the producer, Matt Carroll, and the director, Bruce Beresford, have told me

Jack Thompson says Equity's policy is virtually a White Australia policy against talent.

that they never considered an imported actor for the part. They might have been considering using two English actors, but that was for other parts."

Apart from this, Thompson says the decision about which actors will appear in a film should be based purely on the needs of the script.

Thompson says Equity's policy is virtually a White Australia policy against talent. "I object to the concept that Equity can virtually cast a film," he says. "That is not what a union's for. I believe there is a need for unions in a community. They are essential to stop people being exploited, but in this case nobody is being exploited. I do not think the union has the right to make an across-the-board ruling which it says will stop a flood of foreign talent into Australia. There is every possibility that there could be such a flood, but there is no evidence that it is under way."

According to Thompson, the only way the Australian film industry will expand is by becoming a part of the international film industry. It cannot survive by only producing films for Australia.

"We try to attract attention to our films

by exhibiting them at the Cannes Festival and other places," he says. "But we are like the country tart who shows her leg to the farmer, but when he wants to dance with her she gets all shy and backs off. We have begun attracting an overseas audience, and now people from other countries are taking a closer look at our films and saying they might like to get involved, so we are locking them out."

Equity's main philosophical argument against people like Thompson is contained in a speech given by writer and one-time film maker Bob Ellis, to the Sydney Film Festival Forum.

Ellis said it is a rule of films that those which are not culturally exact lose money. He named *Jaws*, *The Godfather*, *The Graduate*, *Gone With The Wind* and *The Sting* as five films which were culturally exact and five of the 10 biggest money-spinners of all time.

Ellis said: "When I look at all the Australian films with foreign stars in them, of those made in the past 12 years — *Age of Consent*, *Ned Kelly*, *Adam's Woman*, *Sunstruck*, *Color Me Dead*, *Mad Dog Morgan*, *The Irishman*, *The Mango Tree*, *Tim*, *Kostas* — I find two things about them: one is that they're not culturally exact, and the other is they all lost money — with one exception, *Picnic At Hanging Rock*, whose success was not due, I think, to the international charisma of Rachel Roberts.

"... you get the biggest rock star in the western world to play our national hero, of course every kid under 25 in the western world is going to go and see it. Why didn't they? It's because it wasn't culturally exact, the way *Saturday Night Fever* was."

Ellis gave an example of the sort of thing people who recommend the idea of foreign stars in Australian films would like to see. "Steve McQueen in *Sunday Too Far Away*, Elliot Gould in *Petersen*, Marie Osmond in *The Getting of Wisdom*, Sylvester Stallone in *Newsfront*, Sissy Spacek in *My Brilliant Career*, Richard Prior in *The Chant of Jimmy Blacksmith*. That's what they want," he said. "It's reasonable, I think, to say that Australian producers have a duty to the Australian taxpayers (who put up half their budgets) to make films that Australians want to see, and are not ashamed of, and films that get praised overseas. Australian prestige is one of the things Australian films are there to produce."

Perhaps the most successful Australian film director is Peter Weir, whose film *The Last Wave* tends to disprove Ellis' theory. Weir made the film with a combination of Australian government money and American private money, with American actor Richard Chamberlain as the star, before Equity introduced its policy on imported stars. It has made a profit through American sales.

Weir says: "I have never understood



"He claims he's not used to this heat!"

all that, frankly. I'm Australian and all my films are Australian, and I'm sure I reflect Australian culture and interests."

Weir says he had originally wanted an Australian actor for *The Last Wave*, but as the actor was not available he had used Richard Chamberlain. At one stage it had also been suggested that the film should be made in America with an American Indian theme instead of an Aboriginal theme, but he had overcome this. He makes a final point about the use of Chamberlain: "Probably if I had not used him we would not have got the finance."

Errol Sullivan is the chairman of the feature film division of the Australian Film Producers Association, which speaks for the film makers, and has worked as production manager or assistant director on films like *Cathy's Child* and *F.J. Holden*. He says that Ellis is talking about events four years out of date. Sullivan said: "If you made *Sunday Too Far Away* today it would cost you \$1 million, and you can't raise that sort of money here now with the stars we have to offer. You have to have international sales with an international star to cover such an investment."

Melbourne producer Tony Ginnane is accepted as the bad boy among Australian film makers.

Ginnane says Ellis has an argument if the aim is to protect Australian films as ethnic films. "The films Ellis is talking about play to specialised audiences in England and America," he says. "It is like going to see a Swedish film here. There is no attempt to penetrate the real market place, which is where people go to look at films for pleasure."

The expert on the sins of Tony Ginnane as seen by Equity is Uri Windt, the assistant general secretary of the union who handles negotiations for actors in films.

The real shouting began when Ginnane wanted to import four actors to make a film called *Survivor*. "In the whole history of Australian films only three films have asked for more than two imports," Windt says. "One was *Eliza Fraser* (made by Tim Burstall) and the other two were produced by Tony Ginnane. Tony Ginnane wanted three for *Harlequin*, and we let him have them. He was drawing a very long bow with three but we did not want to fight. Then he said he wanted four for *Survivor* and we said four is outrageous, so we got into an argument with him about it. Ginnane said, had we ever suggested there was any limit on the number or was it purely the quality?"

Equity told Ginnane that as far as it was concerned there were a limited number of leading roles in any film; it was very rare that you got more than two, three or four leading roles. The union made it clear that the idea of having all those roles played by overseas actors was preposterous. Ginnane was told that if he wanted an overseas star to attract

money, he would be better putting all the money he was planning for the four imports into one or two real stars.

"We were being asked to sacrifice roles and we said no," Windt said. Ginnane kept up the pressure claiming that his investors were putting up the money on the basis of the film having the four imports but felt he might be able to reduce it to three. Equity said he could have two.

"In the end he blackmailed us," said Windt. "He simply said, 'do you want to send me bankrupt or not?' We said, hell. We were frightened we could have sent him bankrupt, but we let him know that the next time we would have a policy, and if he got into the poo through signing contracts without talking to us first it would be on their own head."

At the moment Equity is crowing over the fact that the film being financed by the newly formed Stigwood/Murdoch R and R Films is wholly Australian in acting,

Both the union and producers agree the high-flying honeymoon period of the Australian film industry is over.

directing and writing. Peter Weir, who is directing the film, *Gallipoli*, explains that this could have been different. "At one stage we were considering an import for one role, but this did not eventuate," Weir said. "Now it will almost certainly have an all Australian cast, but it did cross my mind what would happen if we had to sit across the table with Equity."

Both the union and producers agree that with the Eighties, the high-flying honeymoon period of the Australian film industry is over. They say it now has to face the reality of paying its way.

Weir says: "To some extent we've been living in a golden age — crew costs were low, production costs were low and there was a certain *esprit de corp*. In the attitude of distributors, actors, directors, film makers generally there was a certain sort of excitement — let's just make pictures. Now it's getting serious, money's been lost. At the same time a lot of careers have been set up during this period, my own included."

Uri Windt gives the union view: "They're all in crisis about the films not making money. There used to be a thing

called the Australian Film Council Limited. It was a company set up with all the unions, all the guilds, everybody involved in the film industry in it. It was wound up in about 1976 when it fell into disuse. The idea was that we're all in it together and, in fact, everyone did keep their word. A couple of times, for example, where we got into strife paying actors' wages the government bodies said they'd go into debt to make sure the backers and everybody got paid.

"In the past 12 months as budgets have escalated and production has declined, they've gone into a bit of panic. The answer they think they've found is using these overseas stars who bring overseas money with them. In this latest phase of the film industry one group of creative workers have been left on their own — the actors — they've been left out."

Windt says the producers who are the most bitter are the ones who made the extensive plans on imports. He says the South Australian Film Corporation is openly telling Equity that it will not make a film without an import in it. At one stage the South Australians wanted to convert the film of David Williamson's play, *The Club*, into a film about Soccer, and import Michael Caine to star in it. The only thing that stopped this was the intervention of Williamson who had the right to veto the casting.

The director of the South Australian Corporation, John Morris, will not comment on Uri Windt's claim, but admits the Australian industry faces a crisis in finding private finance. All the corporation's films except one mini series have had about 25 percent private finance. The big blow to private finance came when the Federal Treasurer, John Howard, stopped investors writing off loans for film production.

The system was complex, but Howard dismissed it as a tax dodge, and a number of merchant bankers who previously put money into films have said they won't be able to any more. There is still tax relief for investors in that they are able to write off 50 percent of an investment in the first year and 50 percent in the second year where no profit is earned. Backers want this changed so that 100 percent can be written off in the first year.

In the past, the South Australians have probably had a bigger proportion of commercially successful films than other producers. Morris says financial success in films means different things to different people. Some Australians might see getting your money back as success, but in Hollywood getting your money back is a mug's game; they want to get their money back with anywhere between 200 percent and 2000 percent profit.

With one exception, all Australian producers agree that just below \$1 million is the absolute minimum needed to make

an Australian film today. Their problem is that it is almost impossible to raise more than \$750,000 with both public and private money in the country. One of the main sources of overseas money is American film distributors who have the added advantage of guaranteeing the American distribution of the film they finance. But they always demand an acceptable American star in the film as they say the whole selling of films in America is based on the star system.

Speaking for Australian producers, Errol Sullivan says that this form of financing is an economic reality world wide.

"They might insist that the film has an American star who has to be paid \$100,000 but for that, as well as a star, you get a total of \$500,000 to finance the film and guaranteed distribution."

Equity points to the NSW Film Commission as the most sympathetic to its demands for Australian production, mainly because the NSW Commission would not make *The Survivor* because it was not Australian enough. The director of the NSW Commission, Paul Riomefalvy, says the commission is developing 12 films, all of which will need international backing.

"The lowest budget of these films would be \$1.5 million," Riomefalvy said. "When we seek finance they are sure to want an international star and we could have problems with Equity. So far nothing has happened as it was a unilateral decision by Equity and we have still to see what takes place in practice. Our practice is that the producer casts the film and we approve or disapprove of the project as a whole. He may say he wants Marlon Brando in a film, and if he thinks Marlon Brando is the best person to take the role we would back the producer. We can't be told by other people who we should have in our films."

Mike Preston is an actor/singer who came to Australia from England and has made two films as well as singing on the NSW club circuit. Preston says artists have to be able to work in other countries and cites the constant interchange of performers between England and America.

"If they need imports for a film they should be able to bring them here as long as there are no more than two to a film and Australians keep control of the production," Preston says.

He takes the argument back to Equity's objection to too many imported artists appearing in Australian clubs and its insistence on three Australians for every overseas act. "You can go to an extreme in imposing rules," Preston says. "Imported acts only work a certain type of club where they have more money to spend. The Australian supporting acts can always star in a smaller club. When I appear I am always top of the bill and do not see myself as being in competition

with imports. Recently I shared the bill at the Revesby Workers Club with Tony Barber and Ernie Sigley. It was top Australian entertainers more than holding their own at a club which has used imported artists. If they are going to have restrictions, it should be on the total volume of imports coming here not on the number of Australians who have to appear."

One of the most successful importers of concert performers to Australia is Keith Jacobsen (the brother of singer Col Joye), who runs a company called ATA Col Joye Promotions. Jacobson recently brought out Kiss, and says he is in agreement with Equity's insistence on two Australian acts for each imported concert act as there is a need to protect the Australian industry. Jacobsen is involved in the Australian industry in that he acts as booking agent for people like his brother Col Joye, Sandy Scott, Little Patti, Barry

There should be a reciprocal deal between the Australian, American and English unions.

Crocker, Julie Anthony, and the group, the Kinsmen.

Like the Australian film producers, Jacobsen is more concerned with the internationalisation of Australian variety acts than with militant protection for them at home. It was Jacobsen who took Andy Gibb to America to become a star, and says although Gibb became almost an instant success there are problems in Australians getting work.

"Australian acts have to be able to work in the United States and England," Jacobsen said. "The problem is a big one and there should be a reciprocal deal between the Australian, American and English unions so that they can work there. Because of our club set-up, we have almost more cabaret outlets than anywhere else in the world, so we develop a lot of great performers. At the moment I have the Kinsmen working in Houston, Texas. I would like a system whereby if we can get in there, they can get in here. We now have artists as good as anywhere in the world. In fact, American artists do not get the grounding that our artists get. We should be more

worried about getting overseas work for our artists than with keeping overseas artists out. But until we get these rights for our artists, we should not let them exploit our venues."

Jacobsen said another area where Australian artists need easier access is Manila, in the Philippines. He says the Philippines Government has already brought in restrictions to keep Australians out to protect their local industry.

Between the variety stage and films sit the television stations and they, too, have incurred Equity's wrath. Barry Cavanagh, who organises variety artists for Equity in NSW, cites *The Don Lane Show* as being typical of how imported artists are taking work from Australians. Cavanagh says since *The Don Lane Show* has been sold to America, the first hour, the exported section, is dominated by imports. When interviewed he said he could remember only one Australian act opening the export section.

The executive producer of the show, Bob Phillips, says this is just not true. "Starting with the basis of the show, the 12-piece ballet are all Australians, the musicians are all Australians and Bert Newton is Australian. As well as that, 75 percent of our singers are Australian. It is true that on occasions we will get an imported performer like Sammy Davis Jr who will dominate the show, but that only happens once every two years. On a lot of shows there are no imports at all."

Phillips says it is a myth that the show is produced for America. "If *The Don Lane Show* fails in Sydney and Melbourne it fails everywhere," he said. "We have people like John Travolta on, but they give the show a special appeal that adds to its continuity. If we did not have these people it would close in a month because you would be seeing the same old faces over and over again. Equity forgets that this show is taking Australians overseas. The fact that we have sold 100 shows to 12 American outlets is a tribute to its Australian content and production."

Through the whole argument the voice of Australians trying to take Australian productions — no matter who is in them — to the world seems to be the voice of reason.

Peter Weir and Errol Sullivan feel Australian producers may have failed in communicating the realities of the growing complexity of financing and selling modern entertainment to the union. The only trouble is that communication between the two camps has broken down altogether and they fear that a slump which has nothing to do with the realities of making money may be forced on to the industry. What grew in the Seventies could die in the Eighties through old fashioned bloody mindedness.

Perhaps Sludge could come back and break the silence with a few well chosen farting jokes. 



*Pet
of the
Year*



**AUSTRALIA'S FIRST WINNER
TAKES \$60,000 IN PRIZES**

The first *Australian Penthouse* Pet of the Year is the delectable 22-year-old Sydneysider, Tracey Wallace. She wins the largest glamor prize in the southern hemisphere — \$60,000 in cash and gifts. And how does she feel? Just as she looks — super, sexy and sensational. For Tracey the win is the culmination of a desire never to do things by halves. And it is the beginning of a year's reign as the girl voted by the readers and editors of *Australian Penthouse* as the quintessence of womanhood.



Tracey's major prize is a Triumph TR7 car, fitted out with superb sound equipment from Bose and Concord and valued at almost \$20,000 on the road. Posing in Melbourne for photographer Ross Barnett, she did not know she had won the car. "It's so much to hope for," she said, "so I will just refuse to believe I might win it."







location: mud brick house, Hurstbridge, Victoria — architect, Robert Marshall; lounge suite by Leon Zehntner

Tracey's mum was a model and her entire family applauded her first appearance in *Australian Penthouse* in July. "It helps to have a loving family, and it is wonderful to have a loving man, too," she purred. "I am blessed with the best of both the worlds I know, but I do admit to one weakness — I want to keep exploring new territories. You never know when you might find someone out of this world."



Tracey admits to encouraging her fertile mind to create and enjoy fantasies — the late night, soft candlelit dinner kind, with whatever feels good to follow. "But I am equally capable of being very down-to-earth and I know that to achieve excellence in any field, hard work, dedication and a belief in yourself is essential. I suppose I enjoy my fantasies as much as my work because they balance each other."





Tracey's prizes include a magnificent diamond-studded 18ct gold *Penthouse* key, a \$2500 Angelo mink coat, and a host of other gifts. (See prizes Page 156.) The gifts amount to more than any girl could dream for and are a magnificent tribute to our triumphant Tracey. 





PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

MARTY FELDMAN

The meek will inherit the earth, but not until the strong are finished with it, by which time it won't be worth having.

By now, it's easy to understand why Marty Feldman has become the movies' newest comic headliner: anyone who looks like a cross between Peter Lorre and Don Knotts and who views life as a nonstop *Gong Show* deserves to be a star. Feldman is the latest in a long line of endearing film eccentrics that includes Lorre, Knotts, Peter Sellers, Stan Laurel, Harry Langdon, and Buster Keaton.

Thus far in films, the diminutive Englishman has invariably portrayed a gnome, but all that is slated to change in the very near future. Although Feldman will neither confirm nor deny the rumor, as we went to press, speculation continued to mount in Hollywood circles that his next film assignment would be the title role in *The Kareem Abdul Jabbar Story*.

In any event, when last seen in 1977, the wall-eyed Feldman had climbed down from his belfry to co-author, direct, and star in *The Last Remake of Beau Geste*, a madcap send-up of Hollywood's classic Foreign Legion films. As Digby Geste, Feldman played the part of Beau's identical twin, probably because, like actor Michael York (who played Beau), he's a muscular six feet tall, has blond hair and lovely eyelashes, and can get any girl he wants. Most people who saw the film feel that the only movie idol Feldman resembles is the Maltese Falcon, but the English comic graciously realizes that such people are merely jealous of his good looks, money, lovely eyelashes, and the fact that he can get any girl he wants.

Actually, Feldman reminds observers less of Michael York than of the two men he's most often compared with, Mel Brooks and Woody Allen. Like them, he became a comedian-turned-writer-turned-actor-turned-filmmaker. After small roles in *Every Home Should Have One* and *The Bed Sitting Room*, Feldman emerged as one of the movies' coming attractions in 1971, when he portrayed Igor (he of the movable hump) in Mel Brooks's *Young Frankenstein*.

On the heels of that insane triumph, Feldman appeared with Gene Wilder and Madeleine Kahn in *The*

Adventures of Sherlock Holmes' Smarter Brother and then teamed up with Brooks again in *Silent Movie*. *The Last Remake of Beau Geste* followed a year later, and since then Feldman has been hard at work on his latest film project, *In God We Trust*. Feldman, who directed and co-authored the film, stars in this send-up of a big-time religion, along with Louise Lasser, Andy Kaufman, and Peter Boyle. For a former jazz musician who was once described by a critic as "the world's worst trumpet player", Feldman has come a very long way.

Born in London's East End on July 8, 1934, Feldman left school when he was 15 to pursue an all-purpose show business career. In addition to forming a jazz band and a short-lived comedy trio ("Morris, Marty & Mitch"), he also worked England's carnival circuit as an assistant to an Indian fakir. (Feldman's part of the act was to shoot arrows at the fakir before blowing him up in a metal container).

While still a teenager, the pint-sized high-school dropout began writing jokes for various BBC radio shows, and by the time he was 21 Feldman was scripting BBC-TV sitcoms as well. And then he fell in love: in 1958 Feldman began courting Laurretta Sullivan, the daughter of a Catholic butcher. Feldman wanted to marry her, but Laurretta's father objected (as the comedian knew he would): Feldman is a devout vegetarian. In spite of that, the marriage took place for 22 years.

Feldman gave no thought to performing until 1967, when David Frost, in his capacity as a television producer, invited him to join future *Monty Python* members Graham Chapman and John Cleese on *At Last, the 1948 Show*. It was Feldman's first appearance before a camera, and he became an overnight star. Feldman was soon rewarded with his own weekly television series, *Marty*, and a disease English journalists called Feldmania soon swept over Great Britain. His career has been in ascendance since then.

To interview Feldman, *Penthouse* send Richard Kleiner to meet with the filmmaker at his home in Southern California, where Feldman and his wife have resided for the last nine years.



Queen Victoria

Penthouse: How would you describe yourself?

Feldman: I look like a younger Miles Davis. I'm six feet eight inches, in fact, and black, and I play trumpet beautifully while playing Soccer. I'm hugely muscled and wonderfully and fearfully made. I can't describe myself!

Penthouse: Are you the worst trumpet player in the world?

Feldman: Yes. But I've actually increased my range — I'm now the worst flugelhorn player in the world as well. And within the last year I have become the worst drummer in the world. Really, I've started to learn drums.

Penthouse: If you're that bad, you belong in a punk rock band.

Feldman: No... well, it depends on what you think of punk rock. There's a lot of it I like — the part that's deliberately crude. My music is not deliberately crude — it's inept, and that's something else. It just has the ineptitude of a middle-aged Jew trying to be Billy Cobham or Miles Davis.

I can keep time on drums; I'm very good at that. I cannot really, truly understand the function of the drums when I'm sitting behind them, because you've got all your pots and pans there and you seem so remote from everybody else. You're like a goalkeeper in a hockey game or something. Suddenly the action's there, and then it's gone again — the last line of defence. I can never remember to get out of the way of the other instruments. I especially offend the bass player — my bass drum is getting in his way all the time. I play bop drums. I grew up in a bop era, and I'm dropping bombs in my bass drum, which is a bit of a pain in the arse when you're playing a steady backbeat, you know?

Penthouse: Isn't being an entertainer an odd way of making a living?

Feldman: I don't know if being an actor is so odd. People need storytellers. That doesn't seem to me to be terribly odd. But to be a comic, a clown, to invite an audience to ridicule you, does seem to be a rather strange thing for an adult to do, yes. I'm not really an adult, of course; otherwise we wouldn't be talking this way. When I grow up, I shall stop being a comic and do something responsible.

Penthouse: Are you a stand-up comic?

Feldman: I tried that once, when I was 15. But you know the stand-up comic is a lonely figure who is put in the position of dominating an audience. The same impulse that makes you a stand-up comic probably makes you a dictator. It's a very lonely way to make a living. I've written for a lot of stand-up comics in the past, and they are totally self-occupied and self-centred. They rarely make good actors, because they're not used to talking to anybody else — only to an audience. They remain superior to the audience; they remove themselves from being ridiculous. A stand-up comic is not ridicu-

lous unless he becomes his own butt, like Buddy Hackett does. They ridicule other people.

Penthouse: Woody Allen isn't the kind of stand-up comic you describe.

Feldman: Woody isn't a stand-up comic; he's a lie-down-on-the-couch comic. His stand-up act becomes an extension, I suppose, of what he tells his analyst. But again, he's dominating the audience when he stands up there. I don't want to dominate; I prefer collaboration.

Penthouse: How do you do that?

Feldman: You're together with the rest of your group, and you all take your clothes off and stand naked with the lights on. Show all the warts and everything. The gut. Varicose veins. You have to show all that to each other before you can really work together. You say: "Look, these are all the bad things, the bad ideas. Maybe you can improve on them. Here are my failings. I'm not afraid to

If you're small
and funny-looking
and you don't have great
scholastic genius, you
retreat to the position
of comic.

show them to you." Writers and actors both have to be able to do that. I must say Americans find it easier than the English do, because the English process is very much a matter of acting at arm's length. They don't touch. American actors touch. I have to touch people to know that they're there, I think.

You know, this collaboration idea is true of any relationship in life. Like jazz musicians. You've got to play together a long while to be good.

Penthouse: Back to music again?

Feldman: It all comes back to music. That's my prime source of information. Rhythm is the prime source of everything — the sound of my heart beating, a pulse, the drum. Originally, somebody thumped away on some hard surface before they ever blew through anything or pulled on a string. It's the most accessible thing to do. Primitive societies — that's the kind of society I want to live in, where everybody is an actor and a writer and a grocer and everything else — good collaborators. But I live in Beverly Hills, which is just the opposite. You see the rich scrambling for rich people's toys. Around

Christmas it's obscene. People scrambling past each other to spend thousands of dollars and throwing charity balls for cripples. I would like to take someone with muscular dystrophy along to a charity ball for muscular dystrophy and say: "Look, he doesn't want your money. He just wants to come in and dance, okay? He's wearing a tuxedo. Let him in." Everybody would sit and feel so uncomfortable. They'll raise a thousand dollars — that's easy. But they don't want to see the reality. "Don't show me a leper," they say. "I'll send him money. Don't show me a starving child. Yeah, I'll do telethons. I'll do anything. Just don't show me the child." That's Beverly Hills.

Penthouse: Were you a clown as a kid?

Feldman: Oh, yeah. Sure. You'll find that most comics are small and physically strange-looking. If you're small and funny-looking and you don't have great scholastic genius — which I certainly didn't have — you retreat to the position of comic. It's the only possible position you can take and survive among your peers. Unless you're great at sports. At sports I was like I am at drums — enthusiastic but not talented.

Penthouse: Were you popular as the class clown?

Feldman: There's a lot of anarchy in my comedy. And that goes back to being the only Jew in my class, being the alien. That's how I was treated. I should have been issued a green card then. When they had prayers, I was sent outside. I wasn't allowed to be there for prayers. They gave me extra math. That's obviously how they thought of their religion — it was as complicated and as dull as math. That's the English attitude towards Protestantism: cold showers and mathematics. It's totally sexless. Cold.

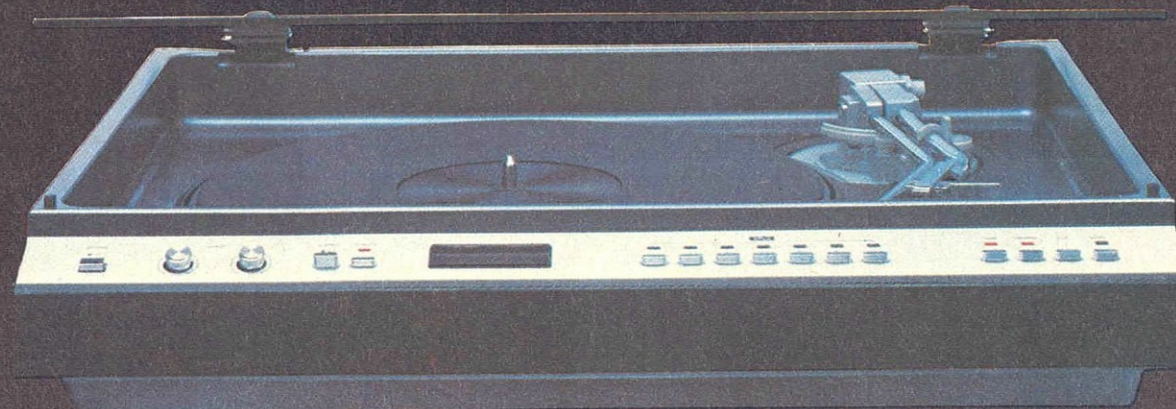
The British produced a great number of mass murderers, you know? England and Germany. Passionless mass murderers. Little bank clerks. My neighborhood doctor. They all have sort of bald, bony heads and wear pebbled-ash lenses and raincoats. You find out that that nice little guy in fact slaughtered a hundred people and ate them or something. I think it has a lot to do with Protestant repression.

Penthouse: Were you a devout Jew?

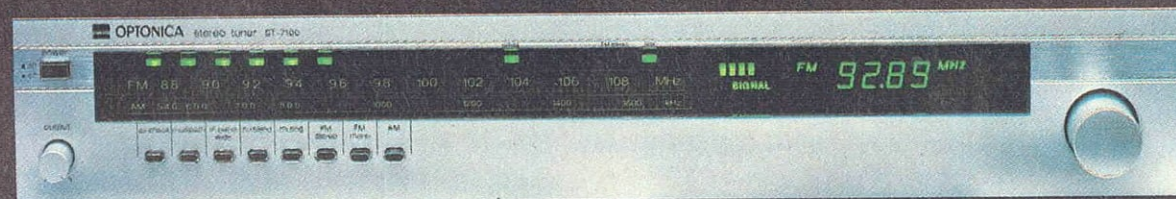
Feldman: I got bar mitzvahed, the whole thing. I was very good. I learned Hebrew. I was very attracted to Judaism, to the ritualism, the theatre of Judaism. Like Catholics. They do it even better — it's grand opera. The same country that produced Verdi produced Roman Catholicism. The costumes and the lighting are the same. I suppose some of my early feelings towards theatre were conditioned by going to synagogue and by the Hasidim who lived in the neighborhood. They were always singing and playing the violins. They were like Sufis to me. I'm still attracted to Hasidim. I love them although I'm no longer a Jew in any

OPTONICA

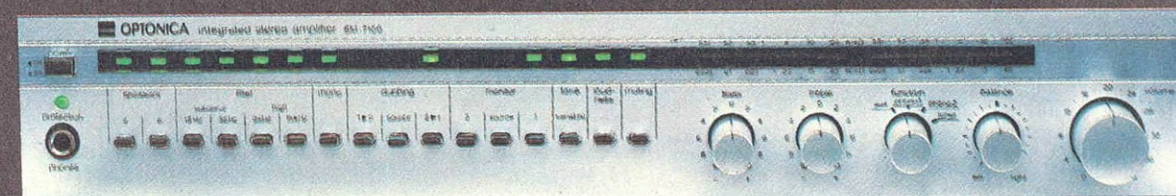
revolutionise Hi Fi with ultra-slim advanced digital technology



SHARP revolutionise Hi-Fi with new ultra-slim OPTONICA.
Performance is smoother, components are slimmer.



Micro-computer for smoother performance and sophisticated operation.
The sweet sounds of success are now slimmer, sleeker, smoother.



Greater sound from brilliant compact Optonica's
Toroidal power transformer within these new slim amplifiers.



Advanced digital technology brings this major innovative breakthrough — and Sharp leads the way.

Think Slim, Think Sharp, Think Optonica

OPTONICA by SHARP

For technical specifications, brochures and your nearest Optonica retailer, please write to:
Sharp Corporation of Australia, 64 Seville Street, Fairfield, N.S.W. Phone 02 728-9111

SHA 82D

religious sense, and there is no other sense in which you can be one.

It's a love of magic that Jews have. Also, a natural sense of money! Jews are storytellers, too.

Penthouse: Did you write when you were young?

Feldman: I used to write a lot of poetry. I was first punished for writing at the age of 11. My school accused me of copying a poem I wrote. It wasn't very good, but it scanned and rhymed, and it might have come out of a book of children's verse or something. They said I wouldn't be punished if I admitted I copied it. I said, "But I *did* write it", and so I got punished for writing. That may have gotten me on to it. The masochist in me may have said: "Hey! People *punish* you for writing — I'll be a writer!"

So I started writing then. Writing came easy for me. I'd be asked to write an essay on what I did on my half-day's vacation. Well, I didn't do anything interesting. So I just filled the whole exercise book with a story that I'd made up — a child's novel, set during the war, in which I parachuted into occupied France and captured a German general and brought him back. I filled the whole fucking exercise book with this. Again I was punished. They said: "That isn't what you did." And I said: "No, but what I did was boring."

Needless to say, I dropped out of school early. You were supposed to make some halfhearted attempt at a higher education so that you would have some kind of career. Certainly that's what my parents wanted for me. But neither I nor any of the schools I went to thought it would be a good idea if I remained in them. We had that in common. And there were too many things I wanted to do. I wanted to write. I wanted to paint. I went to Paris to write and paint. I thought that if I went there and hung out, the ghosts of Fitzgerald and Hemingway and Henry Miller would sort of rub off on me by osmosis. But it doesn't happen by osmosis; nothing happens by osmosis. I discovered that in a year or so, during which I learned to get rid of the adjectives in my writing. I realised that the verbs or the nouns were important — either the trumpet or the rhythm section.

Penthouse: How did you make a living in Paris?

Feldman: I went there when I was 15. I did several things simultaneously. I had a jazz group, a bop group: Marty Feldman and the Bee-Bop Seven. I worked various fringe operations — legal, semi-legal, some illegal activities. The usual street hustles, which could never quite get me hanged but could get me sent to reform school if I was caught. I was never caught. I worked in a carnival act for a while. I was an office boy for a little while. I worked in a musical instrument shop and a boot factory. I finally realised I wasn't going to make it as a musician.

I started thinking about writing again. I stole books for a living for a while. There was a guy who dealt in stolen books. He would pay us a third of the published price if we'd steal them. So we would go and steal books from bookstores in London. And I found I was keeping a lot of them — I wanted to read them. I actually stole my education. I don't know why, but I got very high on American humorists very early: Thurber, Perelman, Ring Lardner. I missed the whole English mainstream. I haven't read any Thackeray. God knows what Jane Austen did, apart from writing movies for Laurence Olivier — I don't know. And yet I know all about Mark Twain, I know about Frank Sullivan, and I can tell you all about Will Guthrie.

Penthouse: When did you have time to read?

Feldman: When my band was performing one-night stands, there wasn't very much else to do. So books were passed

I'm always
on the fringes of
movements; I never
see them. I think
I'm always looking
the wrong way.

around. I was a magpie with anything to read. I'd swoop down on anything that seemed to glisten, take it back to my nest, and read it. And then a book would refer to another, and I'd get that, and so on and so on. But then I realised I wanted to write fiction, not read it. It wasn't necessary to read it; I wanted to improve on that. With fiction you can make the right people win — the goodies can win, you know? Nixon can be impeached — he's not pardoned in the world of fiction.

Penthouse: So, did you write fiction?

Feldman: I wrote jokes. We used to line up outside the Palladium, where a comic would be playing. His manager would come to the door, and a lot of us would stand there, holding out pieces of paper with the jokes scrawled on them. And he paid a few dollars for each one he bought. When I found that somebody would pay me to write jokes, I wrote jokes for anybody who would buy them. By the age of about 21, I'd become a successful writer of television situation comedies — again, without realising what I was doing. It was just fun to do. And one thing led to another. I wrote for David Frost's show

and worked with John Cleese and Graham Chapman, the future *Monty Python* people.

Penthouse: Did you have any idea of how successful *Monty Python* would be?

Feldman: I didn't have a sense of it as a movement or anything. I'm always on the fringes of movements; I never see them. I think I'm always looking the wrong way. There's a photo of the assassination of the archduke of Serbia, which started World War I. Everybody in the photo is looking towards the murder except this one guy in the corner of the picture, who's looking somewhere else. That's me. There's always somebody looking the other way. While they were crucifying Christ, there was a guy walking down the street, stoned, on his way somewhere, who looked up the hill and saw them banging away, hitting some nails into a guy's hands. He just looked away. He didn't know he was witnessing history. That would have been me, always looking the other way.

Penthouse: Did any of your projects fail?

Feldman: My first job directing a film, *The Last Remake of Beau Geste*. I just hated the film.

Penthouse: How did you happen to do it?

Feldman: It wasn't my project. It was offered to me.

Penthouse: You didn't write it?

Feldman: I wrote it, yes. I can not take responsibility for it. I take responsibility but not the blame. I did it because it was offered to me and I wanted to make a movie. I wanted to direct — I think all writers do. I was out of work. They wanted a Mel Brooks kind of spoof, and I wrote it to order. And I wasn't very comfortable doing that.

Penthouse: What's the difference between responsibility and blame?

Feldman: There's a difference between the two that has to do with loyalty and culpability and guilt. I may be guilty, but I'm not culpable. Maybe I was insane or acting under stress, or I did it at the point of a rolled-up chequebook... I was raped — I don't know. But I knew what I was doing at the scene of the crime.

Penthouse: How do you prevent that from happening again?

Feldman: I get more control. I have the cutting rights to *In God We Trust*. Actually, it's the audience that does the final cut in comedies. You show it to a few audiences, and if none of them laugh at a part and you don't cut it out, you're a bloody fool, you know? The cliché that the audience is a failure but the show a success does not apply in comedy. If I make you laugh, it's comedy. If you don't laugh, I've failed. Smiles don't count — you can't hear them.

Penthouse: How do film executives treat you?

Feldman: I think they treat most comics as clowns rather than as writers-producers-moviemakers. They treat us

Ray-Ban Sun Glasses are to the eyes as cool water in the desert.



In 40 years we've changed the style of these Ray-Ban Sun Glasses about as much as Rolls Royce have changed the style of their grill — and for the same reason.

When one reaches functional and aesthetic perfection, then the rest is just fooling around.

If you could lift these glasses off the page and wear them for one week where it counts in the hot, glaring sun, we guarantee that you'd never again let another make of sunglasses darken your eyes.

While the possibility must logically exist, the technology required to make an even better sunglass lens is, as yet, largely unknown.

The lens featured is called the RB3, it's green and it's designed for general use and in particular for driving, where it delivers optimum visual acuity.

All six types of Ray-Ban lenses are optical hardened, scratch resistant and precision ground from the finest scientifically formulated absorptive glass.

The rolled gold frame is sturdy and short of stomping on it, won't break.

Finally, as you might expect, they're not cheap, about three times more than you've probably been paying.

Ray-Ban Sun Glasses are available in six lens types and in different frame configurations.

Ray-Ban
SUN GLASSES BY
BAUSCH & LOMB

Available at Optometrists, Optical Dispensers and all O.P.S.M. outlets.

rather like autistic children. They know there's nothing actually wrong with us and that autistic children may make them a lot of money. They know we can be a highly profitable commodity. So they leave us alone, mostly, but they don't understand the process of making people laugh.

Penthouse: Do you?

Feldman: No. That's the point. But you can't say that to someone who is going to hire you to make a comedy. You have to say, "Of course I know why people laugh!" You have to say that to your audience, too. You can't admit insecurity about what you think is funny. You can't offer a tentative joke or routine. You have to believe you're funny.

Penthouse: With the idea that maybe it will be contagious?

Feldman: Yes! Humor is all a cumulative thing. In a Bill Cosby routine, for example, none of the parts stand out as being funny. But he manages to create an atmosphere in which one wants to laugh. It's a nice, relaxed level of humor.

Penthouse: Have you spent much time studying different theories of humor?

Feldman: When I first started writing humor, I decided I would read everything I could on it to find out what I was doing. And that will totally destroy you. You read all these different theories of humor, and they all contradict each other. It will totally destroy you. It's like if you read *Kama Sutra* before you fuck: it will totally destroy you; you don't get a hard-on. It's all theory. No good. Books and theories about humor have rarely been written by people who practise it. Freud had theories of humor. Whether one questions those theories or not, I do question the standard of the jokes he quotes — they're pretty bad. Yes, they'll all work, but so will their opposites. None of them will define humor. A sense of humor is like a sense of rhythm. If you could define it, it would no longer be a sense. If it were not a sense, you could bottle it and buy it; MCA would own it; you could make a conglomerate out of it. But you can't pin a sense down like that. It has something to do with a pulse, a heartbeat, with what makes you alive.

Something has to be dead before you can define it. That's why I hate the dictionary — it's a book full of dead words, cemetery words. Or, if you believe that things can be analysed and defined, then the dictionary is the greatest work of literature, because all the words are there. Just pick them out and put them in the right order. That's like looking at the piano keyboard and saying, "There are 88 notes there. All you have to do is put them in the right sequence and you can be Thelonus Monk." Well, fuck, that's not exactly what you'd call art.

All of the theories about humor are true to an extent, but then there's a greater truth than that, and I don't know what it is.

There's a kind of Zen of humor, and if somebody is going to write it, then they'll have to write it from the Zen point of view. Except that Zen is noticeably humorless — it really is.

Penthouse: Is directing films an art?

Feldman: Well, I've learned that it isn't as difficult as I thought it would be. There is a great mystique about directing. Most directors, like most writers, like most actors, like most plumbers, are competent at their jobs, but they're not geniuses. There are very few really great directors. Most of them create a mystique around themselves, like doctors do. It isn't that difficult to do that. If you're like Bunuel, you don't choose to be a genius — you are one. You can't work at being a genius. You've got it or you haven't. I've learned to have confidence in placing the camera, and I know what lens to put on. I've realised that there is no great art or secret to that. There isn't any secret in

Comedy
heightens your
self-awareness and
causes you to go
out and parade
your neuroses.

directing a film for me. There is for Robert Altman, but I suspect the secret is just that you and I can't do it and he can.

Directing a movie is like directing traffic. You're surrounded by experts. What director knows as much about the camera as the cameraman? Directors are mostly ex-writers or ex-producers, or they've been first assistants. They have a general knowledge of it all. But they don't have specific technical knowledge of any one department. Maybe writers are the best people to become directors. Or actors — they're probably the best.

Penthouse: What kind of director are you?

Feldman: I'm the guy with the whistle. Anybody can make suggestions, and I'm glad they do. Some of the best things in my latest picture were suggested by the prop master. I think the thing a director can do is create an atmosphere in which creativity is encouraged. Just because a guy is key grip doesn't mean he won't have a very good idea for a line, or a guy who is lighting a scene. Everyone makes suggestions. Then the director makes the final decision as to which way to go. He

carries the whole picture in his head, or should be able to.

Penthouse: What is *In God We Trust* about?

Feldman: Well, you might say it's about the fact that Christ could no longer drive the moneylenders out of the temple, because now they own it, and he'd have to pay to get in — that's what this film is really about. So it's about the loss of innocence, the idea that one may have to be a little corrupt in order to survive. There's a great line in it: "The meek will inherit the earth, but not until the strong are finished with, by which time it won't be worth having." That represents my own belief.

Penthouse: Are comedians always depressed off-stage?

Feldman: There's a tragic person inside all people. Comedy heightens your self-awareness and causes you to go out and parade your neuroses. Look at Woody Allen. He has such a need to explain himself. You wouldn't think people would want to hear it. But he does it. That takes courage. But then, it's courage if you succeed and arrogance if you fail. Woody comes out of a background that could only be Jewish New York — this need to forever explain himself. It's marvellous in him, because he is touched with magic. Lenny Bruce's comedy had a very real source. All his imitators get up and just open their mouths and think it will all come out, not realising the dues that Lenny Bruce paid as a burlesque comic. He understood how to play on an audience, like a bullfighter with a bull, like a conductor with an orchestra.

Penthouse: Do you have a tragic sense?

Feldman: I have this feeling that the human condition is not a particularly jocular condition. But I don't think it's a great tragedy, either. I find it rather amusing — absurd. I think looking the way I look helps me to have a sense of the absurd. The whole object of comedy is to improve things a little, not by being moralistic, but by making people laugh, perhaps stimulating a few questions — that's all.

Penthouse: It doesn't sound like you're obsessed with having to make people laugh.

Feldman: But I am obsessed. In my case obsession is the norm. Writing, for me, is a pathological condition. I don't even think of it as a talent. I have to get things down so the little nag inside me will shut up; that's all. I'm like a nymphomaniac who is being paid to fuck, really. It's what I have to do, a compulsion. The fact that somebody is paying me to do it is a constant source of amazement to me, because I would do it for nothing.

Penthouse: Is it possible to be both an actor and a writer?

Feldman: I'm Jekyll and Hyde. Dr Jekyll writes, and Mr Hyde acts and has all the fun. Writing is a continuing process that

Introducing...

THE REAL MACKENZIE



Smooth and mellow. The pride of Scotland since 1826.

gets interrupted by acting. Writing and directing at the same time is easier — the two are interrelated. But it gets very complicated. I can be in the middle of a scene with Louise Lasser for example: I'm acting opposite her. But then I'm suddenly aware that I'm directing her. I want to make a change in the scene but don't want to stop her, because she's going well. And I can't do anything, because the camera is on me as well. That's pretty schizophrenic.

Penthouse: Isn't your style of comedy opposed to Woody Allen's?

Feldman: I feel very close in some ways to what Woody is doing in his pictures, although it's not like anything I could ever do. I think his frame of reference is the same as mine. We're both Jews, about the same age, self-educated, wanted to be stand-up comics, wanted to be comics, became writers. So I feel drawn towards Woody, although I hardly know him.

I'm also drawn towards Mel Brooks. With all the things that are wrong with Mel, he has such an energy. He's volatile. There's no container big or strong enough to put his energy in. We're totally opposite. I'm the introvert; he's the extrovert. That's my father's generation. That's the generation that came out without any education, that hustled and pushed and said, "I want to get to the top of the line" — and pushed their way beyond it. I recognise so much of my father in him. And I think if I had a brother, he might have been like Woody. So I feel caught between those two cultures. And at the same time I can't get rid of the umbilical cord I have to Europe or to the European tradition that came to me via the silent movies — Keaton and Langdon and Laurel and Hardy.

Penthouse: Have you styled yourself after these people?

Feldman: I've had to accept the fact that I will never be as good as those people have been. That's the hardest pill to swallow — that I'll never be in the same league as those I admire.

Penthouse: Do you rate Chaplin up there?

Feldman: No. Well, I admire Chaplin, but I never loved Chaplin. I loved Laurel and Hardy. If I could have chosen a couple of uncles, I would have liked Laurel and Hardy. If I could have willed genius, I would have been Keaton. But you can't. And you can't aspire to that any more than the average organist can aspire to be Bach. They are so pure and so much above anything you understand. You can't aspire to it. That's the hardest thing to swallow. You say, "Well, all I have is me, and I have to do the best I can with that."

Penthouse: Do you keep a stockpile of ideas or stories for your films?

Feldman: When an idea occurs to me, I jot it down — on a napkin in a bar or on

the back of a menu. When I worked at home, I would give these napkins and things to my secretary, who would type them out and file them for me. But I'm terribly disorganised. My mind is like an attic full of junk. When I'm writing, I rumble around through my head to see what's up there and I don't know where anything is. I'll stumble across something, and I'll think, "Oh, that might be interesting," and take it down into the daylight and polish it up and look at it and get some of the slop and mildew off it and say, "Oh, that's quite a good idea." Other things I'll leave up there — they're best left in the dark, you know?

That's exactly what it's like when I write. It's a sort of stumbling around in the dark, in the attic of my head, knowing that the stuff is up there because everything I've seen and done and have been told about and have experienced has been assimilated. It's there somewhere,

My mind is
like an attic full of
junk. When I'm writing,
I rumble around
through my head to see
what's up there.

so I just wander around. It's very aimless and rather dangerous. You can bruise your shins and get some very bad ideas. **Penthouse:** Are you ever afraid that all your ideas will dry up?

Feldman: Yeah, but I fear it so often that I've gotten used to it. It's like living in the slide area in California. People who live there don't worry about it. They know it's dangerous and that their house may not be there tomorrow. It's like the house in Chaplin's *Gold Rush* — the one that's tipping backwards and forwards. I feel like I live in that house. Eventually I hope to get out, before the house goes over the cliff. But really I'm used to panicking early to avoid the rush.

Every time I write I know I'm going to go through all kinds of insecurities about it, and that I shall lose faith in it about 20 times in the process of writing one draft. And all I do then is hang on to my instincts — whatever it was that made me think it was funny in the first place.

Penthouse: Are you developing any new films now?

Feldman: I haven't had an idea for a movie in months. I'm still so involved in *In*

God We Trust. Yesterday I suddenly had a clutch of ideas that all came to me from different directions, three of which I like very much. They started to nag at me. And the one that nags "Write me! Write me!" the loudest and longest is the one that gets itself written.

Penthouse: So you don't panic when you go through periods without ideas?

Feldman: No. I know that there are thousands, millions, an indefinite number of possibilities. And they just sort of arrive. I suppose it's the same if you're a photographer with a trained eye. A photographer does not consciously go around framing compositions. But he has a trained eye for a good shot without even knowing it. Cartier-Bresson will just pick up his camera and snap, whereas I would spend hours with the viewfinder. He has a trained eye. And I suppose, in a similar way, I have a trained sense of what will work in the written form.

Penthouse: Is the idea the most important part?

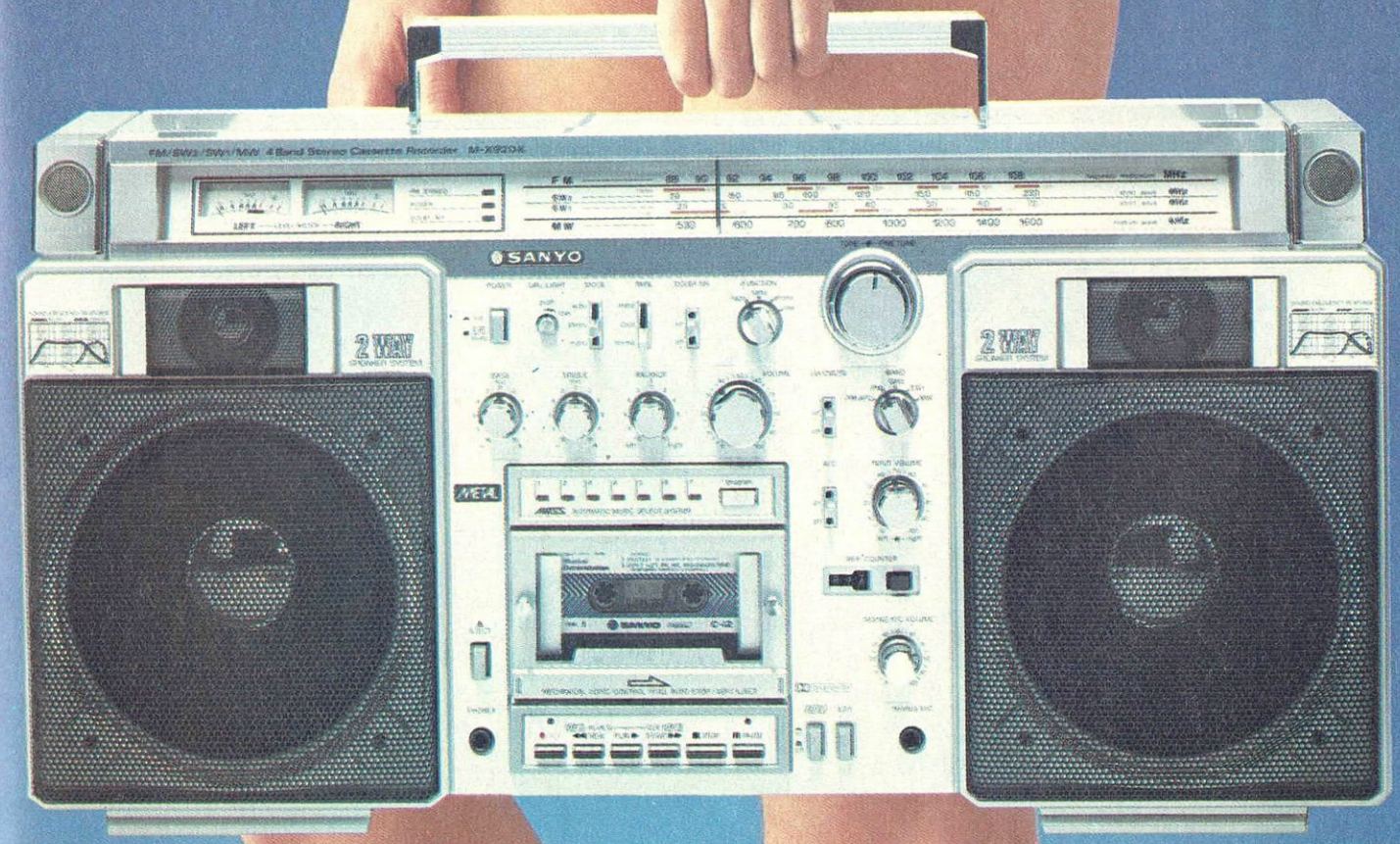
Feldman: Absolutely not. Everything is in the execution. The idea is worth nothing, really. The idea is timpani. Suppose you were a producer, and I came and told you the plot of *Hamlet*, and I said, "It's a story about this prince. And his father's ghost comes to him and tells him that his uncle murdered him by pouring poison in his ear. And then the uncle married the mother, as a result of which Hamlet does nothing for two hours." Okay? Call it the tragedy of indecision or whatever. But that's a helluva bad story. You'd throw me out of your office, right? And you'd be right!

But then I'm not Shakespeare. It was a lousy plot, but the story doesn't matter at all; the idea doesn't matter. *King Lear* is an awful idea; it's a situation comedy idea, isn't it? Norman Lear could have done that. It's all in the execution.

Penthouse: What are your ambitions now?

Feldman: I've never thought beyond the present. I've never thought in terms of either routes or destinations. The only time you concern yourself with a destination is when you have arrived, retired, and stopped doing things. Then you say, "Where I am was my destination," and you look back and say, "That was an interesting route I came by." Thinking about destinations gets in the way. I may come to a fork in the road, and if I'm worried about destinations, I may miss that pretty road down there because I'm on the freeway. But I pretty much enjoy doing what I'm compelled to do by whatever inner demons I have. I present it to an audience in the hope that they will like it, too. That's all I can do. As long as they like it, I'm in business. If they don't, then I have to get out of it and do something else for a living. So far I'm doing well enough to be allowed to continue doing what I want to do. 

"I got the Porsche,
the house and the kids
but she got
the Sanyo."



Now the good news. The Sanyo MX920K 32 watt portable deck is now available in limited numbers. AMSS, metal tape, Dolby, SW, FM plus 4 mikes and mixing facilities. The only way to travel.

 **SANYO**

PHG3790



Illustration by Tony Pyzakowski

Mussolini had his faults but at least he got the trains to run on time, which is more than you can say for Mrs Ghandi.

The Jodphur Night Mail

BY MURRAY LAURENCE

The Jodphur Night Mail stopped apparently without reason at about nine o'clock. Little could be seen through the open window of the great desert of Rajasthan which surrounded us. A few lights flickered in the distance like candle flames. The creaking of the train as it settled on to the rails was the only sound. I asked somebody, whose legs dangled from the luggage rack above me, about this unscheduled stop.

"We are running lately," he explained. Nobody in the compartment moved.

"Then if we are running late, surely this stop will make us later still," I reasoned.

"Not at all. We are going to arrive on time."

As he spoke, voices could be heard approaching the train. Lanterns flashed feebly outside and in the growing hubbub a chi-wallah emerged from the darkness and began wailing at the window. I ordered several cups of tea and thrusting his skinny arms through the bars, one high and the other low, he poured his tea in a steaming and expert arc into tiny clay mugs. Such mugs are used only once; when you have finished you simply drop them out of the window, to smash, thus ensuring continued employment for potters and that no one is contaminated through contact with the drinking vessel of someone of a different caste.

Other chi-wallahs had boarded the train and stood at the compartment door, bashing their pots against the wall, even as we sat drinking. Their cry, "chi, chi, garam chi", was soon joined by the cries of other vendors: of cigarettes, week-old newspapers, plastic jewellery, food and toy animals.

A pen salesman had squeezed into the compartment. Loaded with Caravan, Parker Style and Singh-Guru models pinned all over his clothing, he was with great dash demonstrating the effectiveness of each on the back of his hand and scraps of card. I tried to avoid his eyes by hiding behind a character selling what looked like enormous woollen

underpants. Beggars pawed at the window. The pen-wallah saw me and darted across, writing "romantic style" on his hand. "Twenty rupees," he said. I shook my head, and turned away, but everywhere I looked there was somebody with something to sell.

"Okay sahib. How much?" I showed him that I already had a pen, perhaps not a Caravan, but then how many pens did a man need?

"Okay, only 15 rupees." It was apparently a price nobody should refuse.

"I don't want a pen," I said, firmly.

He suddenly scribbled $4\frac{1}{2} + 4\frac{1}{2} = 9$, in case I was a mathematical type, and said: "Last price eight rupees." He was already wrapping the pen in a page from a used school exercise book. Feeling feeble and defeated, I took out the money and gave it to him. "Style and good price," he declared, thrusting the wrapped pen into my shirt pocket.

Hoping to discover more about the progress of the train, I went in search of the conductor. I found him sitting silently in a corner beside the toilet — now occupied by a large and noisy family — smoking a bidi, a tiny local cigarette made with a rolled leaf and tied with pink cotton. I offered him a Scissors, a much preferred brand, and we began talking.

"How long will we be stopped here?" I asked.

"Not long. About six hours."

"Six hours! Why?"

"So that we can arrive on time." He was trying to be helpful, knowing perhaps the anxiety many westerners feel about arriving on time.

"So, if we are going to arrive in Jodphur on time, why are we waiting here?"

"We are waiting until the midnight train will come. It will not come and we are waiting for its not coming," he explained.

I felt that I was not catching on. A man whose legs appeared to stop at his knees was struggling on to the train, his stumps

thrashing wildly in the air. The conductor hissed and shouted something and the beggar fell back into the dust. Nobody seemed to notice.

"The train has been running early, then," I proposed.

He looked at his pocket watch. "No, perhaps 45 minutes late."

"Ah." I stared through the doorway.

"I am telling you, four or five more hours we are waiting here, for the train which does not come."

I unwrapped my Caravan pen and studied it. I said that I didn't understand.

"When the train which is not coming, doesn't come, all matters will be clear," he offered, holding his cigarette curiously between his third and fourth fingers, and drawing the smoke through his fist.

I smiled and thanked him and, giving him the remaining Scissors, I climbed down from the train and was instantly mobbed by two or three vendors and half a dozen beggars. An old woman, whining, thrust a bundled-up baby at me; others displayed legs which grew at right-angles from their hips, faces whose noses had been obliterated by leprosy and arms whose grubby bandages didn't quite hide fearful sights.

"You don't have such lamentable figures in your native State." It was a smooth young man grinning beneath his slick hair. "Such figures are widespread throughout India."

"I've noticed," I said.

"By the way, where are you from?"

"I'm Australian."

"Ah, Australia. A land of sportsmen. I am aware of your skilful cricketing."

"And I am aware of yours," I responded, hoping that my knowledge of cricket would not be tested. Fortunately, he was busy with his family and leapt aboard with a handful of bananas. I went looking for something to eat.

I spotted a man hawking something wrapped neatly in a leaf.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Ek parchase," he replied.

"Yes but what is inside?"

"Okay, sahib. Ek rupee."

"It is food. Food is therein. We are eating it too!" shouted a voice from an open window.

"What type of food?" I turned to ask.

"Curry is there. And chapatti. That is bread. Low bread."

I bought two of the packets for the absurd price of two rupees, and walked over to the window. A sikh wearing a splendid scarlet turban was shovelling rolled up bits of chapatti into his mouth.

"That is Indian food. You are not eating it over there?"

"Over where?" I inquired.

"England side. Over there you are not eating such things. You are eating roast beef and sheep. Sometimes porridge or eggs half and full fry. Also certain puddings and peas. Chapatti is low bread."

"Flat," I suggested. "Chapattis are *flat*. We can say that a table is low, or a chair."

"Your bread is not low and your tables are high. Higher still than ours. Our tables are short as often we are sitting on the floor." He was bellowing like a sergeant-major.

I asked how he knew these interesting facts about England.

"I am knowing so many things. My brother is over that side. London, Manchester, Birmingham, Totting Court and Putney Bridge. He is writing to me and I am knowing certain facts."

"Have you been there?" I asked.

"Singapore. City of lions. I went to Singapore. So many sikhs are there." A woman, probably his wife, in shocking colors, was knowingly nodding her head from side to side next to him at the window.

"Do you know anything about the train?" I dared to ask.

"Second train is not there," he explained carefully, "at the beginning, and first train is not there at the end."

"Which train?"

"This one. The Jodphur Night Mail."

"What of it?"

"Is it on time?"

His eyes widened at this apparently meaningless question.

"It is almost midnight," I said.

"Every night it's nearly midnight. At this time," he offered with some curiosity in his voice, hoping that perhaps the purpose of my questions would become clear.

As I could think of nothing substantial to say to this, he continued: "This train, we are calling the Jodphur Night Mail is running every night from Jaisalmer. Always it is standing here. Thus now we are standing here. And eating our chapatti and curry. Are you liking it?"

"Yes, I am."

"But you are not having such foods in England."

"I am not from England."

He blinked, turned and shouted something to the others in his compartment, one of whom burped. His wife's head could have been on a spring.

"So, you are from France?"

"No, not from there. From Australia."

"Australia. Then we are all happily being British Commonwealth." Somebody burped again.

"Which side?" he asked. "Perth or Sydney?"

"Sydney side," I revealed.

"What are you eating over there?"

"English foods to start with. Plus Chinese, Italian, French, even Arab food. We have no traditions of our own."

He plunged a toothpick into his gaps and looked surprised. "All those things you are eating? Even the food of the Arab persons? My goodness, where is your mother learning such things? You are still being British Commonwealth, despite?" he asked anxiously.

I tried again to find out about the train. "What's this I hear about another train coming?"

"Acha. It won't come," he replied, shaking his head.

"If it isn't coming, why are we waiting for it?"

"For when it won't come, of course. Thus we are having two trains for the price of one." The remark seemed to amuse him.

I thought that perhaps I was beginning to understand. "So the second train does not, in fact, exist," I dared to propose.

"Second train is not there," he explained carefully, "at the beginning, and first train is not there at the end."

"And in the middle? Now? Is this the first train or the second?"

"Jodphur Night Mail, was first train," he looked at his watch, "and will soon be second train."

I had it. The second train was presumably on the timetable but had been cancelled, and the early evening Night Mail, in a curious endeavor to conform to the requirements of the timetable, stopped to allow the non-existent second train to catch up. Even more curious was the fact that when I bought my ticket, the station official had remarked that there were two trains "for your choosing".

"Do you catch this train often?" I asked the sikh.

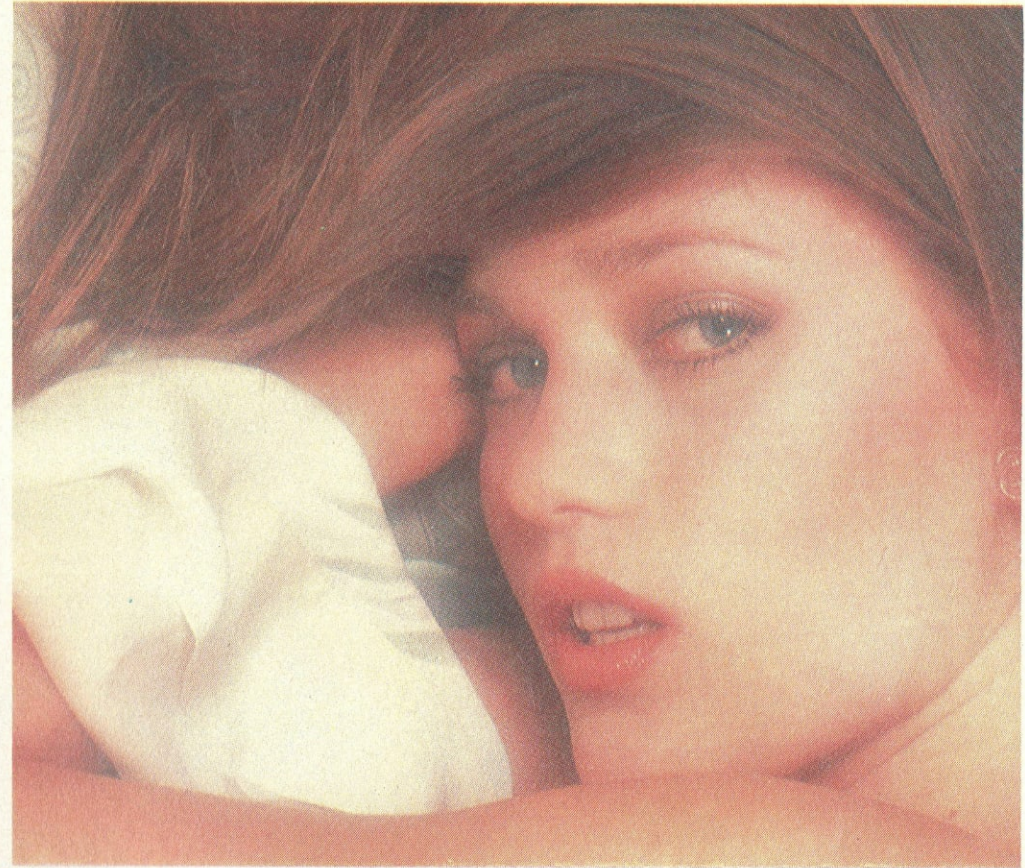
"Nearly every week. Civil Service tasks."

"And for how long has the second train not been running?"

"Fifteen years," he remarked as if there were nothing surprising in the fact.

I supposed that the system had a certain logic, but I did wonder how officials of the Western Railways had been able to maintain it for so long. There was, however, the rewarding consolation, for passengers and train crews, that the first train did leave "on time" while the second did arrive "on time".

I thanked the sikh for his informative discussions, his wife presented me with a hard boiled egg, and I went to my carriage, to await the final moment of the train's metamorphosis. 



DIANNE

◐ I slowly brush up and down my lover's body, caressing him with my long hair. ◑



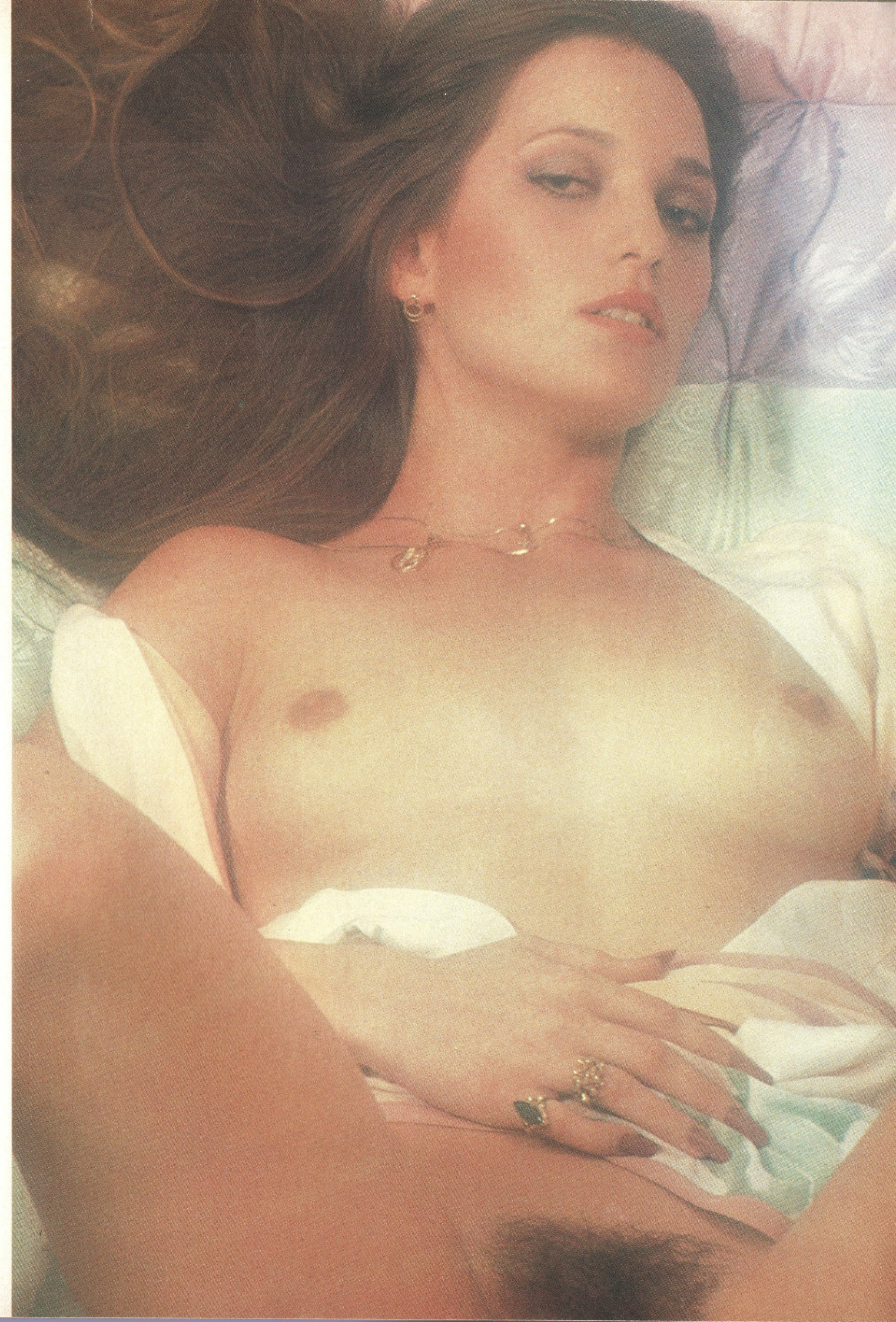
When I'm riding Rusty and wearing my ponytail, we're practically a matched set!" teases lovely southern belle Dianne Jamison, referring to her nuzzling companion. True, they both sport lovely chestnut coloring, sleek forms and high spirits, but at 22 years old, Dianne's sumptuous 37-24-36 figure certainly says all girl to us. Rusty, the pure-bred quarter horse she raised from birth on her uncle's ranch, is her "best friend, alter ego and lifelong travelling companion". She's so fond of him, in fact, that her present lover admits to pangs of irrational but all-too-human jealousy. "I just tell him that if he'll let me ride Rusty all day, I'll let him ride me all night," she cheekily confides. "I guess you could say I drive a soft bargain!"

PONYTAIL

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER



Once in bed, she admits she likes to play the vamp. "I love to tease a man and show off my body for him with all the sexy moves I've learned. And then I love to slowly, slowly brush up and down my lover's body, caressing him with my long hair. I wouldn't cut my hair for anything," she declares, with a willful toss of her head. "It's my main strategic weapon in the war between the sexes!"



Although Dianne prefers the countryside by day, at night she prefers the great indoors. "I put on sexy, suggestive clothes and become a full-scale, ultra-feminine, absolutely incorrigible flirt! There's nothing I love more than to have a long, leisurely dinner with a smooth-talking man in a fine restaurant and smile politely, pretending to believe all his pretty lies. I try to play hard-to-get at first and give him a scolding look when he squeezes my knee under the table, but we basically know where we're headed."





Dianne has another kind of drive and ambition as well. Eventually she would like to become the manager of her uncle's ranch, but not until she has completed her tertiary education.





Dianne's present plans are to spend her holidays breaking in the colts on her uncle's ranch, "though I sometimes feel sorry for them," she says. "I wouldn't want to have someone on my back all the time, unless he was looking for something other than transportation!" Perhaps, but any way you look at it, Dianne would be a wonderful way to travel! ○✚

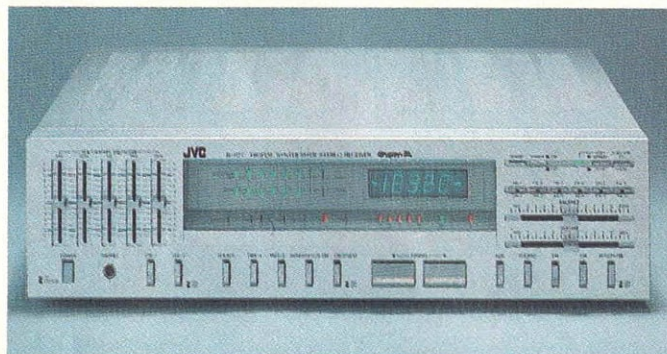


UNTIL WE DEVELOPED THE STEREO GROOVE, HI-FI WAS PRETTY HO-HUM!



The world of hi-fi owes a lot to the original and continuing innovation of JVC. Few companies, if any, have done as much to help turn records and record-players into the virtual musical instruments they are today... or to lead the way in developing so many *firsts* in the more recent concepts of sound amplifiers, cassette decks and computer-designed speaker

systems. Hi-fi, as we know it today, had its beginnings in 1956, with JVC's development of the 45°/45° groove for stereo records. The fact that this system still remains as the world standard is, in itself, outstanding testimony to the technology of JVC. The development revolutionised not only the record-making industry, in which we've been involved since 1930; it also paved the way for enormous advancement in the design and engineering of record-playing equipment. Now, hi-fi has expanded to



R-S77. Super-A FM/AM Stereo receiver

embrace a wealth of highly-sophisticated electronic equipment; and it's not surprising that JVC has continued to play a leading role in so much of its development.



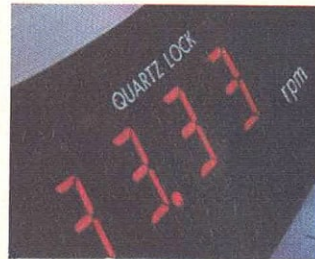
HR-3660 EA. VHS Colour Video Cassette recorder

THAT WASN'T OUR ONLY FIRST, EITHER.

We also pioneered Japan's television industry, introducing their first TV receiver just over 40 years ago. A more recent innovation is VHS, the home video recording system now gaining world-wide acceptance as *the* system for such equipment. In the course of staying ahead, we've introduced a number of world *firsts* of radical importance: the Quartz Lock turntable is one of them.

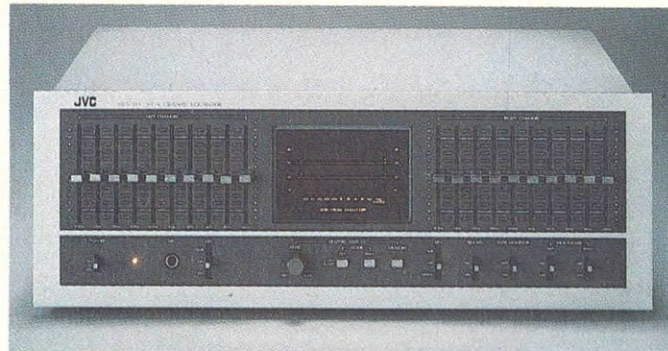
THE QUARTZ LOCK TURNTABLE. MANY TIMES MORE ACCURATE.

It stands to reason that if your equipment is at the top end of the range, then your turntable must be capable of comparable performance. Only Quartz Lock ensures this, tying the speed of the turntable to the unvarying pulse of the atom, and providing a level of accuracy far in excess of conventional turntables.



MORE MILESTONES IN HI-FI.

To match the superb quality of Quartz Lock, we produced the S.E.A. graphic equalizer system. Then we refined it to such a degree it even compensates for the effect your furniture has on sound when it leaves the speakers! To expand the capabilities of tape, we designed ANRS and



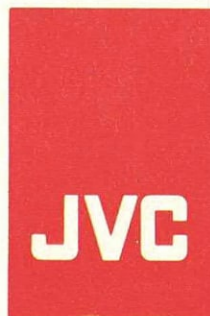
SEA-80. Stereo Graphic Equalizer

Super ANRS — automatic noise reduction systems which not only reduce distortion and 'hiss' but actually extend the dynamic range of the tape. Similarly, with speakers: at JVC we employ computers in their design to help provide the ultimate in sound reproduction.

AND NOW, SUPER-A.

In its own way, as significant a hi-fi development as the stereo groove. Imagine an amplifier which combines the *best* features of the two recognised amplifier classes (A and B)... an amp which combines the *efficiency* of one with the *low distortion* of the other. Some engineers said it couldn't be done; but not those at JVC. Enter the Super-A amplifier... the *latest JVC first!*

Distributed and Serviced by...
HAGEMEYER



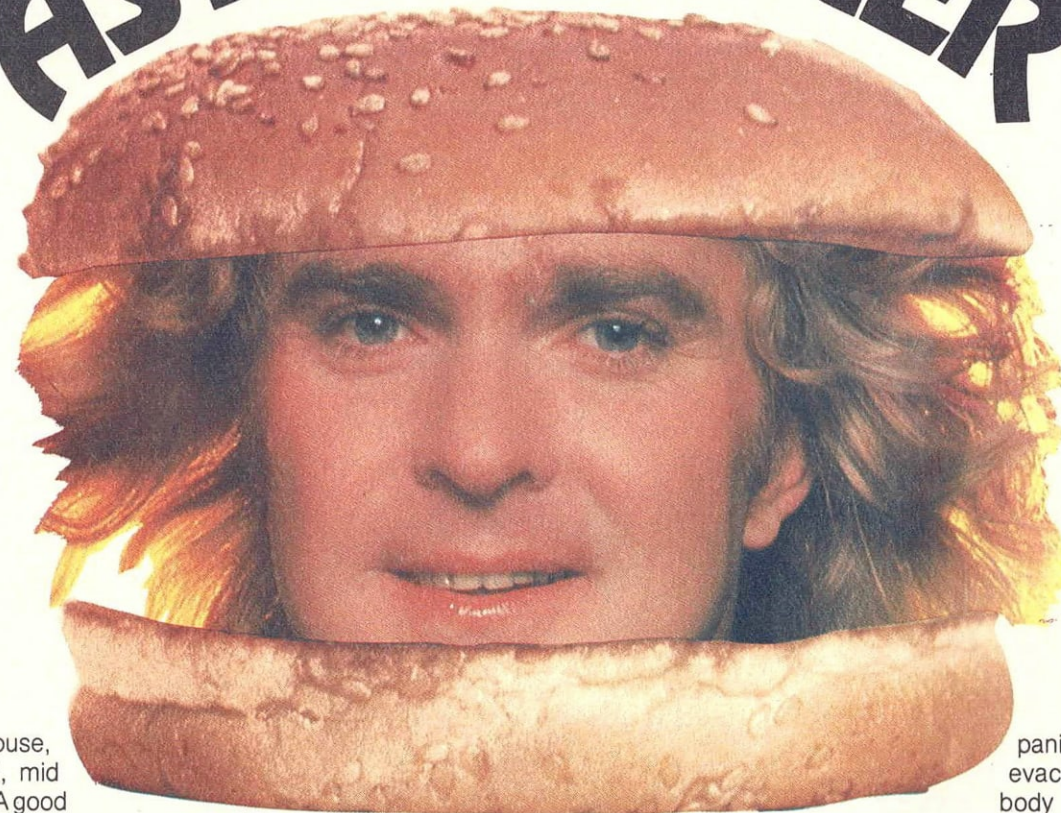
the right choice

THE FUTURE.

It's already with us. For instance, we were so far ahead in the new metal tape technology that our cassette decks were metal-compatible before the tapes were generally available. And now there's the JVC Electro-Dynamic Servo Tonearm, damping tonearm resonance by means of a purely electronic system and two 'thinking' linear motors. Who was it who dubbed JVC, 'the innovators'?

1861

Billy Thorpe in the US APOCALYPSE AT THE ASTROBURGER



Pasha Music House, Hollywood, US, mid summer 1980: A good day to discuss the end of the world and Mr Billy Thorpe,

the self-exiled brash boy of Aussie rock, currently based in Los Angeles and currently into the 20th day of a self-imposed body-cleansing fast, warmed to the subject which provides the theme for his latest concept album *21st Century Man*, due for release soon. A topical theme, too, for on a table was the day's copy of *The Los Angeles Times*, open at the page where columnist Art Buchwald contemplated the perils of the computer that went crazy.

"We now," wrote Buchwald, "have to think about a computer going berserk at NORAD and starting World War III. The same computer has malfunctioned three times within the year, thereby alerting American forces to a Soviet attack which was not taking place." Someone muttered: "Shades of Strangelove," and Mr Thorpe quickly said: "That puts my new album in its frame. It begins with an alert, panic in the streets, an atomic explosion, the holocaust, annihilation.

"We've just been out at the airport taping jumbos," he said, and rattled off a few more facts about what went into the album's sound effects to create the Big Bang, when the Big Bang actually happened. Pasha Music House shook. An alert,

panic in the studio, evacuation, every body out, into the tawdry streets of Hollywood's taco-ridden barrio where viewers stood registering the apocalypse at the Astroburger.

"The machine lost it," said an eyewitness, pointing to a Cadillac which had gone out of control and totally demolished the eat-in section of Pasha Music House's humble neighbor, the Astroburger hamburger joint. A bloodied bubble pushed out of the windscreen signified the end of the world for the man in the Cadillac and Billy Thorpe's recording engineer plodded around the crowd and said: "Jeezuz, we had an apocalypse on our doorstep and I never got it on tape."

Thorpe, however, was not put out by this news. For him, it hadn't just been a day of unrecorded apocalypses; it had also been the day the week-old deal was officially announced. The Big Deal. "Probably the biggest deal signed in LA this year," said the grinning Mr Thorpe. "My last album, which was my first American album (*Children of the Sun*) did just under half a million (sales), so it opened up this deal."

"Which is?"

"A very healthy deal. An Electra deal, Electra-Asylum. It's a six-year Electra deal. It's in excess of a quarter of a million dollars an album advance, so it's very healthy and it allows

BY PETER OLSZEWSKI

me to make the kind of albums I want because finally I have the budget to do it, and it allows me to live without having to worry about the day-to-day situation of keeping in work and things."

"That's a good deal," I said.

"A major deal, from a dollars point of view," stressed Thorpe, "and then you put that deal against the European deal..."

"Which is?"

"A Polydor International label deal. And right now... in fact today, Spencer (Spencer Proffer, Thorpe's US manager/producer) has been on the phone to them, the Japanese. You know, the Japanese just love space" (Space as in outer, not as in room to move).

"And the new album is very much to do with space, correct?"

"Correct. So we've got a Japanese deal," said Thorpe, excusing himself to take a phone call, and then further excusing himself because the phone call was from a friend, the manager of an American clothing label who'd rung about the juice diet fasting deal of Thorpe's, so would I just make myself comfortable for a while?

I did, and sat and watched this trim little muscular man, tanned, healthy, with short cropped shiny-sleek blond hair, snappy white T-shirt, faded-just-right jeans and ever so snazzy cinnamon suede boots, as he rocked to and fro in his

chair rapping about the juice of the carrot, the prune and the lemon, and how much extra time there is to a day if one doesn't bother with food...

"Just think about the time you waste every day on food," he says, "Thinking about it, preparing it, eating it, all in the name of energy, and it's a complete waste of energy, man. Food's a habit, and if you can break the habit your day opens up for you," he counsels, hanging up the phone on his latest food fast convert.

"Listen Thorpe, exactly how old are you?" I blurted apropos of nothing but the fact that he looked so healthy and ageless, and recollecting that this boy has been in the rock and roll business a long, long time.

Thorpe laughed. "Thirty-two. I was 32 this year," he said, then thought about it and grew somewhat serious.

"See, that question you asked, that's one of the reasons I left Australia, okay? They did a poll once in the Sydney Sun, 'How old is Billy Thorpe', and it was very interesting man. I was 25 or 26 at the time and people were guessing my age somewhere between 30 and 40. See I cut my first record when I was 16, and I think I first appeared on television when I was 12. People don't realise that. That was against me in Australia because people were looking at me as a has-been. They were saying, 'Ah, the guy's over the hill'. I left Australia when I was 27. I had my 28th

birthday here in the States, so I'm thinking to myself, 'Well Jesus, I don't feel old, I don't look old, I know how old I am'. How old did you think I was?"

"Nudging 40."

[According to Noel McGrath's *Australian Encyclopedia of Rock*: Billy was born on March 29, 1946, in Manchester, England and he migrated to Australia with his parents at the age of nine.]

Silence, uncharacteristic of Thorpe, then: "I'm in a funny situation, Peter, because I have been involved with music so long down there. I was very much a part of the evolution of the Australian music business. I started at the end of the O'Keefe era, but a lot of people place me in that era. They don't realise I started after O'Keefe, they think I came up through that. It's like Barry Gibb. He and I are the same age and we started in Brisbane at the same time, and look at the Bee Gees in Australia. They were put through the same thing, categorised as being part of the old school of rock and roll, as I was.

"So I had to leave. I had to go where it's fresh, where people are not regarding me because of what I've done, or what they feel I'm all about, but taking me on face value, which is what's happened here in America. Here, all that matters is what you are doing now."

A pause to delve into the past.

"We had something like 14 hit singles down there. Do you know, I had nine number one hit singles before I was 21. It's ridiculous, but there it is, that's what I had down there, and you tell me what it means here in the US?"

"Well," I speculated, "I suppose it would open a lot of doors."

"What it means here," Thorpe slowly enunciated, "is that it doesn't mean a damn. The Americans say, 'That's great, but how many hits do you have here?'"

Thorpe laid back in his chair, brushed a hand over his hair, and hooted with laughter.

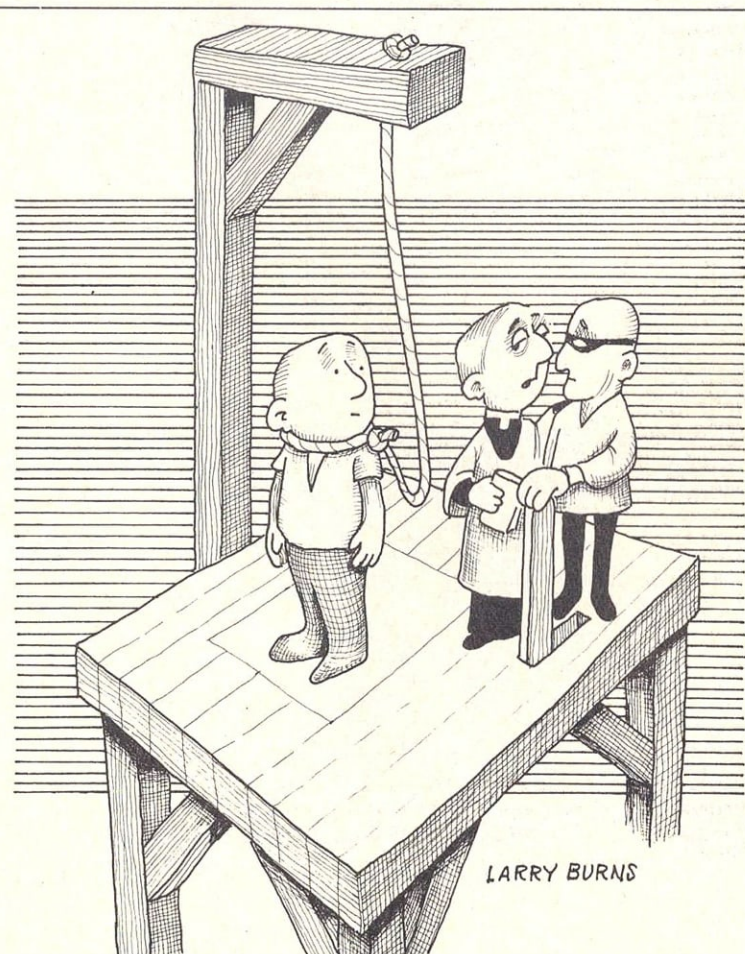
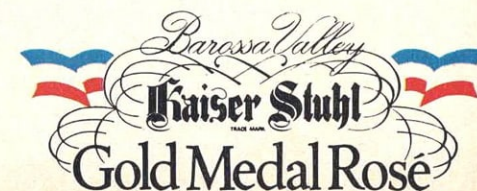
"But then," he added, "while the Americans are saying that to me, what were they saying about me in Australia? 'Ah, the bastard's deserted Australia, he's putting Australia down.'"

No laughter from Thorpe this time. Rather a menacing glower. "And that," he said, "upsets me! Look what they did to Helen Reddy. They really knife her down there. Nobody gave her a shot in shit in Australia. She comes here and becomes a number one act and has one of the biggest records of all time and the knife immediately goes in the back. I mean, can you blame her? Can you blame me for wanting to come here and get out of that rut I was in down there?"

Billy Thorpe's place in the history of Australian rock and roll is an odd one and littered with controversy — an erratic storming in and out of the charts and popularity. His showbiz career embodies



What to have with beef.



LARRY BURNS

"He says he'd like to go home and watch television."

'Sophisticated, long-lasting and very sexy!'

When you want an opinion on a new man's fragrance, who better to ask than a Frenchman?

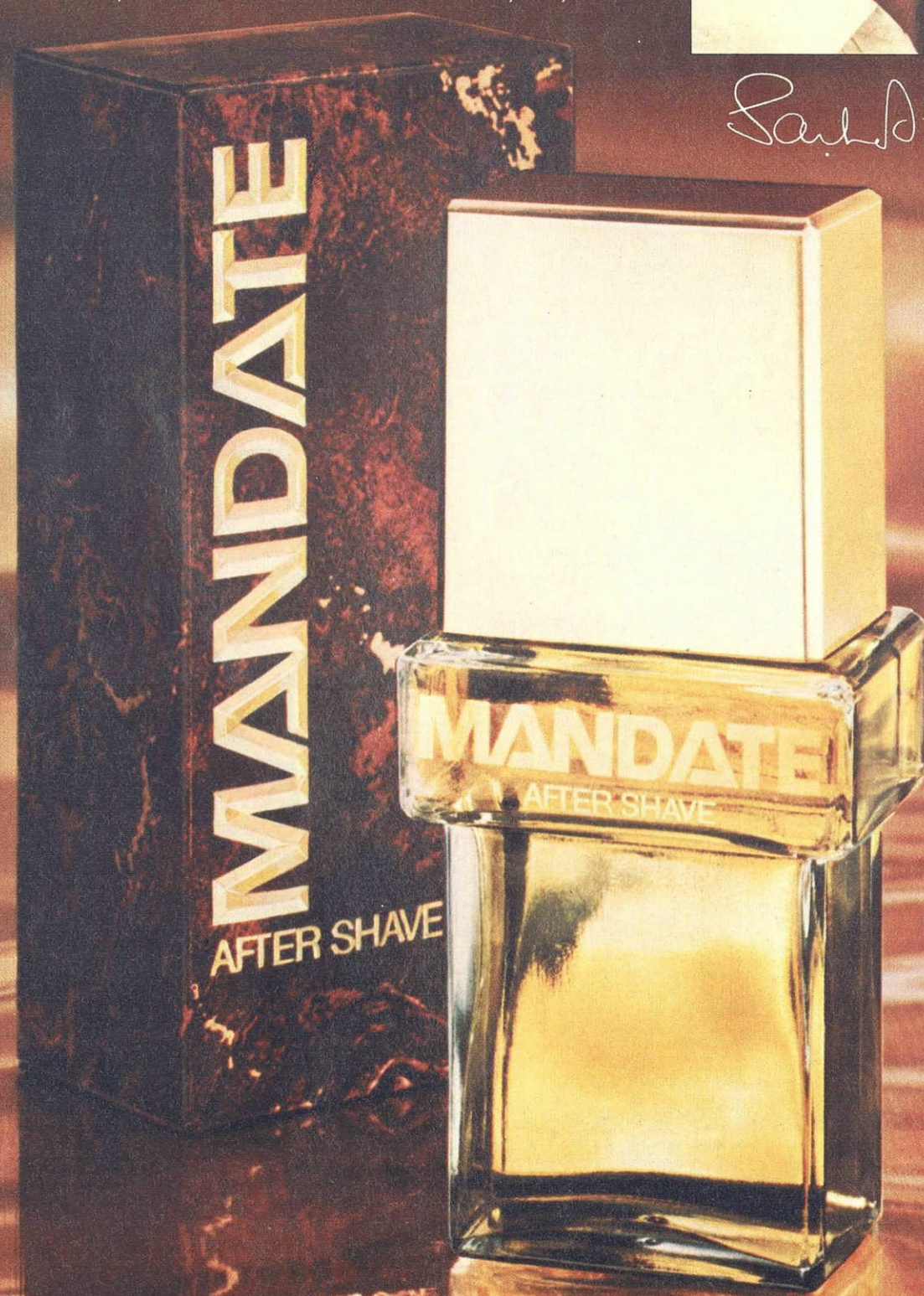
So we asked Sacha Distel, one of Europe's leading entertainers, and this was his enthusiastic response.

The Mandate collection offers a unique and distinctive new fragrance for the successful man - fresh, woody and masculine.

Sacha Distel says a lot for Mandate. See what it can say for you.



Sacha Distel
Sacha Distel



MANDATE
says a lot for a man.

SHSE0107

all the cliches that when strung together by PR departments usually add up to "a showbusiness legend" or some such platitude. Such accolades, however, are not attributed to Thorpe. He is generally viewed with disfavor by the music industry moguls, and dismissed by the hip kids that dominate the "rock media".

Thorpe appeared in the "second wave" of Australian rock music. First came the old school of rockers — from 1954 onwards the rock 'n' roll phenomenon swept the country and produced locals such as Col Joye, Dig Richards, Johnny Devlin, Patsy Ann Noble, Judy Stone and the rest of the Bandstand clutch, with the King, of course, being Johnny O'Keefe. The early Sixties saw change. The old guard began to pale, and the hit charts were confused: an odd mish-mash of Elvis Presley, Al Martino, and the Singing Nun.

Then a "new" sound surfaced, and this was particularly popular with Australian musicians: surf music. The rockers were swept from the charts while the surfers rode the popularity wave.

Thorpe began appearing on Queensland television when 10 or 11 years old. He graduated from children's shows to teenage shows, and when 16 or so (exact dates are hazy in Thorpe's biographies) he ventured south to Sydney, sang once with the resident band at Surf City and was immediately signed up as lead singer

and rewarded with almost instantaneous popularity.

However surf music itself began to wane — the Liverpool sound had arrived and by mid-1964 surf music was gone from the charts. The only two Australians on the mid-1964 charts were Johnny O'Keefe with *Shout* (a track that had earlier been banned from radio because it was too loud), and the new-comer, Billy Thorpe, who quickly adapted to the new sound.

Thorpe had obtained a new Rolling Stones EP and, recognising the old Coasters hit, *Poison Ivy*, he felt he could do a better version than the Stones — classic Thorpe cockiness ... or arrogance as some say.

His recorded version quickly became a number one national hit — the 12th Australian record to make number one in Australian pop history.

A string of hits followed for Thorpe which helped him to rack up the following statistics in the music history books: No. 4 on the list of artists charting the most number of years, No. 6 on the list of artists charting the most number of consecutive years, and No. 5 on the most number of hits list (all figures pre 1978).

In 1966 he began his own TV show, *It's All Happening*, but his popularity began to die. He rested in Queensland, then returned to Sydney, the clubs, and rumors — whispers of guns and

Maseratis and breakdowns and bankruptcy. He seemed destined to go the way of Johnny O'Keefe until, as one wag commented in the press, he dropped acid.

Whether he did or didn't is irrelevant. More to the point is that Thorpe moved to Melbourne and reformed the Aztecs, who dressed in General Custer outfits and didn't meet with much success.

That image was dropped, and in early 1970 a strange band of rough be-jeaned musicians huddled together in the shadow of speaker boxes and growled out an almost menacing rock sound that married B.B. King-type blues, boogie, and heavy metal rock.

The leader of the pack, sporting ponytail and rough beard, was the re-born Billy Thorpe.

Thorpe's new outfit became immensely popular. Statistics show that during 1970-77 Thorpe was No. 3 on the list of artists with the most number of albums in the charts.

In 1971 he had two albums in that year's list of top 10 selling albums — *The Hoax is Over* (No. 4) and *Aztecs Live* (No. 10). *Aztecs Live* became the number one selling album in 1972, and *Live at Sunbury* became that year's second best selling album.

Having done all that, Thorpe disappeared from the charts once more. The group's last chart entry was in June 1974,

The ayes have it, for Gordon's gin.

Gordon's and orange. Gordon's and soda. Gordon's and dry.
Gordon's and bitter lemon. Gordon's martini.
Gordon's and tonic. Gordon's and water. The gin preferred internationally by more people who prefer gin.

It's got to be Gordon's.



and all that was left after that was a lot of enemies.

Thorpe upset the record industry establishment because of his independence and vulgarity. He refused to be dominated by record companies and management agencies and publicly lashed out at the hold these elements had over Australian music. He rebelled and joined the "rock revolution" — swore on stage and incited rebellion, and partly financed the "raddo-rock" paper, *Planet*, which was an odd mixture of patriotic rock articles, musical Marxism, unidentified flying strawberries, and peace-love-

and-drugs-man. His stage chant became "Smoke More Dope", and "Suck More Piss" was quickly appended . . . after all, he was in Australia.

He appealed to the working class kids and encouraged them, en masse, to do their own thing at venues, and bugger the rules. The audiences that hypnotically clanked beer cans in time to his music were probably direct descendants of the crowds who ripped up seats at O'Keefe concerts almost two decades earlier.

Billy was indisputably popular, but he insisted on being a naughty boy. Thorpe himself noted the reproach and wrote an

autobiographical hit entitled, *Most People I Know Think That I'm Crazy*. Unfortunately for him, his crazy hooligan image also alienated the new rock establishment — the young, well-educated (often university graduates) middle class kids that took over the "creative" side of the rock media, set up their own agencies, and ran their own concerts.

Radical chic was the rage, and Thorpe was by no means chic. His embattled band of musical roughnecks formed a sort of independent wedge that rammed through both hostile camps with the simple momentum of huge numbers of suburban fans, to whom Thorpe was the only form of identification or voice.

Realising his precarious position, Thorpe began to investigate the overseas scene. In late 1972 he and the Aztecs travelled to England, but the sojourn was ill-timed and his loud music was not compatible with the poky, smoky English venues.

In 1974 Thorpe travelled to America to take part in the first American Song Festival held at Saratoga Springs in New York. He stayed in the US longer than planned and made up his mind that that was where he wanted to be. He returned to Australia to fulfil contractual obligations for 1975 and most of 1976 and then, free to go, he made a rapid exit.

Big bad puffin' Billy was gone for good — his good.

Meanwhile, back in Los Angeles:

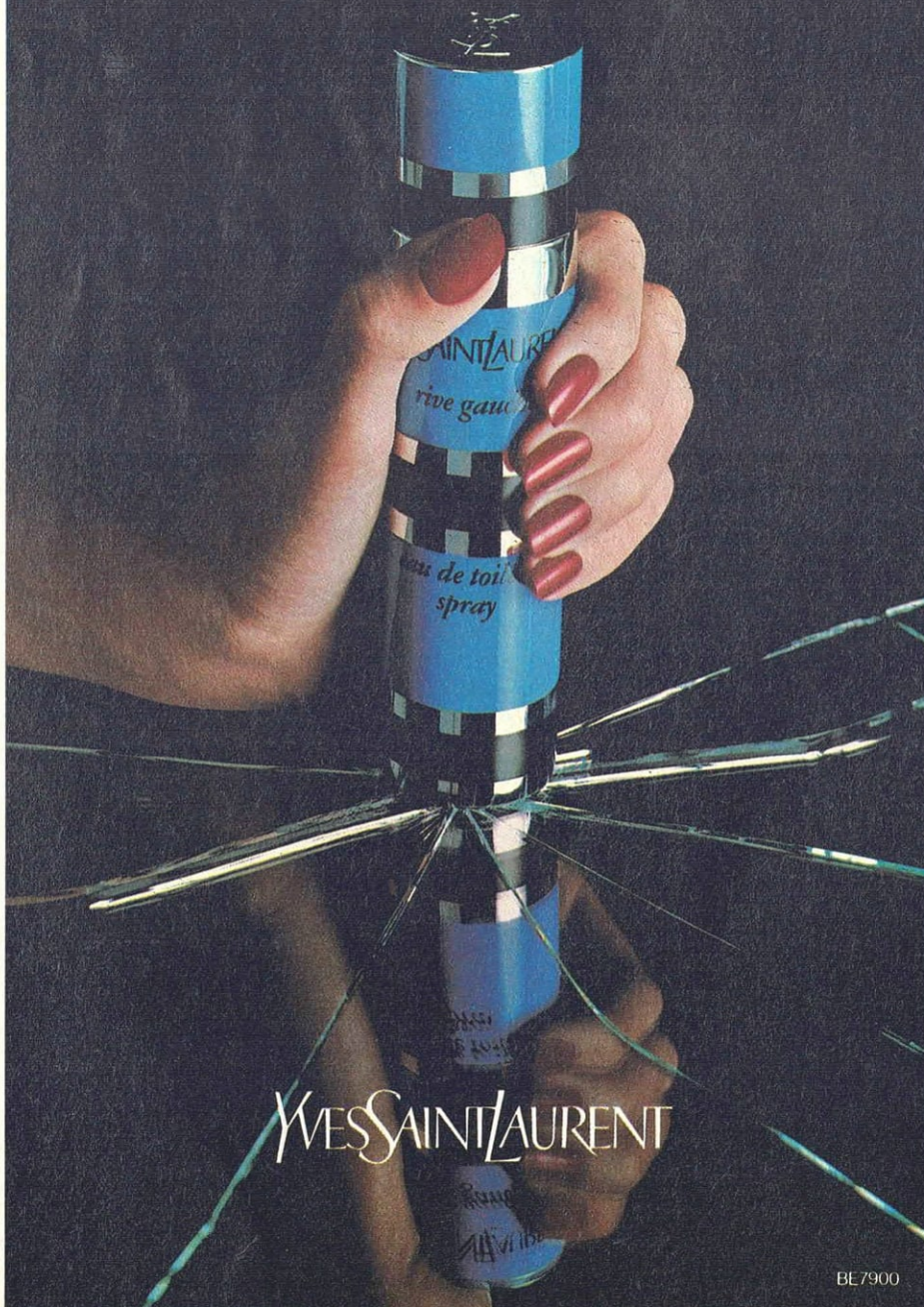
"So," said Thorpe, "I arrived in the US in late 1976 with the thought in mind of starting again. I spent the first year, 1977, trying to find what direction to go in, and I spent a lot of time writing. I'd done very little writing in Australia but as soon as I got here I started."

With his creative juices flowing, Thorpe claimed he spent virtually every night going to American concerts, notebook in hand, looking for, "the pocket for me to come up through here in America."

Once the pocket was found, audition time came around: "I'd never really auditioned in my life in Australia but here, after a career of 12 or 13 years, I had to audition with an acoustic guitar. I went and hawked my music around the record companies, the A & R people, just like everybody else has to do here. Out of that I got a good look at what I was in terms of my music, what I was really doing, what people heard as being, say, a 'Billy Thorpe style', particularly in terms of original music. In Australia the band did do some writing but operated a lot on past hits, so I really had to start again. I started from scratch, cold."

One of the first people Thorpe met was his current manager, Spencer Proffer, an urbane, softly-spoken gentleman. However Thorpe didn't "go with" Proffer until a year later, simply because, "I didn't want to get involved with the first person I

Rive Gauche not for the subdued.



YVES SAINT LAURENT

BE7900



Get the car cover that covers Australia.

Buying car insurance from the place on the corner is fine.

But what happens when you have an accident far away? Say on holiday, in another state.

Where is that place on the corner when you need them?

Still back on the corner?

The difference with AGC is that we cover Australia.

So wherever you drive, you won't be left stranded.

You can process your claim on the spot and get fast claim settlement.

And that's just one of the beauties of being with AGC.

We also offer you an easy Pay-by-the-Month Car Insurance.

And we have a no-claim bonus that reaches 60% in just four years and you do not lose all that bonus for one claim.

The more you think about it,

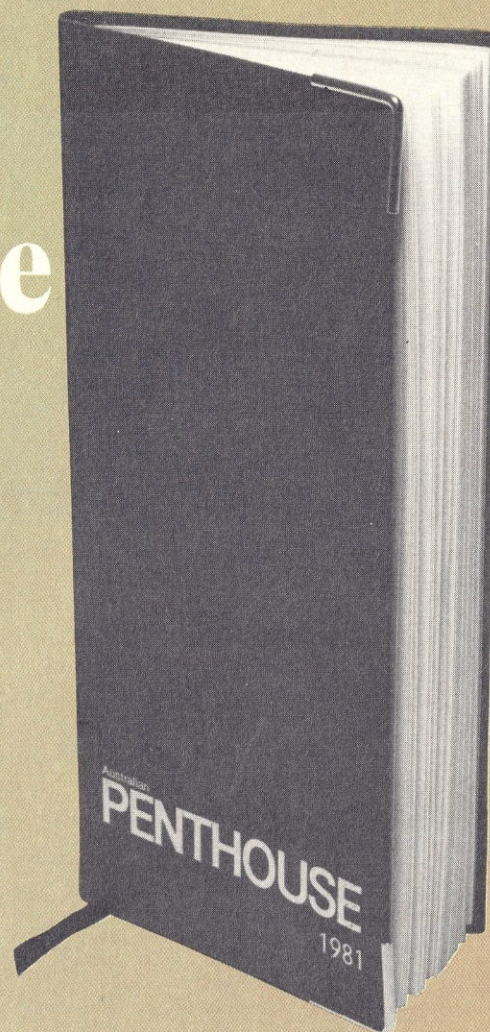
the more AGC leaves the others behind.

Sydney: Phillip & Hunter Streets.
Melbourne: 31 Spring Street.
Brisbane: Tank Street & North Quay.
Adelaide: 10 Pulteney Street.
Perth: 165 Adelaide Terrace.
Hobart: 161 Collins Street,
and offices throughout Australia.

AGC (Insurances) Limited.
A division of Australian Guarantee Corporation Limited.

AGC991 FCB

New! 1981 Penthouse Diary and Good Living Guide



\$4.95

Plus 55c
postage and
handling

Hurry! Stocks are limited.

Australian Penthouse presents its 1981 Diary and good living guide. It's an ideal Christmas gift, featuring

- **Top restaurants** in all capitals, including address, phone number and star rating.
- **Night spots** in all capitals. A quick reference to where the action is — without consulting taxi drivers!
- **Wine vintage guide.** Listing all the good years and the not-so-good for reds and whites in all the wine areas of Australia.
- **Taxi phone numbers** in all capitals.

An instant reference for travellers.

One week to a page . . . easy-find tape . . . gold reinforced corners . . . flexible leather-like cover . . . a TOP gift idea.

To Penthouse Diary
Box 4084 GPO, Sydney, NSW 2001

Yes please! Please send me copies of the 1981 Penthouse diary and good living guide.

I enclose \$4.95 for each diary plus 55c postage and handling for my total order, or please bill my

☐ Bankcard ☐ American Express ☐ Diners Club

Account No. _____

Signature _____ not valid unless signed

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

p/code _____

Australian Penthouse, 99 Elizabeth Street, Sydney 2000.

met. I really wanted to look at the business. Later I came back and ended up working with Spencer".

Guitar and voice demos were produced to begin the hunt for the first deal, but the deal wasn't to be found in America. The much sought-after budget for the album came from England, from Warner Brothers International.

Production of the record, however, was carried out in Pasha's well-equipped Hollywood studio, and on the way to the vinyl stage came an interesting diversion. What started out as a "conventional" album — 10 to 12 tracks of rock music — transmogrified into an album containing one side of rock, and one side of "conceptual" music.

This proved to be a sort-of-sci-fi saga, a strange combination of Space Invaders-type music, Beatles Sergeant Pepper-type vocal harmonising, and Thorpe's inimical rock.

Thorpe explained how it came to be: "While making the album I got this idea together for a song called Children of the Sun. Spencer and I finished it and about four or five tracks into making the album I said to Spencer . . . well, initially we were going to link up the tracks with little musical and effects segues, but I said, 'I really think we can make this into a piece.' I thought it out, came up with a way to do it, cut out about half the stuff we rehearsed, and I went home to work on it. About a week later I'd got the concept together."

The concept deals with a visit to Earth by a friendly race of outer-spacers called Sun Children who organise a mass exodus from a doomed Earth. To me, it seemed untypical of anything ever worked on by Thorpe in Australia, but he quickly disagreed.

"The Dawn Song, okay," he said, referring to the first hit song he used to announce his "come back" in 1971. It was an era meant for exploration, but, "I would never have had an opportunity to do that album in Australia because I would never have got the backing from a record company, nor would I have been able to find the studio expertise."

The *Children of the Sun* album was hawked in America and a US deal made with Capricorn Records. The album was released in America in March 1978 and was first picked up for airplay in Dallas Texas, where it was on top of the charts for eight or nine weeks.

The record spread to other southern States, then eventually made its way out of the south up the mid-west to Chicago, and spread across the country via America's huge FM radio network. It hit No. 1 in 25 cities and reached 30 on the national chart.

It was also named the top American FM airplay track of 1979.

Thorpe, although obviously pleased with that result, claimed the album could

ONE GREAT CHRISTMAS GIFT IDEA FROM PENTHOUSE...

...LEADS TO ANOTHER

Live the Penthouse life style with these perfect Christmas gifts for men or women.

KEYS The famous Penthouse key, symbol of man and woman joined in harmony. Available in gold, silver and gilt. Plus the discreet Penthouse anklet — a gold-plated silver miniature key on a gilt chain.

T-SHIRTS Nightshirts, too! The men's T-Shirt says "I'm no rabbit", the women's proclaims "More than just a pretty face". The men's or women's nightshirts, complete with cheeky cap, say "You won't be disappointed". And you won't!

SUBSCRIBE Make your Christmas gift last all year and bring untold hours of enjoyment with great pictorials, incisive reporting and rib-tickling entertainment. Subscribe now and you'll receive 12 issues through the mail.



YES PLEASE!

Post to Penthouse Mail Order,
GPO Box 4084, Sydney, NSW, 2001.
Allow 21 days for delivery.

NUMBER

- ☐ Subscription @ \$30 for 12 months \$
- ☐ Back copies @ \$2.50 each. Attach list of dates \$
- ☐ Binders @ \$5.50 plus \$2 post for each order \$
- ☐ Women's T-shirts @ \$7.50 each \$
- Sizes 8 ☐ 10 ☐ 12 ☐ 14 ☐
- ☐ Men's T-shirts @ \$7.50 each \$
- Sizes S ☐ M ☐ L ☐ XL ☐
- ☐ Nightshirts @ \$12.50 each \$
- Mens ☐ Women's ☐
- ☐ Gold keys @ \$295 ☐ Silver keys @ \$55.50 \$
- ☐ Gilt keys @ \$16.95 ☐ Anklets @ \$27.50 \$

TOTALS

I enclose my cheque/money

order for \$

or please debit my

Diners Club ☐ American Express ☐ Bankcard ☐

A/c No. _____

Signature _____

Name _____

Address _____

p/code _____

Order not valid unless signed

have charted higher if not for record company problems.

"Capricorn Records were going through a lot of hassles when we signed with them and, unfortunately for everyone concerned, the company went under. Folded. Polydor Records owned the rights to the masters because they were distributing for Capricorn, so I went with Polydor half-way through the album. I think that change, and the problem with Capricorn Records, stopped the album from hitting the top 10. It definitely did — there were big stock problems, a lot of store problems."

Moving into science fiction isn't the only change Thorpe's made while in the States. In Australia, Thorpe was more of a touring animal than a recording studio resident — in the US it's the other way around. During 1979 he was on the road for only 20 days. This year he's been in the studio with bank tellers' regularity — five days a week, nine to five.

"I hated being in the studio in Australia," explained Thorpe. "Recording was always a clinical thing that I didn't look forward to doing. That's why I was more of a live act down there. Recording there was unpleasant, but here it's very relaxed, very easy to work, and the people know what they're doing."

An aspect which does excite Thorpe is that Australian rock and roll, when listened to objectively after the separations of time and distance, has its own distinctive sound, and in his opinion that sound will one day "break" throughout the world as did, say, the Liverpool sound.

"One of the positive aspects of Australia's insularity," he said, "is that it sort of produces a hybrid Australian sound, very ballsy — Australian rockers have 10 times the balls of anyone else."

The real proof of Thorpe's admiration for his Australian musical colleagues is that now he's in a position to use the best of American talent, he's requesting the services of Australians. Former Aztec drummer Gil Matthews (who, oddly enough, was also a Mouseketeer) has become Thorpe's permanent drummer in the States.

Thorpe's first US album was put together by a trio comprising Thorpe on guitars, vocals and synthesizers; bassist Leland Sklar, a session player who worked with James Taylor for almost 12 years; and drummer Alvin Taylor, also a session musician who's worked with George Harrison, Bob Welch and The Animals. Taylor was unavailable when the trio wanted to go on the road to promote the album, so Matthews was flown over as the fill-in. He worked successfully with the band. Thorpe commented: "Gil live was just magnificent."

Thorpe's new album, *21st Century Man*, is a direct spin-off from the first album. It begins with the world blowing up, describes Earth's population migration, then deals with the intermingling of the Sun Children with Earth people, and the creation of a new race.

Leland Sklar has been retained for the album, but Gil Matthews replaced Alvin Taylor. Thorpe explained.

"I flew Gil out and we worked for two-

and-a-half months. I could have used any American session player I wanted — I don't mean that egotistically but when you're dealing with a good budget in Los Angeles it's a reality — and there was no question in my mind that Gil would fit the bill. And he did. He came out here and did a hell of a job. The comments on Gil's drumming on this album by the top people have been, 'Who the fuck is that drummer, who is he?'"

Thorpe began to sing the general praises of Australian musicians again, but paused, and came up with the Word of Advice: "My advice to Australian musicians is, however you do it, or whatever has to be done in order to get your airfare and enough money to visit here, do it. Have the balls to come here and look at what is really going on in the music business, because there is a strange thing among Australian musicians, a strange fear of coming to look at America, which is something I don't understand. Perhaps..."

Before he could continue with his ruminations, he was interrupted by another Australian, Coral Browning, who wanted to make final photography arrangements for the album's cover.

Browning, a leggy beauty, was well known in Melbourne as part of Jenny Ham's PR team. Her brother, Michael Browning, is a former manager of Thorpe, and more recently AC-DC's manager. Ms Browning worked in New York for several years before coming to Los Angeles to join Thorpe as part of the notorious Gumnut, or Kangaroo, mafia.

This gathering of expatriate and visiting Australian musicians, unofficially led by Olivia Newton-John (who, as the mafia says, "is very much installed in the situation"), is popular in Los Angeles and infamous because of the "Foster's Parties", a style of partying which the Americans are not quite used to.

Thorpe quickly dispensed with the photography details, only to be interrupted again by manager Proffer who wanted Thorpe to check out the rocket effects. Proffer regarded Thorpe affectionately, then said to me: "What I'm waiting for is to see Billy conduct an orchestra playing *21st Century Man*."

A sort of ersatz Tchaikovsky's 18th Century Overture I gathered, but before I could ask Thorpe said: "Let's not worry about orchestras. Let's just get this album selling."

Exit Thorpe.

The million dollar question, of course, is, will Billy Thorpe live up to his quarter-million-dollar advances — will his apocalyptic visions become a major record selling device, or did he strike it lucky just once with a novelty value? Time, as usual, will provide the answers, unless Thorpe's vinylised Big Bang becomes a reality.

Then, what the hell anyway... ☪

EAST-WEST ANNOUNCES



30% off the adult return fare to East-West's Great Holiday Destinations.

What is APEX PLUS? Apex is the name given to special low-priced advance purchase excursion fares. The Plus stands for how easy East-West make these new low year-round fares for you, without the hassles and restrictions which apply to some other Apex fares. Just look at these Plusses!

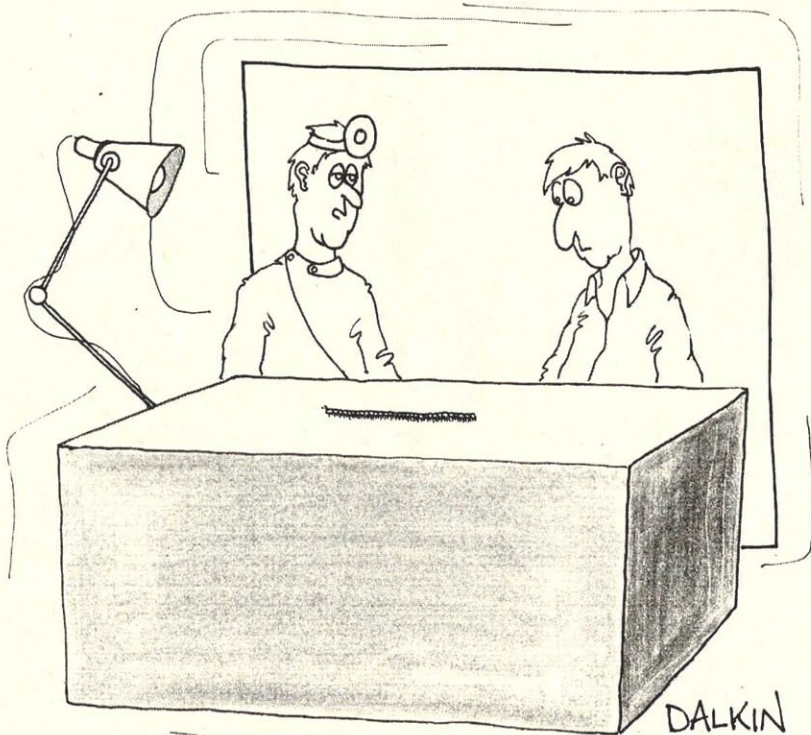
PLUS! Available year-round.
PLUS! You save 30% on the adult return fare to 4 of Australia's most exciting holiday destinations.
PLUS! Book and pay as late as 7 days before you travel. We don't ask you to pay up to 45 days in advance of your departure. So if you suddenly get the urge to fly to one of our Apex Plus destinations, Apex Plus enables you to book and pay as late as a week before you plan to travel. (However, once you make your reservation, you must pay for your ticket within 7 days.)

PLUS! We've taken the sting out of cancellation costs. Sometimes circumstances are beyond your control and a trip has to be cancelled. Should this happen with Apex Plus, you pay only \$10 for cancellation up to 24 hours before your flight. Additional costs are applicable if Apex Plus journeys are cancelled or altered within 24 hours of take-off or after you have completed your forward journey. Check your East-West Apex Plus brochure for full details.

PLUS! Stay away for up to 90 days. With Apex Plus you confirm your return booking when you make your initial reservation. So you can stay away for up to 90 days. And if you don't want to be away for long, the minimum stay requirement for Apex Plus is only 5 nights.

PLUS! Avis Rent-A-Car extends a 10% discount on standard rates to Apex Plus passengers. Contact your East-West appointed travel agent for full details on the new APEX PLUS air fares.

EAST-WEST AIRLINES
THE PEOPLE WHO PUT THE PLUS INTO APEX!



"He's on his last legs, I'm afraid."

Pet of the Year Gifts

To say that the *Australian Penthouse* Pet of the Year is the luckiest girl in the land is an understatement. What other girl could receive almost \$60,000 in cash and prizes, all at once? And not just any old prizes, either — nothing but the best, as the pictures on these pages show. The Pet of the Year contest is already the richest glamor prize in the southern hemisphere. Our Pet of the Year choice has been based on readers' votes in association with the editors of *Australian Penthouse*. She now undertakes a 12-month, \$10,000 modelling and promotions contract with *Australian Penthouse* as well as receiving the following gifts:

Highlight of the prizes is a TRIUMPH TR 7 sports car supplied by LEYLAND AUSTRALIA. This vehicle is from the Pro Car series and is fitted with factory air conditioning and a host of extras which take its on-road value to almost \$20,000. It is a unique vehicle, personally styled by DESIGN AND DEVELOPMENT, of Revesby, NSW, which added color co-ordinated interior in velvet, a sunroof, gold alloy wheels, and a car computer.

The car also features one of the most sophisticated sound systems available in Australia. BOSE Australia have teamed a CONCORD cassette deck featuring a 30-20,000 Hz response, Dolby, metal tape facility, AM/FM radio with their stereo, four speakers and amplifier. BOSE Australia have also donated a magnificent home sound system, valued at \$3500. It includes wood-grained spatial control and turntable receiver, and a pair of their 901 series speakers. Also for the Pet of the Year's home is an AWA television receiver supplied by AWA Australia, which links up with an AWA THORN video cassette recorder using VHS tapes, supplied by the nation's leading rental company, RADIO RENTALS.

The Pet of the Year's prizes also include a unique Penthouse key made of 18ct gold and featuring a \$2000 diamond. The



Prizes fit for a queen: The gold and diamond Pet of the Year Penthouse key designed by Nicola Cerrone and valued at \$2500 supplied by the HOURGLASS JEWELLERS Group; the LADY PARKER pen by Pucci; the superb \$1450 LONGINES gold watch with looks as fine as its Swiss craftsmanship, and the VOTRE perfumes by Charles Jourdan.

setting was designed by Nicola Cerrone of the HOURGLASS JEWELLERS Group of Australia (look for them in all major centres). The total value of this gift is \$2500. To add to this, the Pet of the Year also has a superb \$1450 LONGINES watch, donated by SA Desco Pty Ltd of Sydney.

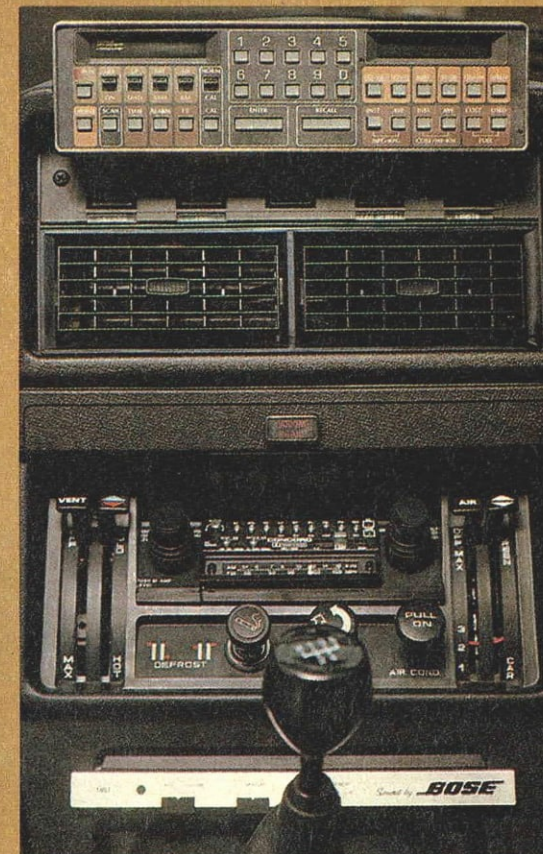
Our girl will also wear a \$2500 white mink coat supplied by ANGELO FURS of 15 Park Street, Sydney. She can team this with \$1000 of designer fashion from CARLA SHIR Pty Ltd. Other gifts include a Lady Parker pen by Pucci, and Votre perfume by Charles Jourdan, supplied by EMMO JUVENA.

Pictured on following pages are more gifts for the home, including more than \$1000 worth of appliances donated by BREVILLE AUSTRALIA. In addition there is a microwave oven donated by RANK LITTON and a gentle care front-loading washing machine supplied by PHILIPS Consumer Products. In the leisure field there are prizes galore. Head of the list is the \$3500 SUZUKI WET BIKE, supplied by Suzuki Cornell Pty Ltd. For the snow CASA ALPINA have donated ski equipment and ski fashion, and for the beach the PERRIER people have supplied large towels, T-shirts, beach and personal umbrellas, and glassware. As well, the Pet of the Year will have two holidays for two — a week at the

BERIDA MANOR health farm at Bowral, NSW, and the GOLDEN GATE in Surfers Paradise, with Gold Coast activities arranged by EAST WEST airlines and the PENTHOUSE Old Place restaurant and club. SOUTHERN SUN SOLARIUM Pty Ltd have given a Philips Solarium HP 3120, and ZEISS have donated binoculars and optically correct sunglasses. BELL & HOWELL has donated still and sound movie cameras, and GORENJE PACIFIC has supplied a fridge to keep cool \$1000 of GREAT WESTERN champagne from G. Seppelt and Sons. Plus crates of PERRIER water. Great prizes for a great lady! ☺

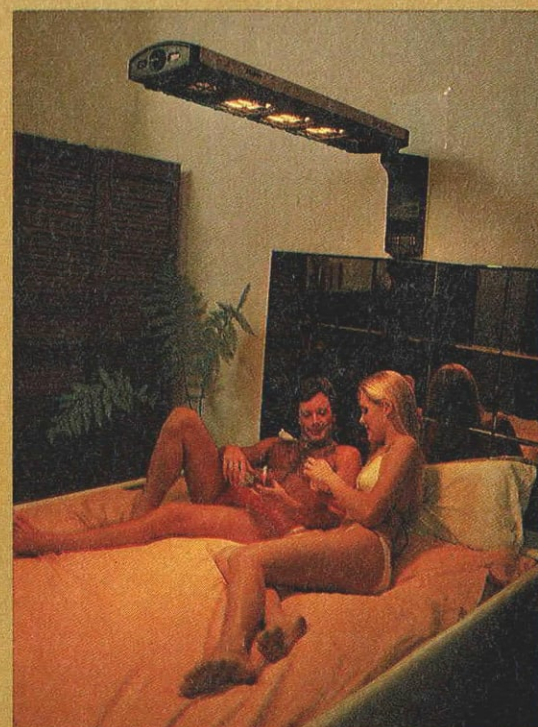
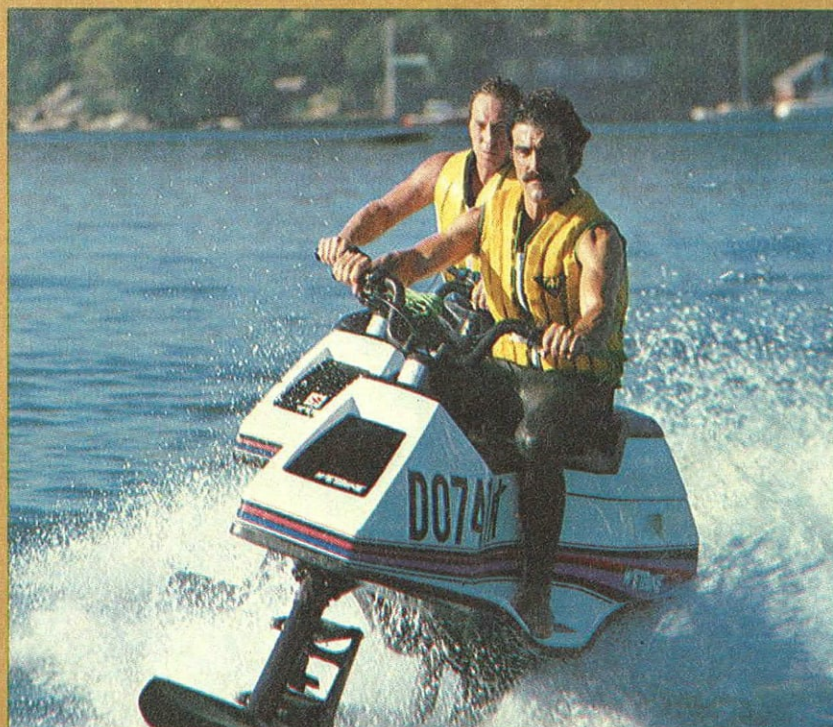


Above — The TRIUMPH TR 7 Pro Car with its host of extras including air conditioning, sun roof, gold alloy wheels and sports steering wheel. The special Penthouse styling carried out by DESIGN AND DEVELOPMENT includes a brown and gold repaint, color co-ordinated velvet interior lining and on-board computer. The sound equipment features a CONCORD cassette deck and AM/FM radio and a BOSE amplifier with four speakers. BOSE Australia also supplied the magnificent \$3500 hi-fi equipment below. The TV set is from AWA, and the Thorn VCR is supplied by RADIO RENTALS, the national TV company.





The Pet of the Year's home will bristle with dream appliances. The BREVILLE range above includes from top left, clockwise, a Pifco massager, raylamp, 12-cup Melita coffee maker, yoghurt maker, Kitchen Wizz, salon hair drier, Country Kitchen cast iron frypan, Carmen hair curler set, Lady Braun shaver, Teasmade, and a Minute Master domestic microwave oven from RANK LITTON. And to enjoy the great Australian summer — the \$3500 WET BIKE supplied by SUZUKI CORNELL is below, left, demonstrating the ultimate fun of the sea, and the PHILIPS Solarium for a year-round tan appears below, right.



The Pet of the Year will enjoy plenty of leisure activities, staying for a week at luxury BERIDA MANOR (top left) and flying EAST WEST airlines to the superb GOLDEN GATE at Surfers Paradise (above left). Her gifts include a BELL & HOWELL 1239 sound movie camera and projector, a RICOH XR-25 35mm SLR camera and Speedlight flash, as well as ZEISS binoculars and sunglasses (above). Featured below are the CASA ALPINA ski equipment, with a PERRIER T-shirt (left) the ANGELO mink and CARLA SHIR fashion, (centre) and the GREAT WESTERN champagne, (right) together with its GORENJE fridge.





EVEN OUR YOUNGEST WHITE WASN'T BORN YESTERDAY.

It takes years of winemaking experience to make a complex wine like our 1980 White Burgundy.

Growing vines that will produce even a sound wine takes a minimum of nine years.

One year to select a site with soil best suited to the grape variety and the plant.

One year to prepare the soil. Another for the selection of the right strain of vines and for them to grow to rootling stage.

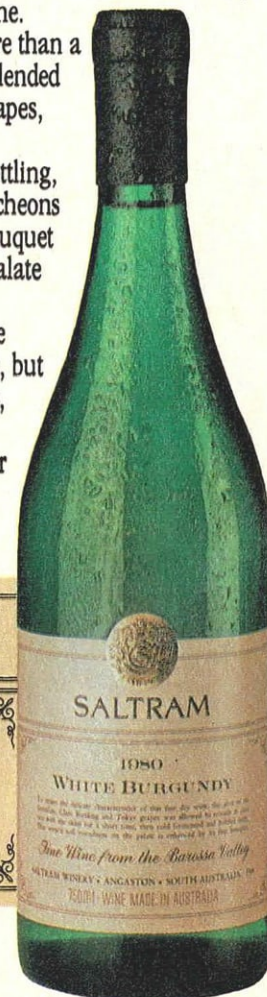
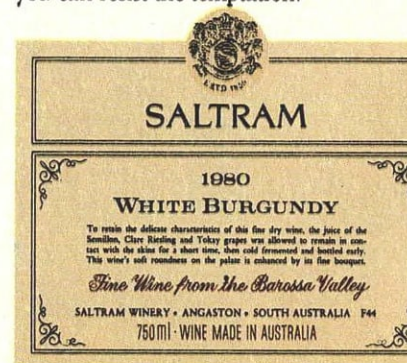
Two years to train and trellis. Two more to prune and shape.

By the end of the seventh year the vines yield their first crop, but it takes another two years for the grapes to reach full maturity. Nine years in all to produce a sound wine.

But our 1980 White Burgundy is more than a sound wine. It's a fine wine. Carefully blended from Semillon, Crouchen and Tokay grapes, picked at the peak of their perfection.

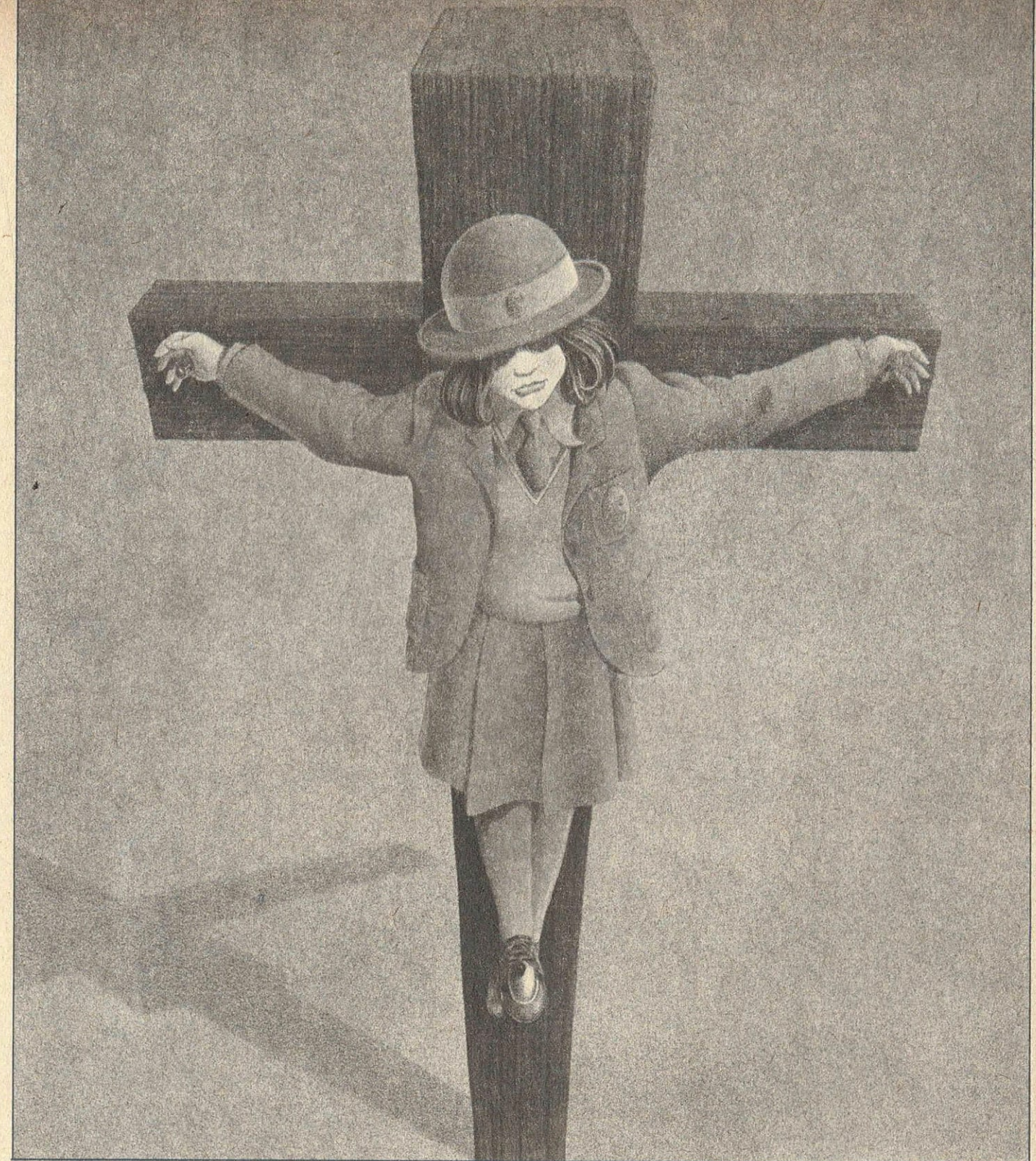
For a short period of time prior to bottling, our White Burgundy is matured in puncheons of new American oak to enhance the bouquet and to develop and enrich the middle palate of the wine.

This has meant releasing our vintage somewhat later than other wine makers, but we think it well worth the wait. Because, although our 1980 White Burgundy is perfect for drinking now, it will cellar for many years. Providing, of course, that you can resist the temptation.



Saltram. Fine wine takes time.

Y&R SGM164



All good Catholic girls knew that the road to eternity was a rocky one, best negotiated with tightly-crossed legs.

CONVENT GIRLS

BY LOUISE ZAETTA

Long before the Ecumenical Movement raised its ugly head, we Catholics had good reason to be pretty pleased. We belonged to the "only true Church", and that assured us of having Heaven all to ourselves. Not even the Queen of England was going to get a look in. Let alone the likes of Bob Menzies, Baden Powell, Elvis or Rudolf Nureyev. For them to entertain thoughts of Paradise was

laughable. Rudy could kick up his heels till the cows came home but he'd never get to heaven. Anyhow, there was just no room for Commies, and that was that. To us, Henry VIII's lesser sin was his hasty and blood-curdling method of disposing of unwanted wives. It was his "breakaway" from the Catholic Church, over the question of divorce, that really put him in our bad books. And as for the Proddy dogs we came

into contact with every day, they had no future at all but to spiral downwards once they carked it. But let's be fair. The really good ones, the Salvos for instance, were to go to Limbo. That no-man's land in the sky that was pleasant enough but lacked the pomp, glory and festivity of our eternal resting place.

(Unfortunately, Limbo seems to be on the way out. A situation that will leave literally billions of Proddys floating in the void, like astronauts detached from their capsules. Hopefully, the endless, weightless spinning through space will be pleasant enough for most. And some Nirvana, yet unknown to our earthbound religious, may pop up for them to latch on to).

The black babies were in trouble too, and we could only pray that our zealot missionaries would reach them before the crocodiles did, baptise them, and free them from the yoke of ignorance. Otherwise, they too could be left to float in the astral wilderness; in greater danger of colliding with passing spacecraft than their caucasian counterparts — due to the darkness of their skin.

Just being a Catholic didn't automatically assure one of going to Heaven, however. You had to work damn hard at it. But there was an easy rule to set you on the right track. If you could remember that "all things enjoyable were bad", and avoid them, you had a better than even chance. But for even the most devout, putting this simple rule into practice often proved difficult.

So it came to pass that our Holy Leaders were forced to band together and assist. With their cardinal rule to guide them, they got to work.

For a start, sex was abolished and the female leg abandoned. In Catholic convents all over the country, bloomers similar to those worn in Bombay at the turn of the century, lay beneath both school and sports tunic, thus putting an end to the bum. Tunics dangled well below the knee to further allay the ogles of lust-prone school boys. And Mums were asked not to wear slacks when collecting their daughters from school, as a further deterrent to those who persisted in believing the Catholic leg still existed.

And, only fair in consideration of the need to clean up the leg, came this threat from a conscientious Sister. "If I catch any girl wearing shorts or slacks in the Mentone area, I'll take her off the streets and whip her."

To prevent the devious from sinking to the floor in an attempt to squiz up a tunic, leg crossing was also out of the question.

And in the unlikely event of one of these perverts pulling off such a coup, yet another precaution was needed. It presented itself in the 90 denier lisle

stocking. This wrinkle-prone device not only appeared under the tunic but often on the basketball and tennis court as well.

Boobs, of course, were also out. And as one dolled up for the end of the year dance, the Sisters were to religiously slip a sprig of blossom into the cleavage of any pair that presented themselves as pumped up pink trouble makers. "I was made to feel so rotten about my low dress", remembers one 34b cupper, "that I sat and spoke to a blind boy all night."

The early Sixties also saw the birth of the off-the-peg bikini, putting it well in reach of the everyday sun lover, and that included the wayward Catholic girl. To stop her in her scanty tracks, it was suggested from the pulpit that "Girls who wear bikinis have abortions." In a state of aquatic shock she clambered back into her Jantzen,

If a man
tries to kiss you
goodnight, make sure
it's through the
fly wire
screen door.

with its discreet "skirt" to hide any suggestion of mons veneris. (Mind you, she wasn't quite sure what an abortion was.)

To keep us right off the sexual track, Biology was not taught in many schools, as it seemed to be a subject hell bent on discussing those private parts one did so much to avoid.

Both Michelangelo and D.H. Lawrence were a thorn in the religious side. And measures had to be taken to quell the gushing tide of sexuality these two foreign gentlemen had propagated. The Italian's nasty habit of carving cocks out of Carrera was to cause a flutter in nunneries the country wide. But, thank Heavens, the problem was solved by the introduction of the Texta color pen. Soon convent art books bore its mark wherever a naked groin was rakish enough to display itself.

Mr Lawrence was to suffer a similar fate, as the dreaded Texta tore through his steamy, sweaty prose to cancel out any reference to the unCatholic parts of the body. Throbbing loins, lascivious lips and so on.

In its endeavors to ban sex altogether, the Catholic Church failed miserably. So there was nothing for it but to give us some insight into the perils of falling into the fleshy trap; the outcome of digital meanderings and pre-marital dabbings.

Still, sex education only came in dribs and drabs. But with great creative flair our Nuns and Priests did endeavor to let us know what it was all about — well sort of anyway.

Young hopefuls would tremble with excitement as classroom blinds were pulled and the door locked in preparation for the revelations that rarely came.

Others were whisked from the playground, ushered into the music room and given a talk that did little more than confuse even further.

And some boys experienced close to the real thing as Brothers slithered a palm up and down a young thigh in an effort to get the message across.

However, as red-faced Sisters and Brothers continued to chalk copulating camellias on to the blackboard, even the most perceptive of pupils were left scratching their heads. But at least one thing was made clear: sex was distasteful, and partaking of its pleasures a vice for only the sinful to tangle with.

Taking first things first then, it was necessary to put an end to the red-blooded romplings of youth. So snogging had to be taken care of before lurching into sexual athletics of a more sophisticated kind.

"If a man tries to kiss you goodnight, make sure it's through the fly wire screen door" was sound advice but impractical considering the "Anything longer than a one minute kiss is a mortal sin" rule. Not only did it prove difficult to maintain lip to lip contact through the unyielding wire but, as the seconds slipped sensuously by, keeping an eye on the time was damn near impossible.

In lieu of the fly wire screen door, "If a man makes so bold as to put his tongue into your mouth, bite hard three times" would, no doubt, have done the job just as well. While the mild "never kiss with your mouth open" only required a slip of the tongue to become a total failure.

Then there was a large school of thought who took a sterner view of such oral dalliances by suggesting "Kissing is an expression of affection between an engaged couple and should only take place in front of somebody else."

And to scare off even the most avid of aficionados "Kissing can make you pregnant" saw many a lemon lip take shape within the Catholic fraternity, and the demise of the "French kiss" and the "tonsil tickler".

The best of advice of all, however,

was this one. "If you let someone kiss you but you don't enjoy it, then that kiss is permissible."

But snogging aside, hints on how to avoid being led into temptation in the first place came thick and fast, along with methods to curb the "arousal of passions" endeavoring to bubble their way to a sweaty surface.

"Cocktail parties have been contrived to get women drunk, so that men can take advantage of them. If you're invited to one, turn down the invitation immediately."

"If you wear a Child of Mary medal on your bra, it will prevent dreadful things happening to you when you go to Balls."

"Don't eat too much red meat, as it inflames the passions."

"When the boy becomes too excited to stop, the girl has committed a mortal sin."

"Say a Rosary to ward off temptation."

"When you become a little older, you are going to experience a strange feeling. When it happens, take the dog for a walk, go for a run... anything, just get rid of it."

"When a man takes one step forward, take two steps back and say, 'Don't touch me, I'm a Loreto girl'."

As the sisters were well aware the snug interior of the FJ Holden was a potential passion pit, and advice regarding these carnal confines were hopefully, well heeded.

"Never go out with anyone in a clean car. He will have polished the seats so that when he turns a corner, you'll slide over next to him."

"When you're out in a car with a man, always keep one hand on the door handle, so you can jump straight out if he tries anything."

"Never let a man take you up on a hill at night to look at the lights from his car. That's the sort of thing that leads to temptation."

The sensible way to stem the rising tide of passion outdoors was to "Never sit on a boy's knee at a picnic." Whilst "Put a phone book on your boyfriend's lap before you sit on it" was to prove successful on all other occasions, as even the most devout of lovers would find a breaking point sooner or later.

And while still on the subject of nether regions, are we to take it that trousers evoked an irresistible desire in one Sister to make a grab for it? "Girls, whenever we see, or meet, any young men coming towards us along the road, we should never look down below the waist, as it is a sin to see the shapes protruding in front of their trousers."

In the "impure" department, thoughts were just as much of a hot potato as deeds. In fact, "The thought of having an impure thought was a sin

in itself. So to actually let one creep in to the cranium was to court disaster of the blackest kind. But what actually constituted these ribald musings was left to speculation.

"An impure thought was any thought pertaining to the body."

"I associated impure thoughts with Man magazine. If I went into a newsagent and looked at one, I'd feel like hell afterwards."

"An impure thought was watching someone on the bus reading Pix or Post."

"The idea of prayers to keep me pure in thought, meant not thinking about going to the lavatory."

"An impure thought was anything to do with breasts."

But knockers aside, it was when it came to the "deeds" of an impure nature, that our Holy Tutors really pulled their fingers out and got to work.

When a man
takes one step forward,
take two steps
back and say, 'Don't
touch me, I'm a
Loreto girl.'

Aware of the deviations the debased could turn to, they dutifully endeavored to warn against them.

"If you see a door marked 'Private', you don't enter it. The same goes for the private parts of your body."

"Anything to do with the tongue is a mortal sin."

"If you keep on riding horses, you'll turn into a nymphomaniac."

"Girls who cross their legs all the time are the types who hang around on street corners waiting for men."

Sensing the torrents of lust crutchless underpants could evoke, such vital information as "Girls, you must not wear indecent underwear" was undeniably necessary.

While "Circumcision is the removal of a piece of skin from the wrist" was where the Sisters were to fall down badly. (In fact, discussing the phallic limb was something they could never really get their teeth into.)

We're also left to wonder what aquatic delights our brothers and fathers were up to when this one emerged as a perilous threat. "If you

have a bath in the same water as your father, or your brother, you could become pregnant." Were they, like whales, blowing jets of spermatozoa into the blue, while splashing about in the steamy confines of the tub?

When it came to masturbation, there were plenty of allusions to this most grievous of sins. And from the teachings listed, we can only conclude the practice was a dangerous one, with results that would frighten even the most hardened of devotees.

"If you do it, you'll never be able to have a proper relationship with your future wife."

"Masturbation stunts your growth."

"Whenever you play with yourself, a soul in Purgatory goes to Hell."

"If you masturbate, you'll never fall in love."

"The Solitary Vice will send you silly."

"Masturbate and your penis will fall off."

Ideas on how to bypass the "sin of self love" were also available from the holy. Some a little drastic perhaps, but always better than having a soul hurtle into hellfire due to a thoughtless five minute wank.

"Don't cross your legs as it puts undue pressure on a part where it shouldn't be."

"Girls, take two leaves of toilet paper and place them over the water in the bowl, so that when you go, you won't see your reflection in the water."

"Boys, never leave your hands in your pockets."

"Never become sentimental with your person."

"Girls are not to use hairbrushes, with handles, in the dormitories."

"Don't touch yourself whilst looking in the mirror."

"Talking in the toilets leads to masturbation."

Thank God, however, for the liberal Brother who realised the temptation to touch was not always that easy to quash. "Boys", he said, "if you simply cannot avoid doing it, wrap your rosary beads around your hand before you begin."

As it became more and more obvious that premarital genital gymnastics were out of the question (alone or with others), it was time for our Holy Tutors to concentrate on what took place within the state of holy matrimony, and how to see it through without making a meal of it.

"Sex is a dirty business, but that's the way God meant it."

"After you're married, things will happen in the night."

"Sex is something that will hurt."

Even though it has always taken two to tango, mischief in the marital bed was to be no picnic for the wife. It

Try Forum **FREE!!**



FORUM is Australia's foremost journal on love, sex and relationships.

See what Forum can do for you ... **FREE!!**

Simply fill in this coupon and post to Forum, PO Box 256, Paddington 2021.

We will send you your first copy and a bill. If you like the magazine, just pay \$17.00 for a full year's subscription (12 issues) — a **SAVING** of \$7.00 over retail price.

If Forum does not come up to your expectations, simply write cancel on the bill and return the bill to us. You will owe us nothing and the sample issue will be yours to keep.

THERE IS NO SMALL PRINT IN THIS SPECIAL FREE OFFER.

Yes, I would like to see what Forum can do for me. Please send me a sample copy.

Name:

Address:

Postcode:

Post this coupon to
FORUM, PO BOX 256, PADDINGTON 2021

was her Catholic duty to lie there and swallow it.

"One day you are going to experience something that none of you are going to enjoy. When it happens, don't just lie there and think about the union between you and your husband. Think about the union between God the Father, God the Son and God the Holy Ghost."

"For women sex is an obligation. Offer it up as a sacrifice to God."

"You only get married to have children."

"Whenever your husband desires to have intercourse, you must be obedient."

"Sex is something you won't enjoy, but bear it for God as it could be the beginning of another Catholic child."

"Tampons will take away your virginity, and on your wedding night your husband will not be able to tell whether you are truly a virgin."

Tut tut to the girl who remembers — "At thirteen, we were taken, one by one, into the music room for a talk. The blind was pulled before Sister said to me 'The male will project his penile erection into your vagina.' I was horribly shocked, but became excited. I realised instantly that this was an impure thought. So before I knew it, I'd committed a mortal sin."

There were some lateral thinking members of the cloth, however. By introducing rampant red herrings, this intelligent bunch were to take some of the heat off the girls, and leave others to scratch away at their heads.

"Some married couples give up sex for God."

"Pray hard, and you'll have children."

"If you cross your legs, child-bearing will be very difficult."

"Don't leave your soiled bloomers behind the door. Wrap them up."

"Any form of sexual excitement between a male and a female is a mortal sin."

"Families aren't planned, they just happen."

In a country school in northern Victoria, there was a Sister who took the matter into her own hands and got in very early. Even before her young pupils had set foot in the classroom, she had chalked the word *Adolescence* on the blackboard. Once they were settled, her ruler pointed at the seductive word, she began. "There will be changes ... now take out your books for dictation!"

Whether her charges were to glean anything from this concise expose is still open to conjecture!

Grasping the sense of such eclectic teachings often proved difficult. Confusion was rife but, somehow, young Catholics were to draw their own conclusions when passion raised its one-eyed venomous head.

"I knew if I became sexually aroused it was a mortal sin. Unfortunately, I awoke every morning with an erection, so I had to go to confession constantly."

"You knew if you aroused a girl it was a mortal sin. So I'd go to parties wearing a jock strap and two pairs of underpants, because every time I would touch a girl I'd get a hard on. The underpants and jock strap would hopefully keep it down, so she wouldn't become aroused."

"After the first time I made love, I thought that I was going to turn black and get leprosy."

"I knew if I shared a piece of cake with a boy, I'd become pregnant."

"I couldn't understand what was wrong with intercourse. Our Mother Superior told us that 'intercourse' was talking socially with friends."

You'd think the rituals one had to perform to remain in a state of grace would be simple enough to exercise. After all, the tandem sacraments of Confession and Communion were tailor-made for the busy young Catholic.

A weekly Confession was sufficient, and Communion at Sunday Mass satisfactory. However, both seemed fraught with problems.

Inside the darkened confines of the Confessional, terror reigned as the spiritual cleansing began. To have too many sins was unCatholic; to have too few, even more so. Yet you couldn't ward off the wrath of the cloth by fibbing. If you left out big sins, you created even bigger ones. If you added a few to make up numbers, you only doubled your score.

So the perfect Confession remained in the lap of the Gods — with an enormous risk factor facing the contrite each time he stepped into that dimly lit box.

Fortunately, though, there were certain well-meaning Priests who, when they came across the plight of the penitent, were only too happy to assist.

"When I was ten, I had my first grapple with a girl in my class. Not long afterwards, one of the boys and I got together and had a look at each others bums. He was in my class, too."

"There was no way I could confess these two mortal sins to our local Priest. So each time I went to Confession, I committed yet another mortal sin by omitting to confess the first two. Three months went past and my soul was becoming blacker and blacker. I knew if I died, I'd go straight to Hell."

"But I had to wait for the Mission Priest to come to our town, because he didn't know me. When he finally arrived I rushed into Confession."

"Father, I said, 'I don't know where to begin.'"

"Has it anything to do with what's between your legs, boy?"

"Yes, Father, yes."

"Was the act alone or with others?"

"Others, Father."

"Boy or girl?"

"Both, Father."

"That's very grave, boy. Say an entire Rosary as your penance."

"But I didn't care. I just floated out of the Confessional knowing that my soul was spotlessly white, once again."

It's very gratifying to hear tales such as this one.

But we must remember that the sole aim of these holy men was to keep us from doing the Devil's work. So it's not surprising to hear that one promiscuous young fellow, knowing the penalties of dabbling in sexual games

After the first time I made love, I thought that I was going to turn black and get leprosy.

before marriage, should seek the aid of the Confessional.

"Father," he said, "I just seem to keep on getting myself into trouble."

"Well, son, if you imagine that it's with your own mother that you're doing these sinful things, perhaps that will discourage you."

"Examining your conscience" before Confession for "impure thoughts or actions, alone or with others" was a prerequisite; so anything smutty was bound to creep to the surface. Unfortunately, God Himself would know if such dirt was kept under the hat, so one's most private of doings had to come to the fore in the Confessional.

(Let's hope this naive 20-year-old's confessor was not riddled with celibacy, as some are wont to suggest.)

"Bless me Father, for I have sinned. It is five days since my last Confession, and these are my sins. I have been disobedient twice, told three lies, been unkind to Mrs O'Riley, committed a sin of impurity, comm ..."

"Impurity? The sin of impurity, was it alone or with somebody else?"

"Somebody else, Father."

"Male or female, child?"

"With my boyfriend, Father."

"Where?"

"In the car, Father."

"Back or front seat, child?"

"Front, Father."

"What position were you in, were you sitting or lying?"

"We were lying, Father."

"Did he have any clothing removed?"

"Yes, Father."

"Well, child?"

"His pants, Father."

"And you child. Did you have any clothing removed?"

"Pants, Father."

"Did he," (in slow guttural tone), "have an erection?"

"What's that, Father?"

"Oh, God, go and say a dozen Hail Marys for the Pope's intentions."

It's not surprising that a certain amount of frustration should issue from the confounded confessors themselves.

Take the poor Father who came up against this perverted young miss.

"Father, I've committed a sin of impurity."

"Alone, or with others?"

"Others, Father."

"Male or female, child?"

"A girl, Father."

"What were you doing?"

"We were playing hospitals, Father and we were just poking around."

"What with child?"

"Old chop bones and sticks, Father."

Thanks to the foresight of one particular Sister, the sin problem was pretty well taken care of. By setting a good half hour aside for meditation, prior to her class trooping off to Confession, she would assist by suggesting possible sins to add to their often scanty lists.

Relieved, the students were assured of making a good Confession. And in their own words, that was nothing to be sneezed at.

"I never felt really clean till I'd washed my hair, had a bath and made a good Confession."

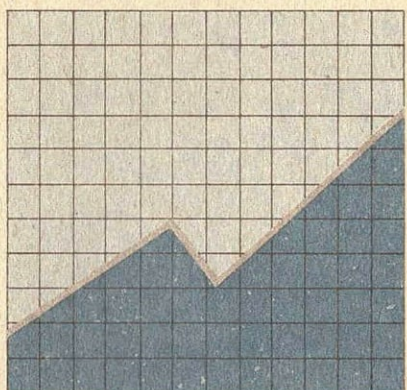
"The best time to die was when you'd just been to Confession, you had your scapula on, your St Christopher medal on and you were full of sanctifying grace." ☩

FOOTNOTE: Louise Zaetta was educated at two Catholic schools, a country primary school and a Melbourne boarding school. Knowing the effects this has had on herself she began questioning other girls who had had a Catholic education in the Fifties, Sixties and Seventies. She has put together their experiences in a book called *For Christ's Sake!*, published by Unicorn Books — a division of Schwartz Publishing (Victoria) Pty Ltd. Recommended retail price, \$4.95.

PENTHOUSE PSYCHOGRAPH

Twenty-three questions to see
if you can separate sex fact from sex fantasy.

FANTASY OR FACT?



Sex: it's man's favorite pastime; it's also the subject about which he is often most woefully misinformed. Human beings have been jumping on each other's bones for a long time now; yet many of us know more about quasars, carburetors, and the price of poppies in Mandalay than we do about this most basic human activity.

This psychograph focuses on sexual matters that are frequently misunderstood. It can give you an idea of just how well-or ill-informed you are on the subject.

The mystery with which our society shrouds sex accounts for much of the misinformation that gets around. If you took any subject and cloaked it in as many taboos and myths as have been hung on sex, you could be pretty damn sure that a lot more bullshit than fact would be passed from one generation to the next.

The enormous range of "normal" sexuality also contributes to the confusion. One man's straight sex is another man's kinky sex. One man's perversion is another's daily routine. The majority of men seem to have from one to four orgasms a week, but millions have fewer, and millions have more. Variety may be the spice of life, but in this case it is also the source of tall tales and confused perceptions.

In the 20th Century scientists have begun to penetrate the sexual wilderness. People like Kinsey and Masters and Johnson have gone around asking questions and poking electronic plastic penises into ladies' vaginas.

In the process sexual research has become an accepted area of scientific inquiry, and many of the old myths have been deflated by experimenters' probes (only, in some cases, to be replaced by new myths that grow from the undigested morass of raw data).

We've combed the sexual research literature to come up with a series of questions for this psychograph that should test your ability to separate sex fact from sex fantasy. They are not particularly arcane questions and are based on knowledge that every man today should be aware of.

1. Which of these two types of women is likely to be more sexually active?
 - (a) relatively attractive women
 - (b) relatively unattractive women

2. If you want a woman who's very active sexually, you should look for one who
 - (a) had good relations with her parents when she was growing up
 - (b) had bad relations with her parents when she was growing up
3. The highest percentage of female orgasms occur after
 - (a) 1 to 10 minutes of foreplay
 - (b) 11 to 20 minutes of foreplay
 - (c) more than 20 minutes of foreplay
4. Which of the following statements do you think reflects current research findings?
 - (a) women who fail to achieve orgasm during sex invariably report that they are extremely frustrated by the experience
 - (b) women who fail to achieve orgasm during sex often report that they have found the lovemaking satisfying nevertheless; in fact, they sometimes report more pleasure than do highly responsive women who experience multiple orgasms

5. Approximately what percentage of male university students engage in coitus before they graduate?
 - (a) about 40 to 45 percent

- (b) about 65 to 70 percent
- (c) about 85 to 90 percent

6. Approximately what percentage of female university students engage in coitus before they graduate?
 - (a) about 30 to 35 percent
 - (b) about 50 to 55 percent
 - (c) about 70 to 75 percent
7. The majority of men continue to masturbate after they are married.
 - (a) true
 - (b) false
8. The majority of women continue to masturbate after they are married.
 - (a) true
 - (b) false
9. What percentage of women report that they are aroused by being bitten by their partner during sex?
 - (a) about 25 percent
 - (b) about 50 percent
 - (c) about 75 percent
10. In the world of sadomasochism, which type of person is the rarest?
 - (a) the male masochist
 - (b) the female masochist
 - (c) the male sadist
 - (d) the female sadist
11. After screwing for the first time, who are more likely to tell friends about the experience?
 - (a) men
 - (b) women
12. You are in bed with a woman. In the midst of your foreplay, her clitoris seems suddenly to disappear; it withdraws into her body. This is a signal that
 - (a) her sexual excitement is on the wane
 - (b) she has proceeded to the next stage of sexual excitement and she is now approaching orgasm
13. When the process described in Question 12 occurs, your reaction should be
 - (a) to feel around until you find the clitoris again and then continue to massage it
 - (b) to ignore the withdrawal of the clitoris and continue to manipulate the entire pubic area

14. When a man has two or three orgasms in a relatively short time, he generally finds that the first orgasm is more satisfying than the later ones.
 - (a) true
 - (b) false
15. When a woman has two or three orgasms in a relatively short time, she generally finds that the first orgasm is more satisfying than the later ones.
 - (a) true
 - (b) false
16. Most women prefer their lovers to
 - (a) finger the clitoris directly
 - (b) manipulate the area immediately around the clitoris but avoid fingering the clitoris directly
17. For most men the ability to come more than once in a short time generally drops off
 - (a) after they are 20 years old
 - (b) after they are 30 years old
 - (c) after they are 40 years old
18. Is this statement true or false: "There is no relationship between the size of a man's body and the size of his cock"?
 - (a) true
 - (b) false
19. Circumcised men are less potent than uncircumcised men.
 - (a) true
 - (b) false
20. The length of the average erect male penis is
 - (a) a bit over six inches
 - (b) a bit over seven inches
 - (c) a bit over eight inches
21. Which of the following statements is supported by research evidence?
 - (a) the inside of the vagina is highly responsive, and most women find it highly arousing when a lover inserts his finger into the vagina
 - (b) the inside of the vagina has relatively few nerve endings, and most women do not find it particularly arousing when a lover inserts his finger into the vagina

22. Which one of the following statements is true?
 - (a) most prostitutes are incapable of enjoying sex with either their "clients" or with their husbands or boyfriends
 - (b) most prostitutes enjoy sex with both their "clients" and their husbands or their boyfriends
 - (c) most prostitutes are not turned on by their "clients" but can enjoy sex with husbands and boyfriends
 - (d) Most prostitutes are really lesbians who hate men

23. Which of the following statements is accurate?
 - (a) three out of four men come within two minutes of entering a woman
 - (b) three out of four men come between two and four minutes after entering a woman
 - (c) three out of four men come more than four minutes after entering a woman

ANSWERS

According to current sexual research, these are the correct answers:

- | | | | | |
|------|-------|-------|-------|-------|
| 1. a | 6. b | 11. a | 16. b | 21. b |
| 2. b | 7. a | 12. b | 17. b | 22. c |
| 3. c | 8. a | 13. b | 18. a | 23. a |
| 4. b | 9. b | 14. a | 19. b | |
| 5. b | 10. d | 15. b | 20. a | |

SCORING

Give yourself four points for each correct answer.

If you scored 80-92 points:

You are an erotic overachiever. If they gave out Nobel Prizes for sex smarts, you'd be right there at the head of the line. The thoroughness of your sexual knowledge probably makes you a good lover.

Anyone who so completely understands both his own sexuality and that of women is likely to be a first-class bedmate.

Sexual knowledge alone, of course, won't ensure success with women, but it doesn't hurt either.

52-76 points:

You have an above-average understanding of sexual matters. You have some gaps, but on the whole you grasp

firmly how the erotic life of men and women works. As with men in the category above, you are likely to be a highly effective sexual partner. However, you have some blind spots that occasionally foul up your sexual activities.

Your sexual encounters may run hot and cold: you may have successes in one instance and abysmal bombs in the next.

Your approach to sex may be too firmly entrenched. You may feel that what works well with one woman should work with every woman. And that ain't necessarily so.

24-48 points:

Like a lot of men, you walk around with a jumble of sexual fact and fiction in your head. And like many men who were raised on the macho standards of the past, you could probably profit from a good, thorough sex education course.

You are apt to be an inept lover. This doesn't mean that you are necessarily unsuccessful at getting women into bed, but you may be leaving a lot of them unsatisfied. It's likely that you have a narrow view of sex and that you are unwilling or unable to broaden your perspective enough to cope with the desires and demands of today's woman.

A very "traditional" woman, who still believes that sex is a woman's burden, might be your most comfortable companion, since she won't make demands that tax your limited sexual understanding.

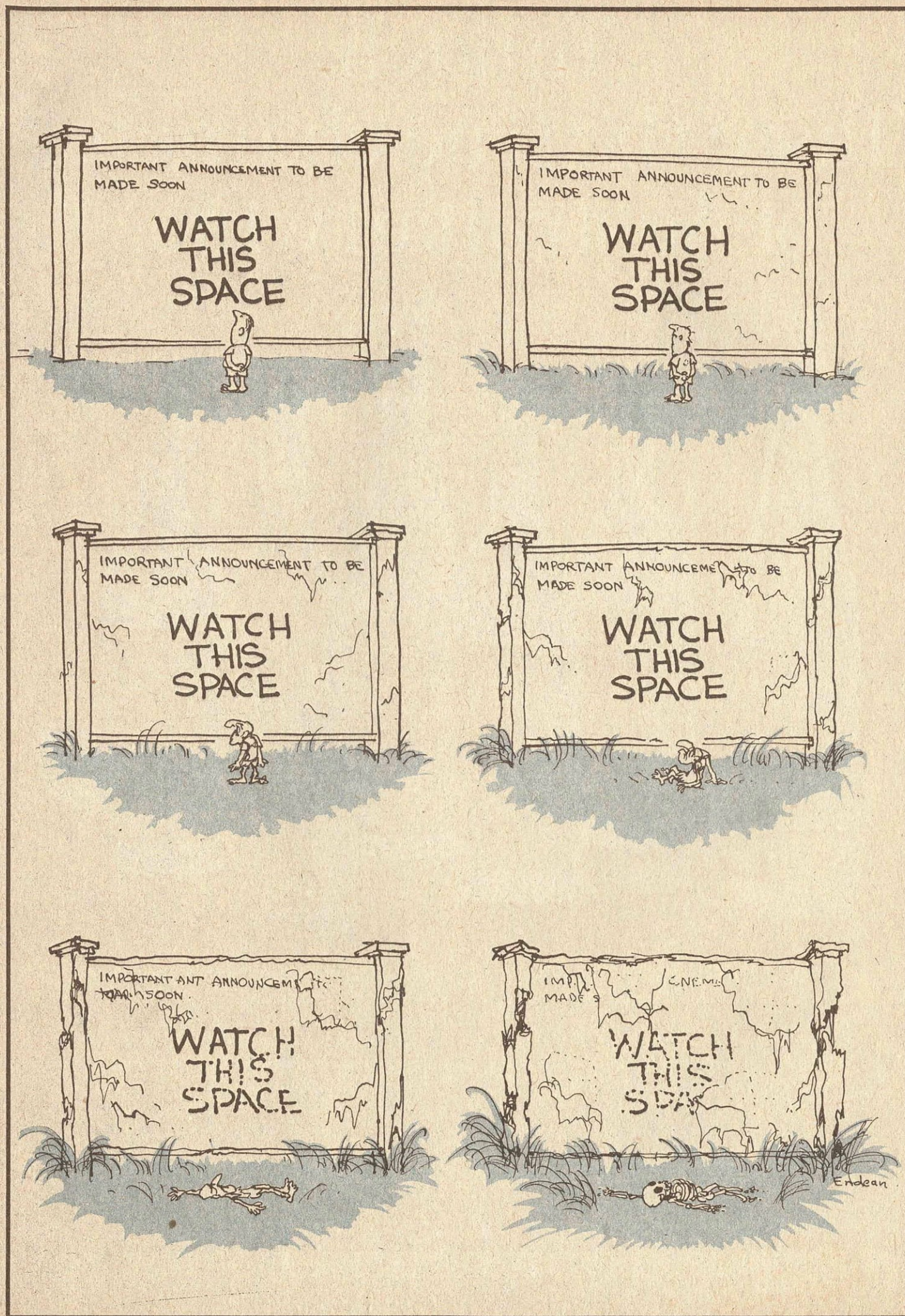
0-20 points:

You are a sexual illiterate. It's hard even to imagine what goes on when you get into bed with a woman.

Any woman who has had sex with you has probably been offended by your oafishness. You can't blame her either, since it's rare these days to run into someone with such a totally primitive view of sex.

You probably still believe that babies are delivered by storks and that the clap comes from sitting on dirty toilet seats.

Oddly enough, you may have considerable success in attracting women. Simplistic bullheadedness seems to act as an aphrodisiac on some women. They are attracted to klutzes — they like to mother them. Here's hoping you find someone like that. ☺



Tulloch.

Taste the true character of Australian wine.



The Tulloch name is one of the oldest and most respected in Australia's wine history.

From their first vintage, in the Hunter in 1896, the Tulloch family have produced award-winning wines that consistently reflect their grape types and region.

Today, with their Glen Elgin Estate wines from the Hunter and their Wilkinson Estate wines from McLaren Vale in South

Australia, Tulloch is in a unique position to show the true character you can expect from top Australian red and white wines.

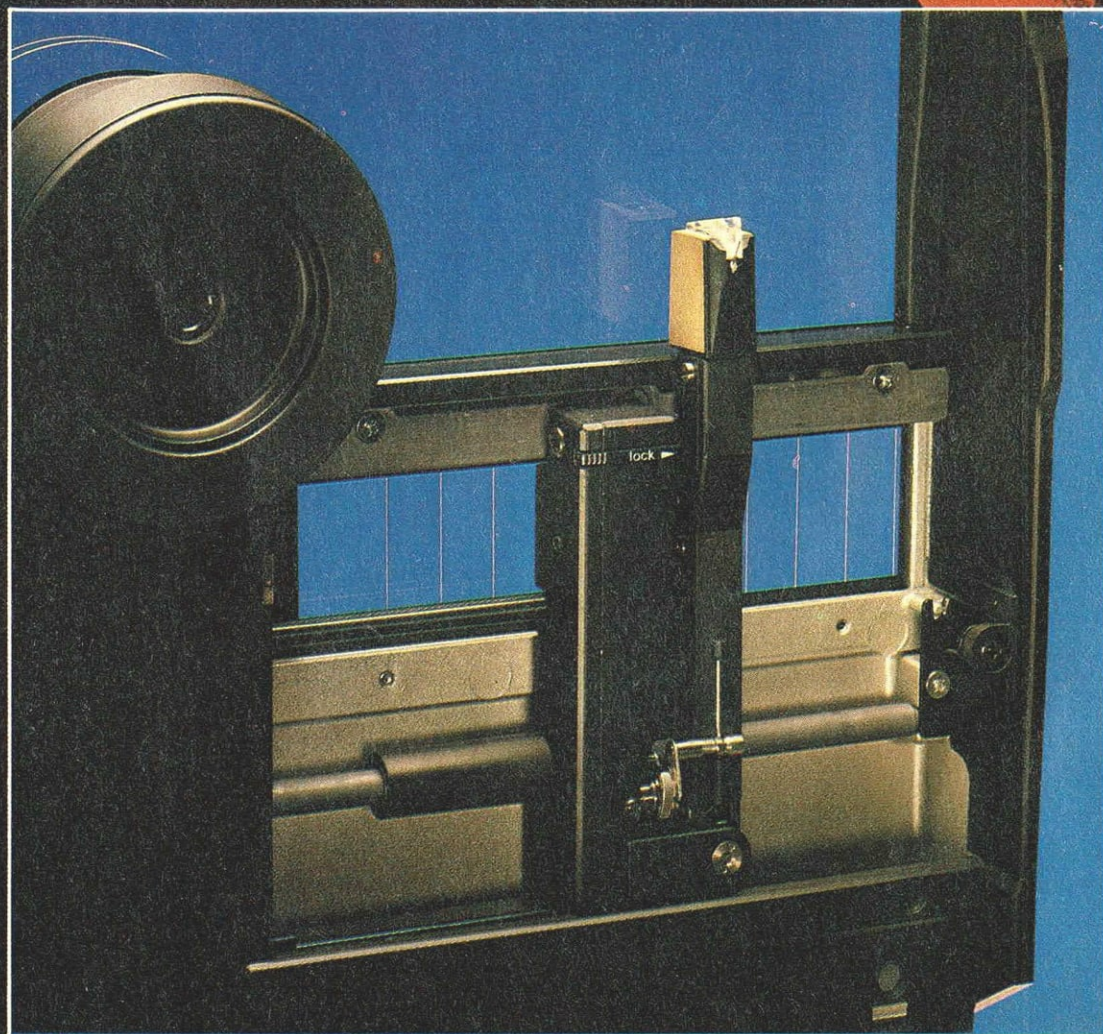
It is this character and tradition that is helping Tulloch develop exports of our fine wines to the USA and the UK.

Meanwhile, right here, any day of the week, you can taste the good wine that the great estates and the great experience of Tulloch can bring you.

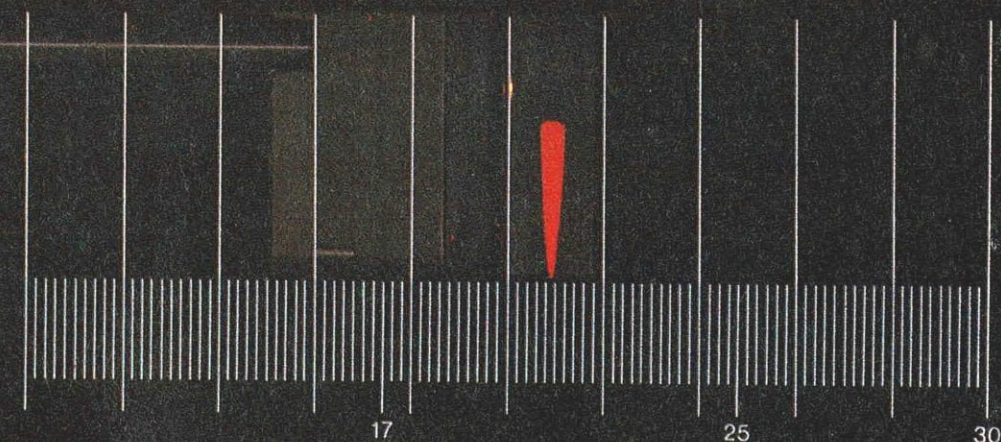
TULLOCH

Fine Estate Wines of Australia.

Technics QUARTZ
Direct Drive Automatic Turntable System
SL-10



on



The tonearm on your stereo can be the difference between good and great sound.

NO TONE UNTUNED

BY WAYNE ELMER

When you lift your tonearm and lower it on to your record's surface do you ever think what an intricate and sophisticated piece of electronics you are holding at your fingertips? Have you ever thought that of all the items in your stereo system, the tonearm/cartridge combination offers the most potential for incompatibility — and therefore a degradation in sound quality?

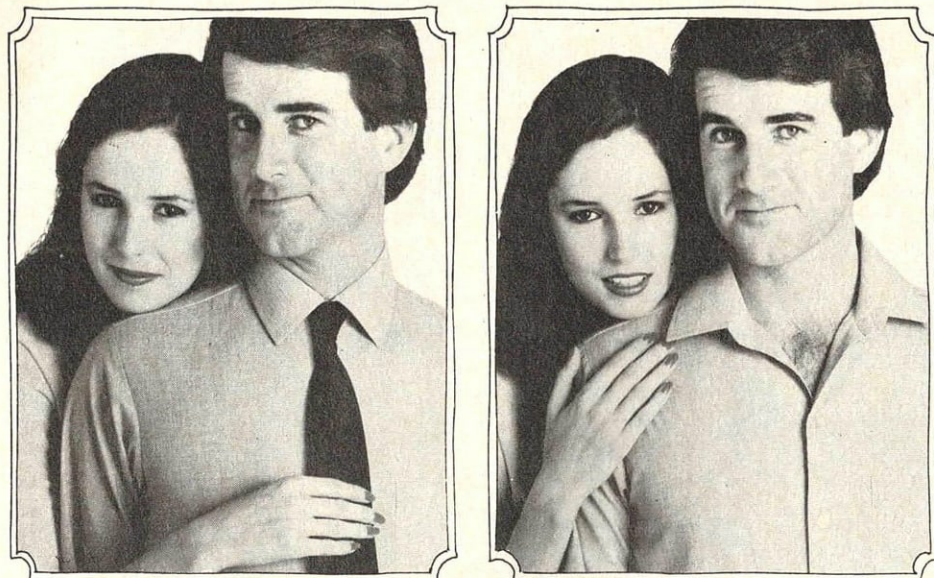
Admit it, you've been too busy with your new metal-ready cassette deck to give your tonearm and cartridge a second thought. Well, you're probably no different than most of us. After all, the role of the arm/cartridge combination is pretty simple stuff: all it has to do is follow the groove of a record and pick up its vibrations. But in reality there are a number of complex problems to be overcome before the arm and cartridge can perform their functions efficiently.

Ideally, once installed at the end of the tonearm, the cartridge's stylus should be at a perfect tangent to the record's groove at all times and the tonearm should apply only downward force to the stylus — and only enough of that to keep the stylus in firm contact with the groove. As you can see, the simple procedure of tracking a groove accurately is becoming less simple all the time.

Let's take a quick look at the cartridge, that tiny block which the stylus hangs from. In essence, the cartridge is a miniature electrical generator: the

The Technics SL-10 direct drive, tangential tonearm turntable, \$699.

Looks as good with a tie as it does without



We asked our craftsmen to design a new shirt concept. One that would be perfectly compatible with today's living trends.

A shirt that would look as good with a tie as it does without.

Firstly, they changed the collar construction by easing back the stiffness and sharp edge look of a business shirt collar. Giving the shirt a casual, soft look when worn open. But taking great care to ensure that the prestigious Paramount collar line was maintained when worn with a tie.

Then the second top button was lowered, giving the shirt a nice casual feeling when worn without a tie.

And, to finish it off, the inside facing was turned well back, to give a neat, high fashion look, no matter how far the buttons were worn undone.

We searched the world and found quality high fashion fabrics.

And we named our new shirt The Allrounder®. The shirt that looks as good with a tie as it does without.

ALLROUNDER by **PARAMOUNT**
PRO3 IT'S THE COLLAR THAT COUNTS

stylus is forced to move by the undulations in the groove of a record and these motions are turned into electrical energy. How accurately a cartridge makes this transition will determine the quality of sound you hear. But the rub is that a cartridge does not only pick up the vibrations emanating from a record groove. Any source that causes the stylus tip to vibrate will be transmitted through the entire stereo system.

The most common source for such extraneous vibrations is arm/cartridge resonance. Not only can this result in audible distortion but it will also reduce the ability of the cartridge to track the record. When you play a record, the tonearm's mass and the compliance (springiness) of the stylus assembly interact to resonate at certain frequencies. If the frequency is too high, the arm and cartridge "ring" when they track low bass notes on the record; too low, and they jump when jarred by footsteps on your floor or move out of the groove after striking a record warp. The higher the cartridge's compliance, the lower the arm's mass must be for proper matching. And since high compliance cartridges generally track records more accurately — with less resultant wear — cartridge compliances are getting higher all the time.

That's one reason why the S-shaped tonearm is becoming less common. Look at the turntables in your nearest hi-fi showroom and you'll see more and more of them with thin, straight arms. A straight line is the shortest distance between the arm's pivot and the stylus; a straight arm being shorter than an S arm, weighs less.

Some arms have a total effective mass (cartridge included) of only seven or eight grams, and such precision and refinement means that, among other things, you won't have to worry about dropping the arm and bouncing it across a record — ruining the disc and probably the stylus in the process.

The arms are no longer swivelling crowbars that you wrap a massive paw around in order to set it in the vague vicinity of the lead-in groove. Today, it's a feather, with a tiny tab to be carefully placed between forefinger and thumb.

But no matter how delicate and refined, one fundamental problem still remains: when a master disc is cut, the cutting head follows a straight line across the record; when the standard tonearm assembly tracks the resultant groove, it follows an arc — not a straight line.

To overcome this problem, many manufacturers are now offering turntables that, rather than featuring pivoted tonearms, feature linear-tracking arms. The most obvious benefit of these units is that the stylus tracks the groove with identical geometry to when the record was cut, thus eliminating distortion caused through tracking error. It also

eliminates the slight sideways pull called skating force, which results from the angle between the cartridge's axis and that of the arm — an angle put there to minimise tracking error. An added bonus is that record wear caused by skating force is eliminated.

A further advantage of tangential-tracking arms is that they tend to be shorter than conventional arms — and shorter means lighter means more compatible with high compliance cartridges.

Linear-tracking arms are more complex and more expensive than their pivoted alternatives but that has not stopped the likes of Pioneer, Yamaha, Technics, Phase Linear and Revox joining the rush to provide such arms on their top end turntables. Of course, whether the extra cash outlay is worth the, at best, slight *audible* improvement brought about by the elimination of tracking error is only for the buyer to judge. And speaking of the audible qualities of these arms, not all of them provide for cartridge interchangeability, so you're often stuck with the cartridge installed by the manufacturer — and if it does not possess the qualities that you find attractive, you've got a decision to make between the merits of the arm and the demerits of the cartridge.

Naturally no manufacturer is going to go to the trouble of designing and marketing a linear-tracking tonearm only to match it with a junk cartridge, but nonetheless top quality cartridges don't all sound the same, and you will inevitably prefer some to others. It's therefore crucial that before you purchase a turntable with a tangential-tracking arm you check out its compatibility with your chosen cartridge. And if you happen to be a fan of the moving coil cartridge, you might be disappointed to find that at present there is only a very small number of straight tracking arms that are compatible with that type of cartridge.

That situation will change as this relatively new segment of the market begins to expand and as the consumer begins to appreciate the peculiar benefits of the tangential-tracking tonearm. All of this is not to say that you should expect the pivoted assembly arm to disappear overnight. For the simple truth is that at present, the state of the art in tonearms is still represented by the likes of SME, Grace, Dynavector and other makers of conventional arms. These makers have taken a product with inherent limitations and developed it to a level where its limitations have been all but nullified.

If the same standards of research and development are applied to the linear-tracking arm, we could expect that format to eventually provide the definitive tonearm. Of course, it will only be a short-lived reign — soon the stylus will be out and we'll all be using laser scanners, whereupon the evolution of hi-fi can start from scratch again. 



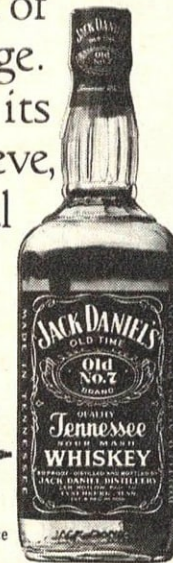
Jack Daniel Distillery. Named a National Historic Place by the United States Government.

AT THE JACK DANIEL DISTILLERY, we burn hard maple wood in the open air to help make the world's smoothest whiskey.



Our own special charcoal

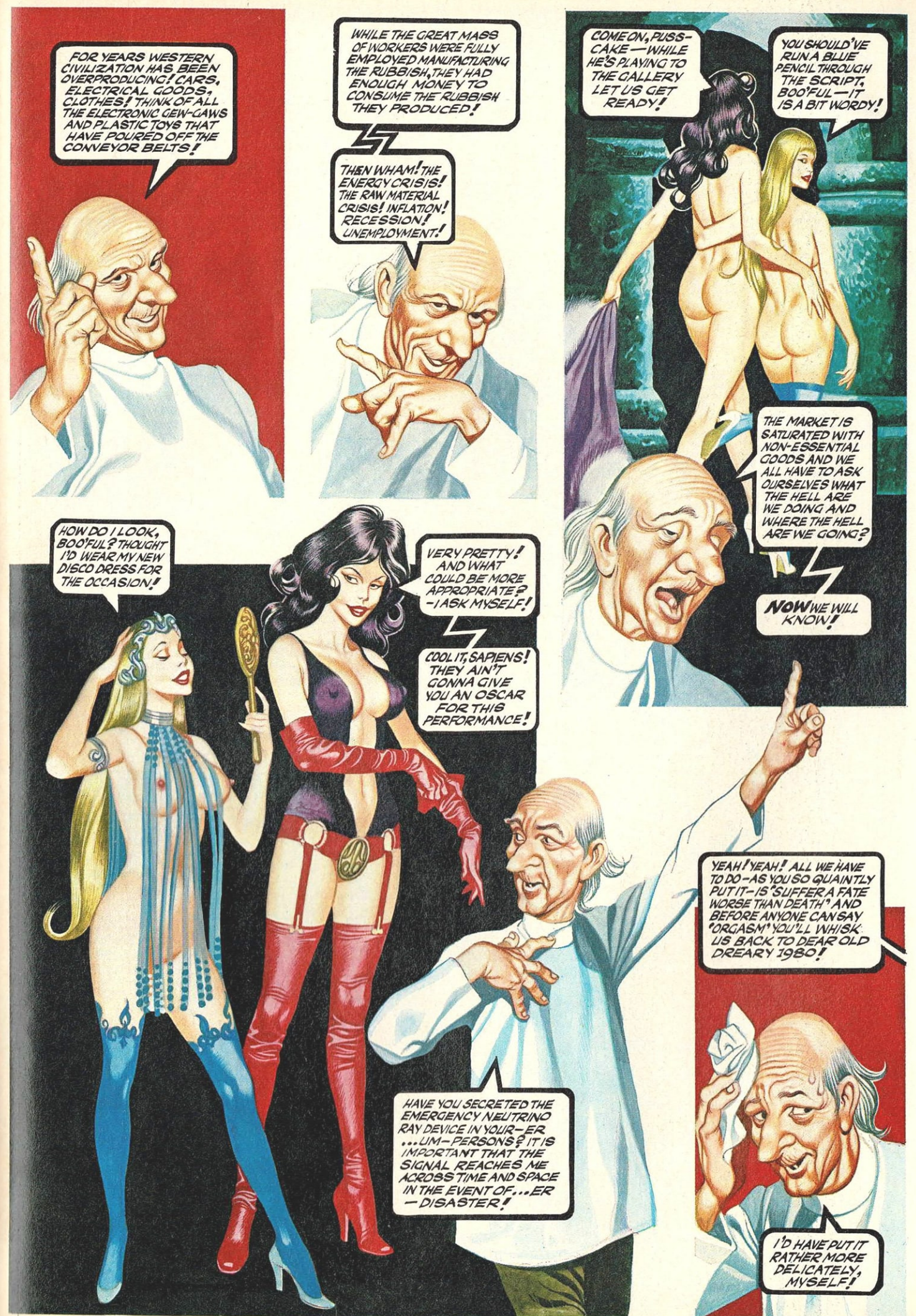
What we're doing is making charcoal to be used in a most unusual manner. You see, we filter every drop of Jack Daniel's through ten solid feet of this charcoal before it is barrelled to age. And that's how our whiskey achieves its rare smoothness. After a taste, we believe, you'll know why we value our charcoal so highly. And why our whiskey has won five gold medals in tasting competitions throughout the world. We hope you'll judge it for yourself sometime soon.

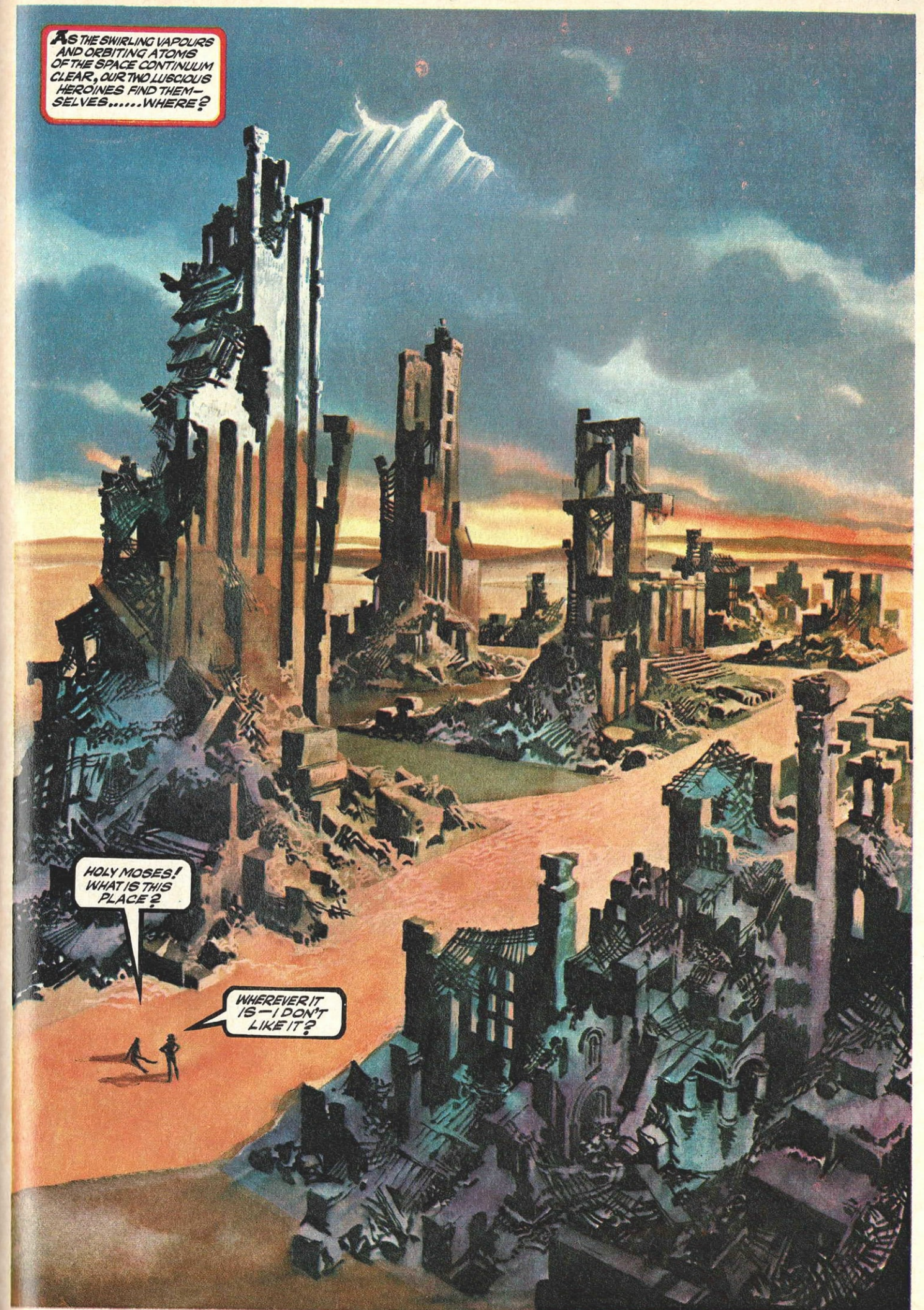
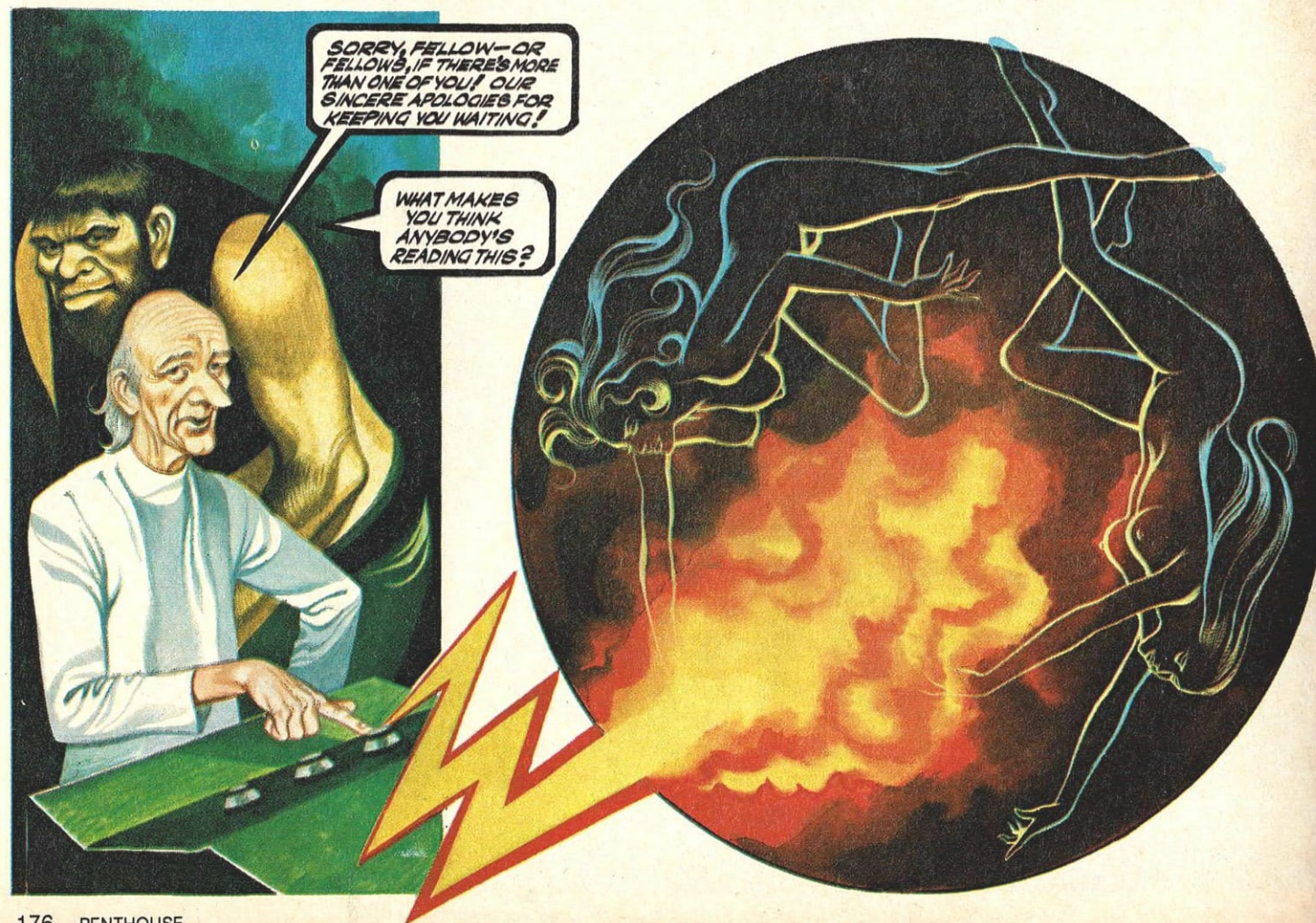
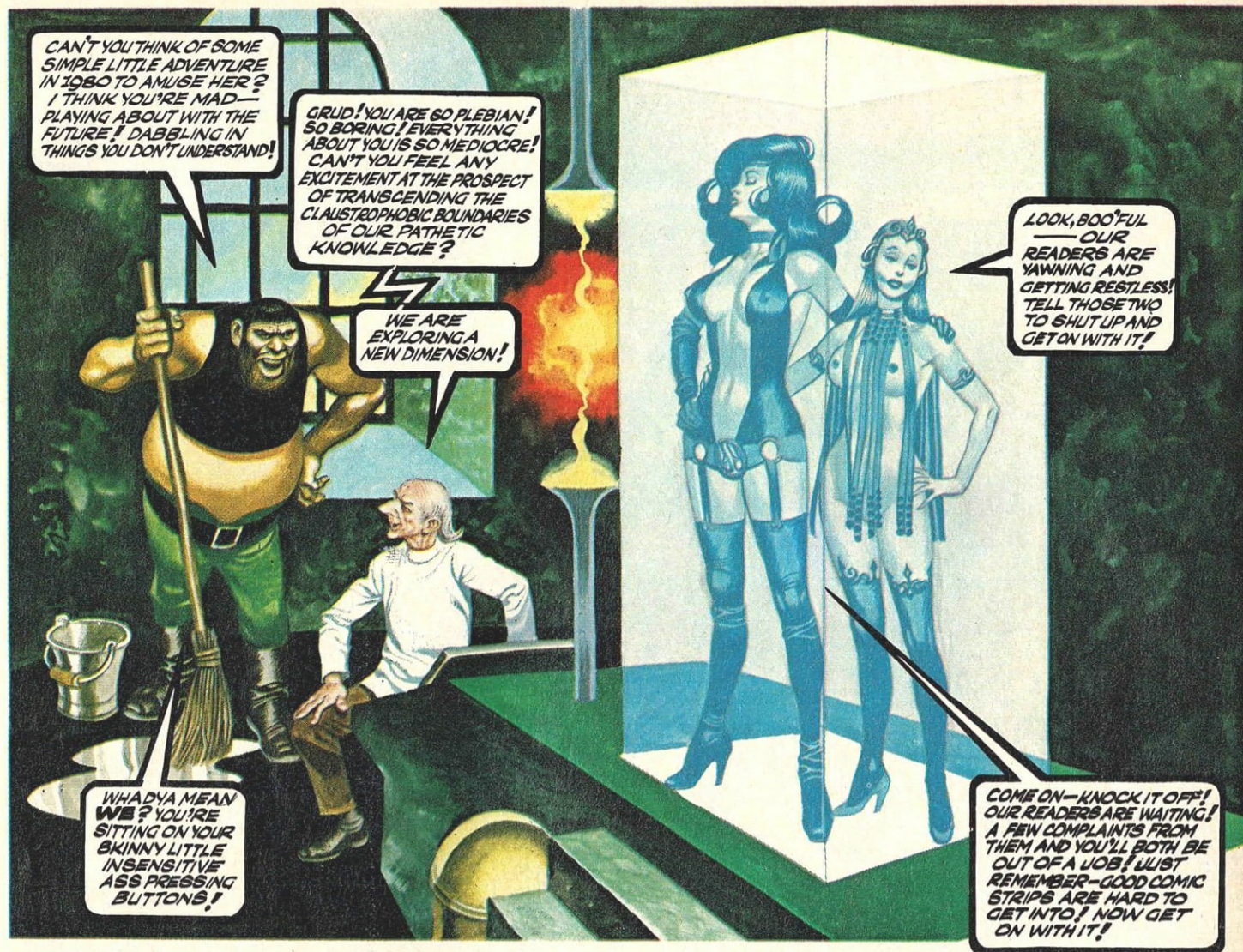


★OH WICKED WANDA!★



by FREDERIC MULLALLY and RON EMBLETON

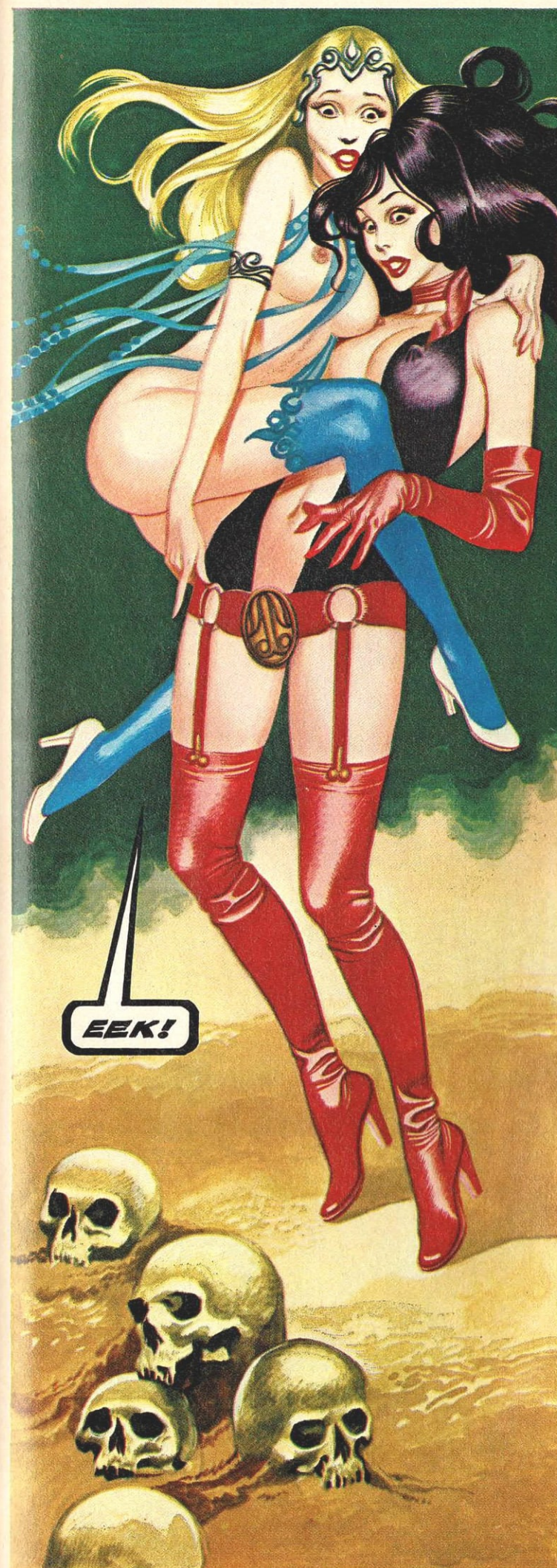




IS THIS WHAT WE'VE ALL
BEEN FLOGGING OURSELVES
TO DEATH FOR? IS THIS
WHAT WE'VE BEEN
PAYING OUR TAXES FOR?
IS THIS THE FULFILLMENT
OF ALL OUR DREAMS
AND IDEALS?



OOH, BOO'FUL
—WHERE ARE
ALL THE PEOPLE?



EEK!



BOO'FUL! I'M
SCARED! ARE
THEY....?

I DON'T BELIEVE
THIS—THIS
CAN'T BE THE
FUTURE!

Your next Evening Arrangement

Setting the scene.

For obvious reasons, keep it simple. Get your priorities straight: even with a less than perfect apartment and fast-food from around the corner, you can triumph with a well-set table and handsome accoutrements; and the right wine. Don't shun flowers; they can be heady. And if you're lucky enough to have an open fire, count a hundred points ahead.

Planning the food.

Note we said 'planning'. Planning and presentation are everything. Maybe you long to show off your soufflé but save it for your mother: you'll need one hell of a masculine charisma to live down the frilly-apron scene. Good simple food and an irreproachable wine like Black Tower will keep you in authority. You've got better things to do than twitch about the kitchen. If you really want to impress, splurge on a tiny tin of Beluga.

Getting the drinks.

Forget the scene where you mix up batteries of martinis. Most of today's ladies don't need it. She'll be more at ease with another glass of fresh light white, like Black Tower, than the offer of another innuendo-loaded cocktail. (She knows what you're up to, but she doesn't want you to be transparent about it.) It's easier just to pour, than to mix-and-shake-and-pour...and that leaves you one hand free to organise romantic music from your impeccable sound equipment.

The setting.

Glasses are handmade in Denmark: Idielle by Holme Gaard from Opus Paddington. Stainless steel cutlery is Elophans, also from Opus, as are the Japanese salt and pepper shakers. Dinner plates, logically, are oven-to-table-to-washer; stoneware called "Caliente" from Habitat, who also supplied the English cotton serviettes. The bunching wall-unit in Philippines cane is from the Design Warehouse. Ashtray by Wartsila, Finland from King Agencies, Pyrmont. The talking-point candlestick is an old match-holder, made about 1920 by Raphael Tuck & Sons, London: it carries a poem by Rudyard Kipling. The sound equipment is Technics from National Panasonic and that's about as good as you'll get.



The wine.

We began by saying 'keep it simple' and that's what Black Tower Liebfraumilch can do for you. German. Imported. Impressive. Tall handsome black bottle. A light white wine to go all the way with, from your Beluga through to fruit, (stay away from strong cheese). If you want to impress the lady, the light touch of Black Tower is what'll do it. All the way.

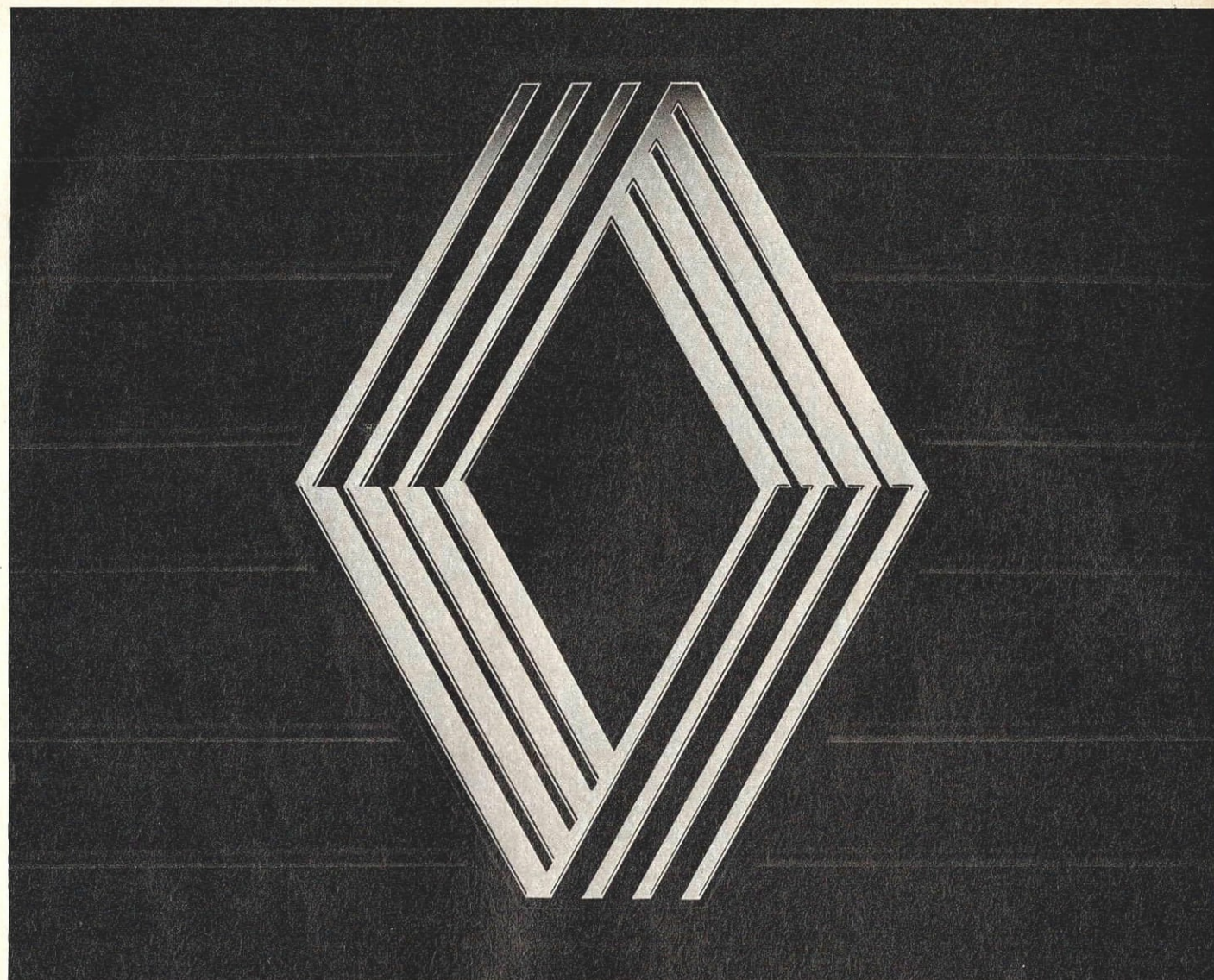
The Black Tower.

The wine is Black Tower Liebfraumilch, a fresh, fruity wine from Germany. It should be served chilled. Black Tower isn't all that expensive and is absolutely perfect to serve right through your next evening arrangement.

Black Tower Liebfraumilch
White wine from Germany
Distributed by the House of Seppelt.



Black Tower Liebfraumilch
White wine from Germany
Distributed by the House of Seppelt.



Sign of the times.

Since 1898 Renault has forecast the future – and been right. They made brilliant post-war small cars while others produced large, dull ones... ordinary cars that were extraordinary, like the Renault 8, with four-wheel disc brakes...and that amazing sports panel-van, the classic 16.

Now, new-concept Renaults are here, luxurious, attractive, ingeniously practical. The 18 has been called 'the most important car of the coming years'. The 20, 'a car that becomes more and more desirable as the complete relevance of its design hits home'.

If you'd like to look into the future, we suggest you look into both. Because it could take the world ten years to make really intelligent copies.



RENAULT

The Innovators

N.S.W: Renault (Aust) Pty. Ltd., 789 Botany Road, Rosebery, 2018. Phone: 669 2366.
 VIC: Renault (Aust) Pty. Ltd., 771 Nepean Highway, Moorabbin, 3189. Phone: 557 5877.
 S.A: Jacques Thoridnet Motor Centre, 185 Pulteney Street, Adelaide, 5000. Phone: 223 3155.
 A.C.T: Corin Motors, 101-103 Newcastle Street, Fyshwick, 2609. Phone: 80 4409.
 QLD: Annand & Thompson, 132 Breakfast Creek Road, Newstead, 4006. Phone: 52 0161.
 W.A: Eurocars Pty. Ltd., Cnr. Canning H'wy & Berwick Street, 6151. Phone: 367 6699 (Lic. 0771).
 TAS: Launceston David Lewis Motors, 123 Invermay Road, 7250. Phone: 318177.
 Hobart Woodward's Fine Cars, 160 Elizabeth Street, 7000. Phone: 38 2609.

RENA0198NAT

"The Car the Computer Created"
 has won a lot of friends, but it's still true that
 what comes out of a computer is only
 as good as what goes in.

CHARADE-SOUNDS LIKE...

BY JOHN HAMPSHIRE



There can be few cars so thoroughly heralded as the Daihatsu Charade. Since it first appeared in the second half of 1977 it has attracted plenty of attention, largely because its three-cylinder motor and good fuel economy lends it the aura of a car exquisitely appropriate to our energy-starved times. Australian motorists could only gnash their teeth as they read the steady stream of praise about the little Charade, watching as it picked up various "Car of the ..." prizes and won economy runs — even, final indignity, here — long before it was available in the local showrooms.

It should be quite obvious to anyone with the slightest interest in cars that the villain in this little set piece is our quaint system of low quota/high duty protection of the local market against imports. Now is not the time to canvass the array of iniquities — and some attributes — contained in our car import regulations: but it is to laugh, as the French say, that a system designed to protect the local product has ensured a high level of interest in an import being kept on the boil, so that as soon as a trickle of the cars appear they are snapped up ferociously. The most obvious and often-asked question about the Charade is, why three cylinders? Firstly, it has to do with relatively arcane engineering theory — the balancing of combustion chamber surface area against the chamber's volume, to avoid excessive heat dissipation and therefore reduced efficiency, and the juggling of the swept volume to achieve the optimum surface-to-volume ratio.

Since your eyes are probably starting to glaze, I'll just say that a cylinder of about 350cc was suggested as one of the sizes where these factors are balanced to provide a nearly ideal chamber for extracting the most from every bit of fuel burned. It's from considerations like

these that the Charade derived its "the car the computer created" sales pitch. In fact, the Daihatsu computer decided 331cc was the optimum capacity.

Secondly, it had to do with marketing realities. The twin-cylinder Citroen 2CV might be an institution in Europe, but it's not likely to be a good format for a new product in a highly-competitive area. Four cylinders puts the Charade into the 1.3litre class, and using just as much petrol as anyone else. If the one-litre class is competitive — at least in world terms — then around 1.5litre is Third World War territory, with a whole range of fresh troops about to be thrown into the fray.

So three cylinders it was, and what a successful marketing decision. In an engineering sense three is by no means revolutionary, and presents the designers with the task of overcoming well-known inherent imbalance problems. In spite of the euphoria, the car is just the response of modern technology to the market's perception of vehicle needs — in economy, safety and convenience functions — rather than a design exercise intended to shape those perceptions, and for that reason the Charade is indeed a car for the 1980s.

Don't doubt for a minute that the Charade's engine is up to the task set for it, with its alloy cross-flow head and belt-driven overhead camshaft. Those three

cylinders pump out 35.3kW, a very respectable figure and well up with the output of four-cylinder cars in the same capacity and even larger.

Efforts to counter the inherent imbalance have worked well enough to avoid excessive vibration, although we are used to engines in multiples of two cylinders and the initial impression is of a slightly odd, "rough" feel.

This is reinforced by the resonances apparent in the car as you wind it out through the revs. One very quickly becomes used to the different vibration patterns of the willing little motor, although some oddities can make themselves felt. For example, somewhere about 2000rpm what sounded like part of the exhaust system would occasionally vibrate gratingly, if briefly. For some reason, this occurred only in first and third gear.

It's really just as well the engine is so willing. Even though it provides a respectable 70.6Nm of torque at 3000rpm, it simply doesn't like being asked to do too much, too quickly under about 2500rpm. Tramping on the accelerator at low revs will throttle every one of those 993cc to a momentary standstill.

Drive it smoothly up to where it really gets going about 4000rpm and the Charade will reward you with quite surprising punch for an engine of this size. There is certainly no question about its ability to

stay with the traffic, even if smooth driving means you will be left at the lights more often than not.

I'm sure the computer agonised at least as much over the gear ratios as it did over the engine, since no other single aspect of the car would carry more impact in its acceptance — herein lay the key to the dramatic fuel economy Daihatsu executives were obviously intent on achieving, at the same time being the crucial element in providing acceptable performance.

Drivers, particularly Australian drivers, however ready they are to applaud socially-desirable conservation aims, are notoriously fickle about whether the damn thing "goes". Once they decide a vehicle has all the zest of a moribond snail it's very hard to win them back.

Bearing this in mind, the gearbox is a curious mixture of cogs with a low first and very tall fifth. It's easy enough to use, even if the gearstick feel is a little spongy, and the short, clean travel between gears is the exception rather than the rule for front-wheel drive cars.

But pushing the car briskly along to meet the demands of city driving, and to take advantage of the car's nippy size, means you need to keep the revs up. Similarly, slow crawling through the traffic has to be done at relatively high engine speeds to avoid snatch, especially with the integrated Nippondenso air conditioning in use. Under these conditions, fuel consumption is by no means startling — I have no reason to believe the test car was using fuel excessively — at 8.74litres/100km (32.32mpg).

I'm satisfied that's the sort of figure Charade drivers will record this summer in peak city driving — a long way from the touted 5.6litres/100km (50mpg). Putting aside those claims for the moment, and regarding the conditions as very testing, it's obviously a very acceptable consumption which few cars are going to beat in the same conditions. After all, a car which tops the 1980 Total Economy Run is doing something right.

But it's really that tall top gear which is going to give you the superb economy, putting that magic 50mpg within the reach of most drivers. Unfortunately, it's more a true overdrive than a useful extra gear — as evidenced from the simple fact that the car goes faster in fourth than in top — and while useful on the highways and urban expressways, is too much for the willing Charade to carry around town.

Perhaps at this stage I should point out my admiration for the integrated air conditioning. As far as I am aware no smaller car engine powers an air conditioner, yet the specially-designed Nippondenso unit causes almost no perceptible loss of power as it is brought into play. Perhaps the only drawback is that the cooling effect is barely noticeable under about



"The ultimate Skin Care for your Car..."



**RESIN
GLAZE**



NEVER WAX YOUR CAR AGAIN

TR-3 Resin Glaze is not a wax, it is not a polish, it is the latest concept in car care from the U.S.A.

Why is TR-3 Resin Glaze better than waxes and abrasives?

Waxes and other car polishes contain abrasives. They will leave fine scratches that weaken and eventually destroy your car's paint. Other types of auto cleaners contain harsh acids or alkaline chemicals which discolour, fade and corrode your paint. TR-3 Resin Glaze contains no waxes, acids, alkalines, silicone or abrasives of any kind. Instead it is a resin based formulation of emulsifiers specially designed to treat ALL cars and ALL surfaces including pin striping, chrome, glass and decals. TR-3 is so easy to use.

Available at good retailers, Unipart, Jaguar, Rover and Triumph Dealers.



3500rpm — another incentive to keep the revs up in sweltering city traffic.

If the emphasis so far is related to town use of the Charade, it should be obvious that this is so because — particularly in Australia — regular long-distance travellers are likely to opt for a somewhat larger vehicle, even if only in the 2litre category. This being so, high-speed performance may be less significant than usual. It would be appropriate if it were, because this is one area in which the computer has had less than overwhelming success.

Common to many front-wheel drive cars, the Charade displayed moderate understeer around town, which was partly alleviated by putting more air in the front tyres.

Once I had the car out on some faster stretches, it became apparent why I had not seen any of those terminal-oversteer back-end-out "drama" shots so beloved of some of my motor writing colleagues in illustrating their reports.

Not to put too fine a point on it, the car understeers heavily and is very unresponsive to accelerator variations. Pulling on more lock also has little effect, apart from scrubbing the radials quite a long way down the sidewall.

Combined with a skittishness in the rear end, it suggests quite a distinct weight bias to the front axle — something borne out by the willingness of the front

wheels to lock under only moderately strenuous braking.

Such a weight bias is not uncommon, nor need it have such a pronounced effect, but the Charade is also burdened with a rear-end self-steering effect when the suspension is under stress.

This effect derives from the way the beam axle rear end is braced, thus there is no ready cure for the skittishness mentioned — which becomes apparent mainly in cornering — and straight line instability over hard dips and bumps. It's rather a pity, since the suspension otherwise provides a very comfortable ride for such a small car.

The most obvious comparison on our market is with the Suzuki Hatch, another three-cylinder car of 543cc capacity.

In many ways the Hatch is a very different car to the Charade, so care needs to be taken in comparing the two. The Charade, especially the top-of-the-line XTE, is a fully-equipped, four-door passenger vehicle which spares no effort to make its occupants comfortable.

The Hatch is a very basic vehicle, perhaps the cheapest "passenger" car on the market — technically, Suzuki imports them as commercials and therefore does not have to qualify for passenger car quota. They are two-seaters, and a tinny radio is the only extraneous fitting. Even the rear side windows are an option, for about \$150.

Yet given the fact that the Hatch has only four gears, is fitted with bias-ply tyres and has a smaller motor, it displays a balanced roadholding — unladen — which the Charade might do well to emulate. As a last word on the matter, for almost a century millions of engineering brain cells have been devoted to making the motor car better in all respects: there's simply very little excuse for not getting the basic handling functions right, especially in a vehicle ostensibly the product of the most modern design.

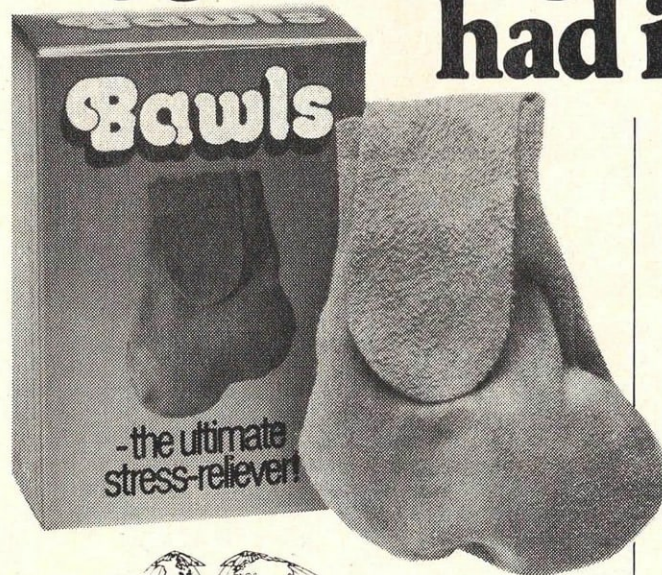
Perhaps it would be of some value to sum up what I see as the most important pros and cons of the Charade. It has a brisk and willing engine, a very good amount of useable interior room for a car its size and potentially excellent fuel economy. Against that, it has unrefined handling, high engine and wind noise and will only return good fuel figures if driven with considerable restraint, or on long overdrive sections.

A tall driver sliding in behind the wheel is pleasantly surprised to find so much leg room in such a small package. The pedal spacing is good, so that heel-and-toe changes are quite possible without the driver feeling he could fit all three pedals under one boot if he wasn't careful.

Seat travel is again surprising, and the term "space efficiency" is well illustrated by running the front seat to the rear limit



Give your friends the biggest laugh they have had in years.



Give them Bawls!

The world gift market has been turned upside down by this fantastic idea — Bawls.

A world first, Bawls will be the funniest, most unique present your friends will ever be lucky enough to receive. They are the ultimate show-stopper at parties. Whenever you start showing them off you will be greeted by stunned looks of amazement, riotous laughter and more Bawls jokes than you would have thought possible. (In fact you're probably smiling now!) Everybody will want to hold them for themselves.

"You should have seen their faces when I showed them..."

Bawls are also extremely useful in relieving stress! Makers of Bawls point out that quick and soothing relief can be obtained from stress by removing Bawls from their box and gently squeezing. Others have claimed telling results with voodoo, although this is unsubstantiated and the manufacturers warn against risk of backfire.

What a present for mum, dad, brother, sister, boyfriend, girlfriend and mother-in-law. Bawls consist of two supple rubber balls contained in a pouch of high quality suede. They arrive in a presentation box with instructions.

Be the first amongst your friends to give Bawls. They are in world wide demand and only available here in Australia in strictly limited quantities. Order your Bawls today by sending the coupon below and if you are not completely satisfied with them, return them within 10 days in the same condition and Civic International will refund your money.

Yes, I am going to be the first to give someone Bawls.

Please rush me Bawls at \$5.95 plus 80¢ per unit handling and postage. (A total of \$6.75 each.) Buy 3 and postage is free.

Please print:

Name

Address

Postcode

I enclose my cheque/money order for \$..... or please debit my Bankcard/American Express/Diners Club account.

Number

Signature

Expiry Date

Post to: Civic International, 251 Drummond Street, Carlton, Victoria, 3053.

C2/100

ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT SX.

Datsun 200B SX,
rally bred sports sedan:
Fast and smooth console-mounted
four-speed gearbox.
Taut sports-modified,
phase-matched seating/suspension.
2 litre OHC engine.
Variable ratio steering.
Power-assisted front disc and
rear drum brakes.
Wide alloy wheels.
Steel belted radial tyres.
Laminated windscreen.
Wall-to-wall carpet.
Tachometer and tripmeter.
Clock and radio.
Heated rear window.
3 speed heater/demister.

Reclining front bucket seats
in stylish striped cloth.
Air dam and smart racing stripes
on the outside.
Available in Datsun red, white or blue.
Get behind the wheel of the
sporty SX and feel it perform. It even
makes driving around the block exciting.
Your Datsun dealer will be happy
to prove it.
Arrange a
test drive now.



Nissan Motor Company (Australia) Pty. Ltd.

DATSUN 200B SX

DAT 716/R

What's warm, wonderful and waiting for you 2½ hours away?

The talent

Every month, hundreds of girls from Australia and New Zealand arrive hopefully in New Caledonia. Which is a kind of France with shells on...a 400 km-long coral island with a casino, night-clubs, bars, bistros and perhaps the most romantic south seas scenery anywhere.

The plot

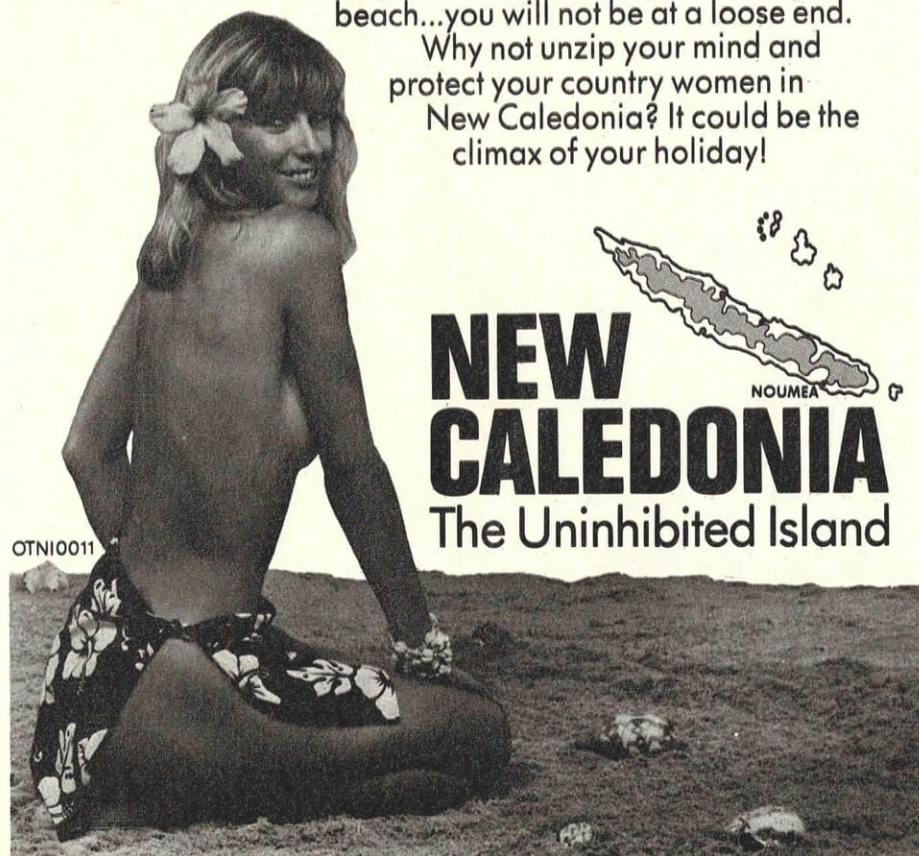
Girls go there because it's near, fun...and the population is two thirds male. But - those males are mostly French locals.

That's where you come in. An English speaking male is priceless here. Please don't think we're appealing to your baser instincts.

The Payoff

So...in between riding turtles, horses, outriggers... skin-diving, parachuting, fishing, tennis, waterskiing... driving on the wrong side of the road, staring through glass-bottomed boats...examining caves, native villages, colonial ruins and eating stone-cooked banquets on the beach...you will not be at a loose end.

Why not unzip your mind and protect your country women in New Caledonia? It could be the climax of your holiday!



NEW CALEDONIA
The Uninhibited Island

of its travel, then finding just how much room there is left for the back seat passenger.

There is quite a lot of unused space behind the pedals. If it were available, it might provide just that little bit more flexibility for the seating position and remove the last vestiges of cramped-knee syndrome.

The controls are well placed and the instruments a model of clarity and simplicity. The large tachometer and speedometer — both of which are reported to be optimistic — sit either side of the petrol and temperature gauges, and the usual warning lights. It's no problem to reach the washer/wiper stalk and the horn is right where it should be, across the centre of the two-spoke steering wheel.

The down-sloping bonnet of the Charade makes sure visibility forward is good for all drivers, but the broad rear quarter panels are a cause for caution. The extent to which they obstruct the driver's view is particularly apparent on converging roads such as expressway access lanes, where you need angled visibility rather than a direct rearward view.

The problem is made more acute by the lack of an external mirror on the passenger door, even on the XTE — and also when one takes advantage of the good passenger space with children. For example, at one stage I had wife, two babies in child seats and another child in the car. The combination of headrests on the front seats, the two child seats and the rear quarter panels made rearward visibility very poor.

In relation to having the family in the car, I should say that the boot space coped, barely but adequately, with a twin stroller and various bags of baby paraphernalia. A floor release by the driver for the rear hatch would be a nice touch and the sill is quite high by modern standards.

The feeling of roominess in the test car was accentuated by the sliding, heavily-tinted sunroof which, while not a standard option, can be fitted for about \$600.

Sunroofs can be a delightful extra in this country — although not, as many

Kings Cross mail order FOR ADULTS ONLY

HAS IT ALL AT LOWEST PRICES OF ALL

ADULT VIDEO TAPES FROM ONLY \$59.
ALSO: FILMS, BOOKS, AIDS, NOVELTIES...
FOR FREE CATALOGUE write to:

KINGSCROSS MAIL ORDER, P.O. BOX 238, WAVERLEY N.S.W. 2024

PHONE NO. 233 7725

Name

Address

P. Code

Signature

(I am over 18 years of age)

Everywhere in Sydney you shouldn't know...

Please send me ☐ "LITTLE BLACK BOOK" \$1.00 postage. ☐ leather bound copies of the "LITTLE BLACK BOOK" (SYDNEY 1981) @ \$14.95 ea. plus

NAME

ADDRESS

ENCLOSED IS CHEQUE/MONEY ORDER ☐ DINERS CLUB AUTHORITY FOR \$

CARD NO.

SIGNATURE

AMERICAN EXPRESS ☐

EXPIRY DATE

P/CODE

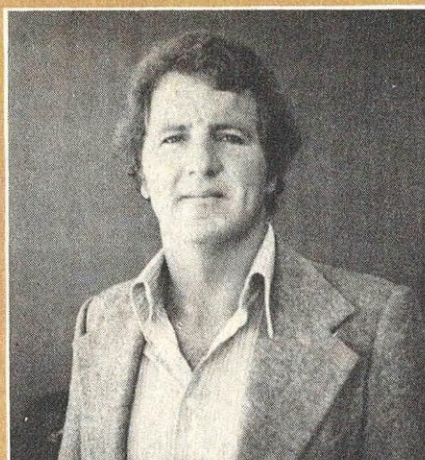
10 "LITTLE BLACK BOOK" 8th Level Plaza Building, Australia Square Phone (02) 271715
P.O. Box 1145, Australia Square, Sydney, N.S.W. 2000

The Little Black Book

COMING IN JANUARY AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE



Oh, Wicked Wanda



Peter Brennan



US Pet Of The Year

Summer Sporting Special — We usher in the holiday season with 20 action-packed pages of sport, plus a bonus offering of fiction which deals with both tennis and the world's most popular indoor sport. There's an interview with tennis great Tony Roche, Frank Crook's selection of the 20 Worst Australian Test Cricketers Of All Time, and a profile of pro surfer Terry Fitzgerald.

Sex Therapy In Australia Part Two — Paul Lesley probes the strange, dark world of bondage and sado-masochism, the most widely practised and yet least understood sexual deviation. In most large Australian cities there are backstreet dungeons where respectable middle-class men pay big money to be bound, whipped and humiliated. A compelling investigation.

Razorback — A savage journey into the animal outback, where every minute is a struggle for survival. A preview of a brilliant new book by Australian author Peter Brennan.

US Pet Of The Year — Controversial Isabella "Concetta" Ardigo, the girl who turned her back on \$300,000, in a delightful pictorial. Isabella, a breathtaking beauty and formerly one of Italian *Vogue's* most favored models, caused a sensation when she announced at the Pet Of The Year crowning that she preferred her privacy to the world's richest and most prestigious glamor prize and was unable to accept. A lady of style just full of surprises, as the pictures attest.

Hot Stuff — Our fashion expert Wendy Adnam presents a great new range of gear for summer survivors.

Australian Pet Of The Year Giant Poster Pullout — If you are not already a Tracey Wallace fan, stand by to be converted. A New Year bonus.

Farewell to Wicked Wanda — Oh no. Oh yes. Oh, Wicked Wanda makes a lusty swansong. ☺

foreigners assume, because of our summer weather. Often it is too hot at those times to want the sun beating down on your head, especially if you want to gain maximum benefit from the air-conditioning. Indeed, even in early spring sunshine the closed roof can generate enough heat on the seat to mangle tape cassettes, as I found to my cost. Since a roof with a fully-mirrored exterior is available, this experience made me believe it's the one to go for.

Increased noise is the penalty you pay for a sunroof, at least this type with the wind deflector. A soft roar builds up over about 80km/h, adding to the ever-present engine growl and the high degree of road noise transmitted by the radial tyres — especially if you have them pumped up to counteract understeer.

Of themselves none of these sounds is particularly annoying, but in combination they force you to raise your voice considerably at higher speeds. This was brought home by the fact that the powerful, non-standard, three-piece stereo system had to be turned up high to beat the other racket.

All this is terribly rational criticism, but it's hard to forget we're talking about a car which sells so well dealers are scrounging for models and even the chief executive of the company in Australia has to wait for the car he wants.

One might have said initially that the rush was inspired by the long wait and the continuing short supply — only 3300 Charades for Australia in the first year, a little over a day's production for Daihatsu's giant Japanese plant — but the gut feeling is one of a Mini-like love affair between driver and car.

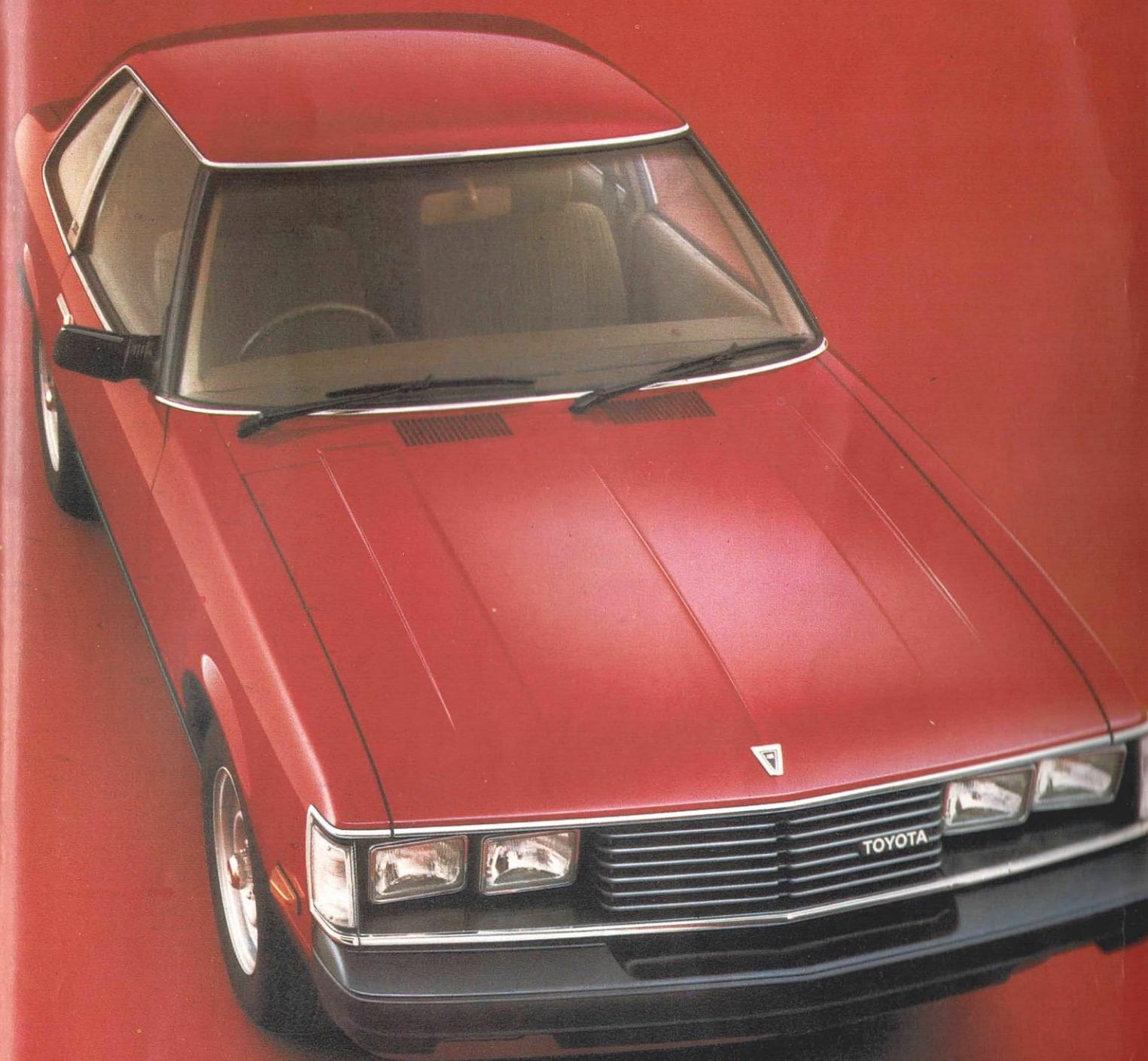
Such fanatical devotion, of course, brooks no criticism. Just as there were (and are) things wrong with the Mini, so true converts to the Charade will overlook all faults and see only a willing little beast which, treated gently, will not display its more disconcerting handling lapses and will return fuel economy figures unmatched by any petrol-engined passenger car on the Australian market, unless one includes the Suzuki Hatch.

The Hatch gave me 6.23litres/100km (45.34mpg), but it is much less pleasant to live with, and certainly less useful in family terms, than the Charade.

When they are available, three models of Charade exist: the base XO at \$5139, the slightly better-equipped (although still without carpets) XG at \$5210 and the \$5589 XTE — which goes the whole hog apart from air conditioning, which is a \$665 factory option.

That's cheap, but the honor for cheapest goes to the Hatch at \$3995 — and the Charade XTE could face some stiff opposition from the wave of front-wheel drive cars coming in at about \$6000, depending on the sweeteners offered in the new contenders. ☺

Now, the sleeker Celica.



Coupe or Liftback...the choice is yours.

Take a look at the aggressive, chiselled lines of the new front styling. The power of the four new rectangular halogen headlights. The sophistication of the tinted glass, new 185/70 HR14 radial ply tyres and black urethane bumpers. Liftback has a little more luxury and carrying space, with a wide, high-lift third door. But with both Coupe and Liftback you have a new Celica even sleeker than before. If you think it looks good, wait till you drive it. Test drive Celica today. TOYOTA AIR by Nippondenso is an optional extra.

TOYOTA

See how much car your money can buy.

AMF 6187

Longbeach. 25 of life's simple pleasures.

Extra Mild
and Virginia

